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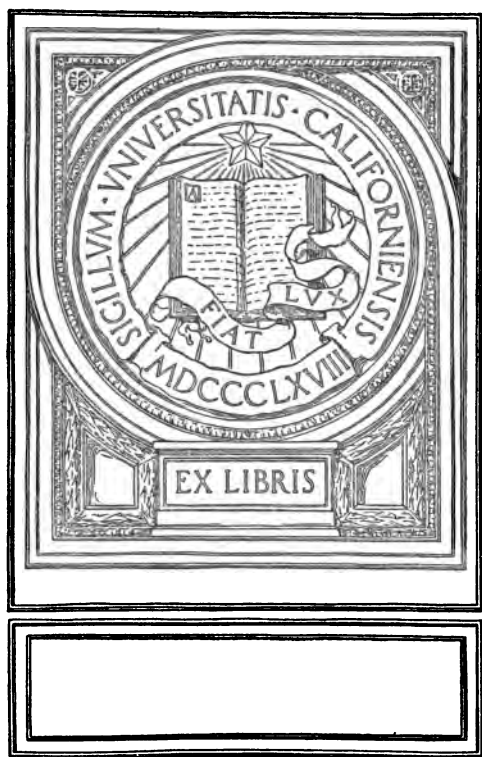
Brinton Eliot

*From Yale to
Yorktown*

James Eugene Farmer

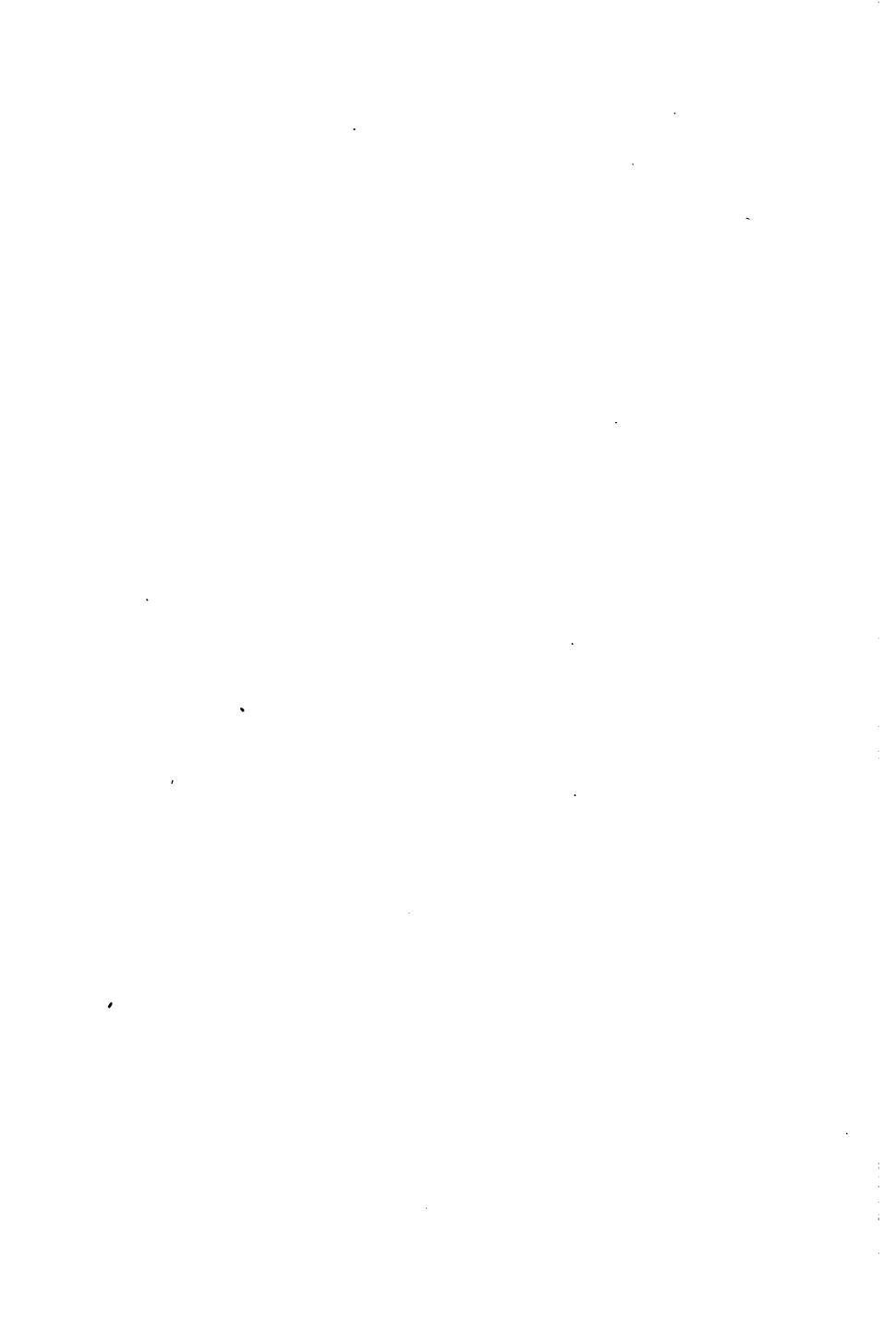
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FROM YALE TO YORKTOWN

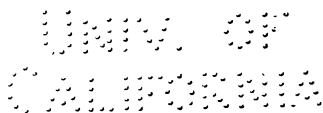
By

JAMES EUGENE FARMER, M.A.

AUTHOR OF

"THE GRENADIER," "THE GRAND MADMOISELLE"

"ESSAYS ON FRENCH HISTORY," ETC.



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**"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque Palenses
Cantabunt soboles unanimique patres."**

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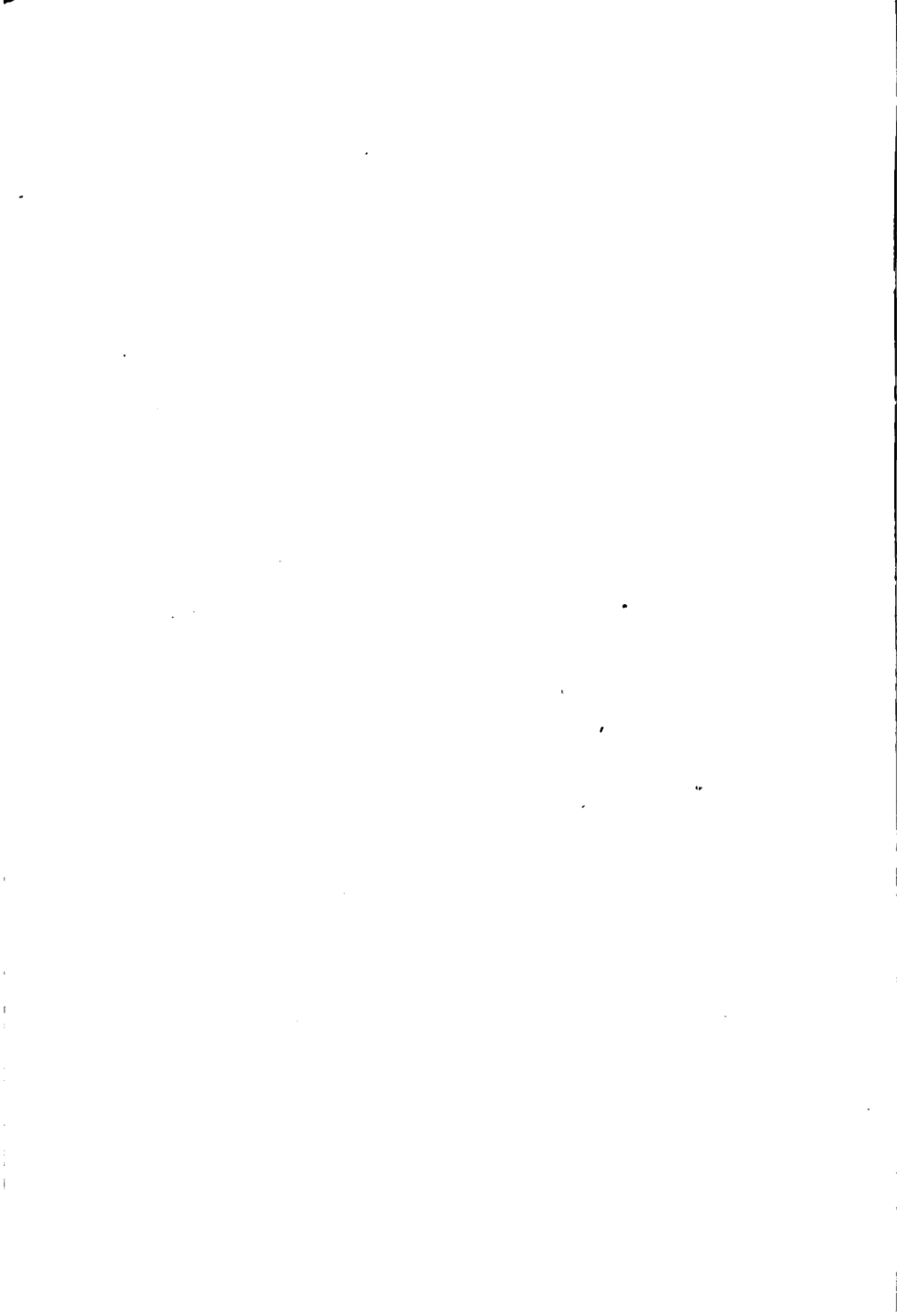
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PART I.—YALE



BRINTON ELIOT

CHAPTER I

IN WHICH THREE SOPHOMORES ARE PUBLICLY ADMONISHED

A SMALL and highly-organized community takes an absorbing interest in its own doings, and the acts of its members are of moment. These acts, though viewed with indifference by the world at large, are of immense importance to the small and highly-organized body, and in such communities it is perfectly possible to have a succession of nine days' wonders arising from causes which are spectacular only in the fact that they depart from the established routine and customs of the day — customs which, in a world of change, struggle for a time to keep a footing, succeed possibly for a century, but in the end go inevitably to the wall, giving place to better or to worse in proportion as they themselves have lifted or lowered men.

Such a community is a college — buoyant, self-centred, self-sufficient, redoubtable with

healthy vigor, abounding in that full-blooded, free-handed optimism, without which, to lighten and leaven the world's pessimism and dyspepsia, men would find life nothing but sour cream. Such a community was Yale College, for Yale College had become a fact, three stories high, visible to men; and, despite the hostility of Hartford, the fuming of Middletown, the racket of Wethersfield, and the scorn of Saybrook, it had dug its roots deep in the soil of New Haven. The dream of John Davenport and of the ten worthies who placed their forty folio volumes on the table in the Russell House at Branford had come true, thanks to the faith of the founders, the stiff spines of the stout-hearted trustees, and the munificence of Elihu Yale, sometime governor of the East India Company, rich, generous, big-wigged, portly, and among men "thrice and four times happy" in that, as a return for his three bales of India merchandise, his box of books, a portrait of King George I, and the royal coat of arms, his name has been, and will be, thundered through the centuries from age to age.

Thus, then, it stood — a child of miracle — near the corner of Chapel and College Streets, one hundred and seventy feet long, twenty-two feet wide, and thirty feet high, with a steep roof and dormer windows, built of

Three Sophomores publicly Admonished

wood and painted blue, full-born and militant. Let no man looking upon it say that prayers and poundings were not required to get it set up, for a balky legislature had to be coddled and a Wethersfield-Middletown opposition defied. As for Saybrook, did it not take Governor Saltonstall, the council, the sheriff, and the sheriff's men to get the college library into ox-carts and out of Saybrook, Saybrook meanwhile buzzing like a hell of hornets; and were not bridges broken on that night, and heads likewise, and a quarter of the books lost down stream? In such fashion the child, born in poverty and reared in tribulation, was housed at last, and at the joyous Commencement of 1718, duly christened in sonorous Latin, with solemn processions to and from the meeting-house on the Green, with "splendid dinners" in the college hall and library, where "everything was managed with so much order and splendor that the fame of it extremely disheartened the opposers and made opposition fall before it." On that 12th of September, 1718, Yale victorious stood, for the first time, upright among men, and faced the world four-square. For in truth on that triumphant 12th of September, with an undergraduate body of forty-one, and an alumni roll of one hundred and thirty, it was already a far cry to that March morning 1702, when the young

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Jacob Heminway of New Haven, with a cocked hat on his head and a copy of *De Bello Gallico* under his arm, trudging through the mud to Killingworth to recite to Rector Pierson, was himself Yale College, alumni and undergraduates, a thing wonderful to behold.

However, the time in question is neither the pregnant 10th of March nor the triumphant 12th of September, but October in the year 1770. The blue child of miracle, thirty feet high, with its three doors, its sixteen windows on the ground floor and nineteen on each of the upper floors, its steep roof and clock-decked cupola, still rested proudly on its foundations near the corner of Chapel and College Streets, but beyond it there rose now a "neat and decent building," Connecticut Hall, heir to a splendid destiny in that it has stood — a gray-haired sentinel — guarding a glorious past even to this day — and by God's grace, shall guard! Southward was a chapel built of brick and with a spire. The elms had begun to fling their shadows athwart the gambrels and dormers beneath which in the low-ceiled, tobacco-scented chambers and studies lived and labored six able tutors and one hundred and eight active undergraduates. While over them all — heaven-seeking, orthodox as the chapel-spire — ruled Naphtali Daggett, *præses pro tempore*, lord of the college world.

Three Sophomores publicly Admonished

At six o'clock on a Monday morning in October, Mr. Samuel Fitch, butler, coming out of the south entry of Connecticut Hall, pressed his cocked hat tightly over his bagwig, threw up the collar of his great-coat,—for it was raining, and the air was chill,—and ran rapidly to the door of the chapel, which was but a few feet distant. It was time for the rising-bell, and Mr. Fitch was somewhat late, since through one window in Connecticut and two in the blue College Hall tallow candles gleamed fitfully from chambers where enterprising students were already making their toilets. A few moments later, the clapper of the college bell was clanging loudly, while the stout, clean-shaven Samuel, slightly out of breath from his run upstairs, yanked the rope with vigor, giving notice to all within ear-shot that morning prayers would be held in half an hour, or to be more exact, in twenty-seven minutes. In the majority of chambers this announcement, as far as one could see, awakened neither enthusiasm nor students; silence and snoring continued, but in such cases the final five minutes is ever the age of miracles.

This duty done, Mr. Fitch appeared again in the deserted yard, and buttoning up his great-coat, strode by College Hall and across Chapel Street, went up the steps of a modest, frame mansion near the corner, and rattled

Brinton Eliot

the brass knocker on President Daggett's door. The door was opened; Mr. Fitch entered, and some minutes later emerged and returned to the chapel, having left in the president's hands the list of fines charged against various students for the preceding week, since in addition to the duties of the buttry it was part of Mr. Fitch's business to register fines in his stiff, paper-covered account-books.

In the yard, meanwhile, the undergraduates were in evidence. Seniors and Juniors, making short shift, passed at once into the chapel, and Sophomores did likewise; but Freshmen lingered near the door, for though the rain was now nothing more than a drizzle, yet for all intents and purposes the day might be classed as "stormy weather," in which, and at no other time, Freshmen were allowed to wear their hats in the college yard. Was this precious privilege to be cut short by going indoors before the bell? Certainly not; and for those who were wont to appear bareheaded before their betters, it was doubtless most pleasant to stand out in the wet, with their cocked hats planted firmly on their heads, while a kind heaven poured upon them, for the nonce, equality. Thus, while some half-score members of the Class of '74 were loitering about the door of the brick chapel, removing their hats respectfully when

Three Sophomores publicly Admonished

Tutor Timothy Dwight and Tutor John Trumbull passed, and rejoicing generally in their headgear, there came from Connecticut Hall two Seniors, supernatural beings who, in the eyes of under-class men, have no equals in God's great universe. However, David Humphreys and Mark Leavenworth, '71, wore their honors lightly and took the attention they attracted as a matter of course. Humphreys appeared to have forgotten something, for his hands—those plump, white hands which the women of New York and Philadelphia admired later when he was Washington's aide-de-camp, and the women of Paris when he was Jefferson's Secretary of Legation—were rummaging the pockets of his blue waistcoat. "Woodbridge," said he, addressing an admiring Freshman in the polite but careless tone of a man who expects to be obeyed, "Woodbridge, run up to my room and fetch my snuff-box. You'll find it on the dresser." The obsequious Woodbridge, touching his hat in proper fashion, set out with alacrity for the second floor front in Connecticut Hall, while the Seniors entered the chapel. At the same time, President Daggett, wearing a heavy, dark cloak over his black, long-sleeved robe, with his white wig carefully curled and powdered, and a Greek Testament in his left hand, was seen advancing through the yard,

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while the students, who were now coming rapidly from College Hall, took off their hats, according to custom, when within ten rods of his person. The president, looking little to left or to right, acknowledged these salutations gravely by raising his hand to his hat, and when he had passed, the crowd at the door followed him into the chapel. The bell sounded, and with a noise like thunder down the staircases in Connecticut and College, three steps at a time, came the belated ones, Seniors and Sophomores, Juniors and Freshmen, with sleep in their eyes and soap in their ears, buttoning their waistcoats, tying their hair-ribbons, putting on their coats, and like dry leaves in a gale crossing the yard helter-skelter, swept, at the final clang of the bell, headlong into the chapel.

Behold, then, at half-past six in the morning, under the dim gleam of the candles near the pulpit and the dull light of the cold, cloudy sky without, Yale scholastic, seated in the white, wooden pews. Erect in his long, black robe, President Daggett was reading the Collect; his voice was clear and energetic, and the broad, square ends of his white cravat, which hung some inches below his chin, were stiffly starched and orthodox. He, too, was orthodox, and, like Jupiter, was about to hurl his thunderbolts upon the heads of certain undergraduates, for if the *prases* was

Three Sophomores publicly Admonished

not Olympian Jove, who, then, at that time, was Olympian? In the two front pews sat the tutors; Mr. John Trumbull, Mr. Timothy Dwight, and Mr. Joseph Buckminster at the right of the centre aisle; Mr. Stephen Mitchell, Mr. John Davenport, and the Rev. Samuel Wales at the left. Behind them were the Seniors and Juniors, and in the pews on the side aisles, under the galleries, the Sophomores and Freshmen. There among the '71 men sat a big, broad-shouldered fellow, John Brown by name, who was one day to play his part in the capture of Ticonderoga, and later, as Major Brown, dash with Montgomery and Arnold, at two o'clock on a December morning and under a hail of ice and iron, against the batteries at Quebec. Near him was David Humphreys, his light curly hair tied with a brown ribbon,—something of a fop in his way, and something of a poet too,—but when the flint-locks rattled and the drums rolled, he was to go in as a volunteer, rise to be brigade-major to Parsons, serve on Putnam's staff, become aide-de-camp to Washington, fill the post of attaché in Paris, and stand one day in the palace at Madrid, presenting his credentials as American minister and thereby announcing to King Charles IV the birth of a republic, which to that beef-witted, boar-hunting monarch must have seemed of all phenomena a thing the most

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phenomenal. Mark Leavenworth, the future deputy adjutant-general, a slender youth with very black hair, sat beside Humphreys; and then came Shadrach Winslow, stout, rosy-cheeked, in at the final clang of the bell, hair awry and half asleep, a fellow apparently so fond of ease and appetite that it would have taken a clever physiognomist to see in him| Dr. Winslow, the skilful physician of later years, the ardent patriot who paid a good round sum toward the fitting out of a ship of war, who sailed on her as surgeon, and lost his health and high color in a British prison-ship at Wallabout Bay. Among the Juniors was the short, wiry Abraham Baldwin, who served with Parsons on the Hudson, and in the pew behind him, Samuel Barker, keen-eyed and sharp-featured, brigade-major at White Plains and a terror in Lafayette's Light Corps. Not three feet away was jolly little Jonathan Bellamy, who at the first drum-beat shut up his law books and jumped into Bradley's Connecticut State Regiment, only to die of small-pox ten days after Trenton in the first flush of a fine career. There, too, was William Hull, — "handsome Hull" they called him, — muscular, clean-mouthed, clever, witty, but not studious, for it must be confessed that he knew more about the ingredients of flip, metheglin, and mobby punch than about Watts's "Trigonometry," or

Three Sophomores publicly Admonished

Locke's "Human Understanding," while in his translations of the Greek Testament the king's English was certainly hung, drawn, and quartered; however, on a July night in '79 he will be seen, at the head of seven companies of Massachusetts Light Infantry, charging up the hill at Stony Point, sword in hand and whirlwind-like, at the heels of Anthony Wayne. Among the Sophomores sat Roger Alden, short, thick-set, light-haired, descended from John Alden of the *Mayflower*; he will fight at Germantown and Monmouth, and, in those barefooted dress parades at Valley Forge, appear, frost-bitten but cheerful, in leather belt and horse-blanket, a major's regimentals. Behind him was Royal Flint, future assistant commissary of Connecticut State troops, whom Greene called the "brave and hearty." Not less so was his room-mate, James Hillhouse, sometime lieutenant of Governor's Foot Guards, who will battle vainly under a July sun to keep the British out of New Haven, will sweat to save the soil of Yale from an invader's heel. There were, moreover, in that Class of '73, certain Sophomores who, deserving here the most extended mention, will receive the briefest: Benjamin Tallmadge was a brilliant cavalry captain; Brinton Eliot, a good soldier; the name of Nathan Hale has stood for patriotism, and shall stand. Nor must the bundle-

Brinton Eliot

bearers under the galleries be forgotten — the Freshmen, fags and factotums for their overlords. Have they not red blood in their veins? Shall they not rise in their turn to the sunlit heights of Seniorhood and receive homage? They, too, have their fighting men — Lockwood, Benedict, Rice, Starr, Walker, West, Woodbridge. Are their names not written on bronze tablets in town halls from the Merrimac to the Hudson? Thus in the old brick chapel, on that dark October morning, sat Yale scholastic, beneath which — invisible, awaiting the flash of Pitcairn's pistols on Lexington Common — slumbered Yale militant, Yale in arms!

When prayers had ended, President Daggett drew a paper from the folds of his black robe and read rapidly, with a manner somewhat perfunctory, the list of fines for the preceding week. Jonathan Bellamy, for bringing brandy into his chamber and entertaining friends there after nine at night, was fined two shillings and sixpence; Jonathan Bellamy and Abraham Baldwin, for playing cards, two shillings; for playing at swords, Hull and Humphreys, one shilling each; for smashing Freshman Rice's door, Sophomore Selden, one shilling; for glass broken in the south entry of Connecticut Hall, all the scholars in that entry in equal proportion; for loud singing during study hour and call-

Three Sophomores publicly Admonished

ing to a classmate through a window, Freshman Benedict, fourpence; for visiting Mix's tavern on College Street, Shadrach Winslow, two shillings and sixpence; for being out of his chamber after nine at night, Samuel Williams, sixpence; for three absences from morning prayers, John Wyllys, threepence; for failure to declaim in Latin on Friday last, Aaron Bogue, sixpence. There was more of the same nature, but it is not to the present purpose. The president read rapidly, and as the reading was a matter of routine, the usual concomitant of Monday morning prayers, it was listened to with indifference by the upper-class men, and with sundry winks and whispers by the Freshmen, some of whom were being fined for the first time. Evidently this was not the event of the morning.

However, when President Daggett folded his list of fines and stepped to the edge of the platform, it was plain that the time had come. Everybody was awake and attentive. Joshua Lamb, whose betting propensity was already well developed, leaned forward in suppressed excitement, for he had wagered the sum of twopence halfpenny that out of the three offenders he could pick the one whose name would be called first, and had chosen Brinton Eliot; Munson Paddleford had taken the bet. But President Daggett, unconscious of this crisis in the Lamb ex-

Brinton Eliot

chequer, gave the youthful Joshua a lesson in the mutability of riches by remarking brusksly, "Benjamin Tallmadge." A youth of seventeen years, six feet one inch in height, strong and well built, stood up in his pew, holding his hat in one hand and grasping the back of the pew in front of him with the other. His face was attractive (would have been handsome, in fact, if his nose had been a trifle smaller, less broad between his large gray eyes, and nostrilled less heavily), and though he was well dressed—in a brown coat, black stock, and light-colored waistcoat, brown knee-breeches, white stockings, and shoes with black buckles—yet he lacked that foppish elegance, that air of powder and pomade, which marked a man like Humphreys. There was a general turning of heads among the Seniors and Juniors in the front pews, and a craning of necks among the Freshmen under the gallery. President Daggett said sharply, "Brinton Eliot," and Benjamin Tallmadge's room-mate, past companion in crime (from the orthodox standpoint) and present comrade in misery, rose in the adjoining pew. Eliot was the same age as Tallmadge, and shorter by two inches; the breadth of his shoulders and his muscular development surpassed his friend's, and the beauty of his face was quite remarkable, for though he was handsomer than Hull or

Three Sophomores publicly Admonished

Humphreys, he had none of the pink and white prettiness common enough in youths of his age. Features pronounced but clear-cut, a very white skin, cheeks without color, heavy black hair, and brown eyes so dark that they seemed black, were in themselves nothing remarkable; but the perfection of every line, and the skilful way in which everything was blended, made nature's handiwork a success, and Eliot's beauty unique, robust, and entirely masculine. Clad in a coat and breeches of dark blue cloth, a black stock, and a bright red waistcoat, he stood erect, looking at the president with an expression which said plainly, "Now I shall catch it, but I don't care." For the third time President Daggett's voice sounded, and at the words, "Nathan Hale," a youth of sixteen with an open, amiable countenance, light blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and brown hair, rose in his turn, blushing and somewhat nervous at finding himself, for the first time in his life, in the rôle of a reprobate. He was a well-bred, high-minded lad, much loved by his classmates, and had he been out of the question, Tallmadge would have looked less serious, and Eliot less defiant. This, then, was the event of the morning, and to the gaping Freshmen under the gallery it was doubtless the world turned upside down. Yet the crime of these three Sophomores, as

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seen through the vista of one hundred and thirty years, does not strike the modern mind as particularly appalling, but it must be remembered that some very worthy men and some very worthless notions came over in the *Mayflower*.

Erect in his long black robe, the president looked at the offenders. His nose was straight and sharp, his lips thin, his eyebrows dark, his eyes quick and keen, his wrinkled, clean-shaven face, crowned by a great white wig, venerable and imposing. "He had," says one who knew him well, "very just conceptions of the manner in which a college should be governed, but was not equally happy in the mode of administering its discipline." So be it; the shortcomings of the *prases* are to the credit of the *man*, for beneath his buckram exterior, Naphtali Daggett was a man. To much learning he joined some wit; to sincere piety, the courage of his convictions; but the goggles of bigotry, the spectacles of John Calvin of Geneva, did not always rest easily on his nose, nor did he find it always a simple matter to fill, to the satisfaction of God and of the corporation, the position of *prases*, a being orthodox and Olympian. He spoke clearly and with emphasis.

"In publicly admonishing three scholars of Yale College, who, in violation of its rules, have attended a dance at Milford, I am moved

Three Sophomores publicly Admonished

to exhort you all against the sin of dancing, a practice both pernicious and degrading. He who would cleanse his way must eschew it. Am I told that the persons gathered at that dance were respectable? I answer, 'God is no respecter of persons.' In the time of the late President Clap, the Rev. George Whitefield preached in this chapel a sermon on the sin of dancing. So deeply were the scholars moved, that when the evangelist would have departed in his chaise, they went again into the chapel and begged me to entreat him that he would give them one more quarter of an hour's exhortation. Are times changed? *O tempora! O mores!* What men and manners do we see now in Connecticut! Young gentlemen, you are to follow in the footsteps of your forefathers. Whatever else may change in the world about you, the words of Holy Writ change not, and in Holy Writ I read that 'they that have done good, shall come forth unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation.'"

In his prologue President Daggett had been orthodox; in his peroration he became Olympian and hurled his thunderbolts.

"Therefore," said he, sternly, "Benjamin Tallmadge, Brinton Eliot, and Nathan Hale are fined for their offence, in the sum of four shillings each. Furthermore, they shall serve,

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each in turn, one week as butler's waiter; during which time they shall ring the bell and perform faithfully all duties pertaining thereto. Finally, for the remainder of the term, they shall be deprived of the services of Freshmen to do their errands and proper behests. Let them now come forward."

They came forward, bearing with them the good will and sympathy of a small and highly-organized community, a body breathless and undergraduate; for Dr. Daggett, as Olympian Jove, had created a profound sensation. Mounting the steps of the platform, they stood before him — three manly figures, in brown, in dark blue, and in gray. There was a moment of oppressive silence; the right hand of the *præses* rose slowly and majestically; three sharp thwacks followed; the president had boxed the ears of each. Here, then, was a nine days' wonder, a topic to be well tongue-twisted at the table, in the chamber, and in the college yard. And now, to breakfast! to breakfast! strong in the self-content of a day well begun — for whatever his shortcomings may have been at other times, surely on that October morning Naph-tali Daggett had filled, to the satisfaction of God and of the corporation, the position of *præses*, a being at once orthodox and Olympian.

President Daggett came down the centre

Three Sophomores publicly Admonished

aisle, between two lines of upper-class men who, with their cocked hats under their arms, bowed as he passed. They did well, every one of them, for the president was a patriot and a man of parts. Did he not, two days after his election, answer a wag's "You are, I suppose, *præses pro tempore*?" with a curt "Certainly; would you have me *præses pro eternitate*?" A man, therefore, of some wit, whose last days shall be his best days, for Naphtali Daggett was a fighting president, to the glory of orthodoxy and of Yale.

Looking forward a few years, behold, in the tower of this chapel, on a July morning in '79, Ezra Stiles, *præses*, spy-glass in hand, searching the horizon. Is he there to observe the motions of the heavenly bodies? Shall the scholars of a small and highly-organized community study, on this 5th of July, Martin's "Philosophic Grammar," or the "Amesii Medulla"? Hark! The bell of the college chapel is clanging; across the Green the bell of the brick meeting-house is clanging; all bells are clanging, "To arms!" Housewives are barring windows, householders bearing flint-locks to the flag-pole, for Savin Rock has seen the ships of war, and, on the road from Milford, three brass-helmeted, red-coated regiments of His Britannic Majesty. Shall the Green see them likewise? Not if scholars and shopkeepers, shoulder to shoulder, can

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prevent! Alas! if from its four hundred and fifty houses New Haven should send forth each man and woman, each blue-eyed babe and gray-haired dame, the ranks of its defenders could not surpass in numbers the three thousand redcoats of Britannic Majesty; New Haven's fighting men must battle one to five. Nothing daunted, however, the citizens of New Haven and the students of Yale College, roughly armed and hastily organized in two volunteer companies, the one commanded by James Hillhouse, Captain of Governor's Foot Guards, the other by Colonel Aaron Burr, sometime Vice-President, advance along the Milford road to the bridge over West River. They march rapidly; and as they march, there rides by them, jolting on his old black mare, Ex-President Daggett, his cocked hat set threateningly on his white wig, his thin lips grim with determination, and a musket in his hand. He is a doctor of divinity, yet it is fitting that he rides this day in the van of fighting men, for "Israel and the Philistines have put the battle in array, army against army." Having taken the van, he keeps it, and with the thing at issue, amid the roll of drums and the rattle of musketry, plants himself beyond the bridge at West River, and having planted himself, he will not budge. There is sharp shooting, he will not budge; Britannic Majesty's represen-

Three Sophomores publicly Admonished

tatives advance, red-coated, three thousand strong, he will not budge; the volunteer companies recross the river, he will not budge; the bridge is broken down behind him, he will not budge; and thus the British find him, where the Milford road ascends the hill, alone, his cocked hat still threatening, loading and firing that old flint-lock of his with surprising vigor. Hear, then, General Tryon, British Commander: "You d——d old fool, what are you doing here, firing on His Majesty's soldiers?" "Exercising the rights of war." "Bah! If we let you go, will you fire on us again?" "Nothing more likely." They seize him, rifle his pockets, beat him with the butts of their guns, and drive him before them by way of Westville, under a blazing sun, damning him and prodding him with their bayonets, — a treatment he will not long survive. Such was Dr. Daggett's glorious day, — a day on which the patriot outranked the *prases*.

But now he comes — down the centre aisle of the college chapel, his tutors at his back, between two lines of bowing upper-class men — clad in his long black gown and great white wig, he comes. Hats off, then, to Naphtali, *prases pro tempore*, lord of the college world!

CHAPTER II

AT COMMONS AND ELSEWHERE

AFTER leaving the chapel, President Daggett returned to his house for breakfast, and there he was to remain, reading in his study, Wollaston or Wollebius, until eleven, when, as his tall clock with its six silvery bells, chimed the hour and the blue College Hall answered from its clock-decked cupola, he would be seen faring classward to hear Seniors recite memoriter in the Septuagint. But the students, striding over the wet October leaves, went to commons, and, with a racket of heels and a babble of voices, crowded into the dining hall in College.

The hall with its white wainscot, its green, close-grained "landscape paper," and its high windows with their many little panes, had, like everything else about the blue child of miracle, "an air of grandeur." Six long tables, covered with holland board-cloths, stood on the sanded floor and were decked with bright pewter platters, trenchers made from the white hard wood of Vermont poplars, milk-pots, sugar-pots, glass trencher-salts, sneakers,

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spoon-boats, knives, forks, and the like. These plenishings held the breakfast — bacon, baked potatoes, cheat loaves, brown bread, milk, and water — a meal much less popular than dinner, at which tankards of good beer passed industriously from hand to hand and from mouth to mouth. At the end of the hall there was a smaller table, at which the tutors dined decorously amid the students' din, while on the east wall hung a portrait of Governor Elihu Yale. He stood then as he stands to-day — in his lofty peruke, his white cravat, his long-skirted coat, and his embroidered waistcoat — gazing benignly from his gilded frame. Elihu — whose surname, than which there is no watchword more potent, "the children and the fathers, with united hearts, shall sing!"

As the students took their places, the dining hall was filled with the babel of many voices, but when each table had its quota of eighteen the noise ceased suddenly; the Rev. Samuel Wales said grace; sundry Freshmen and Sophomores improved the opportunity by sticking their forks into the potatoes as a sign of ownership, or seizing sugar-pots more quickly than their neighbors; then every one sat down on the wooden forms, and babel began again. Breakfast was usually a more quiet meal than dinner or supper, but on that October morning was not the world

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agog at Naphtali's thunderbolts? What the tutors talked of is not to the present purpose; undergraduate conversation may be surmised, and since those who formed its topic sat at a certain table, that table demands attention. On one side was Roger Alden, Benjamin Tallmadge, Brinton Eliot, Royal Flint, Elihu Marvin, Ezra Sampson; on the other, James Hillhouse, Nathan Hale, Joshua Lamb, Ezra Selden, Munson Paddleford, and John Wyllys. There were also at that table certain Sophomores who were strictly orthodox, who kept religiously each and every college rule, who learned memoriter countless passages in the Septuagint, who recited Watts's "Logic" in a manner worthy of all praise, but who, unfortunately, did little else. They are nameless here, for their names are not written on bronze tablets in town halls, nor are they the Davids who will march one day to meet the great Goliath, George the Third, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King.

"Drat it, Brinton," said Joshua Lamb, "I lost on you."

"You lost on me?" answered Eliot. "How?"

"I bet twopence halfpenny with Munson that Prex 'ud call you first, but he called Ben."

"'Mutton,'" said Eliot, laughing, "'I am

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moved to exhort you against the sin' of betting, 'a practice both pernicious and degrading.' Ezra, before you eat all those potatoes, you might flip one over here. How are your ears, Nathan?"

"They tingle a trifle still."

"I'm sorry. If Ben and I hadn't coaxed you, you wouldn't have gone. We are hopeless, I suppose. At least, we're not orthodox. But it's a damn shame to have you boxed."

"Egad!" said Nathan, laughing, "I can stand it as well as you can, I'll be bound!"

"All the same," said Joshua, "you turned as red as Brinton's vest."

"Listen to 'Mutton'!" exclaimed James Hillhouse. "Vest! Any one would know he came from Pennsylvania. Why don't you say waistcoat?"

"Oh, you're always twitting me about the way I talk," said Joshua. "Anyhow, Pennsylvania's got the biggest city in the colonies, so shut up and gimme the butter."

The request came a few seconds too late, for Hillhouse had already passed the butter to Tallmadge. Tallmadge helped himself and then, to Joshua's annoyance, handed the butter to Roger Alden, for Tallmadge was thinking of other things.

"Nathan," said he, "I've been talking it over with Brinton, and we're going to pay

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your four shillings. Then if we can fix Fitch, and I think we can, Brinton and I will take turns at the bell during your week."

"Gad!" said Joshua, reaching in front of Nathan for the butter, "that's what I call white!"

"You won't do anything of the sort!" exclaimed Nathan. "I won't listen to such a thing!"

"Put cotton in your ears, then," said Eliot, laughing.

Nathan continued to protest. Brinton asked him how long he had run Tallmadge, Eliot & Company; Ben remained firm, and Alden, Marvin, Paddleford, and Hillhouse declared the Tallmadge-Eliot proposition to be the correct thing. All this made it difficult for Nathan to know what to do. He loved his friends, and their regard for him was so plainly shown that it touched him deeply. As he buttered his bread vigorously, no one suspected that he had hard work to keep the tears out of his eyes.

"Brinton," said he, "don't be a fool. Your asking me to go has nothing to do with it. I went and got caught; it's my luck, I suppose. Why shouldn't I take my physic? Now, Ben, how could I lie abed and hear you and Brint clanging the clapper for a week?"

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"When you hear us clang the clapper," said Ben, laughing, "all you have to do is to get up."

"Yes," said Brinton, "and when you get up eschew jigs, hornpipes, and contra-dances. Dancing's no sin in New York, but in Connecticut it's the 'resurrection of damnation.' Prex's yarn about Rev. Whitefield was monstrous likely! Twopence halfpenny he made it up."

Nathan said something in reply, but no one heard him on account of the racket the Freshmen were making at the next table. For some reason they were pelting Woodbridge with potato skins, and one of these struck the "Moor" on the nose as he came in with a fresh supply of bacon. The "Moor" belonged to President Daggett, who held negroes to the value of £100, and with his black face, his big white teeth, his red turban, his blue surdan, and his long apron, he was an institution in his way. At apple slump and apple crowdy he was a success, in hoe-cake, journey-cake, and pumpkin pie he was an artist, and had he been lord of the larder some forty years later, the "Bread and Butter Rebellion" would probably not have occurred. "Hi! 'Fo' Gord! Marse Walker," he cried, "what you gwine do? You sutney wuz gittin' 'larious." Walker, who had had no intention of hitting the "Moor," laughed

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heartily and made some answer, but at Nathan's table no one could hear it.

"'Mutton,'" said Royal Flint, "have you got your Tully?"

"Did you ever see 'Mutton' when he had?" said Brinton.

Since Joshua, who ate rapidly and had finished his breakfast, was reading a book, and was apparently more studious than his neighbors, this sarcasm seemed wide of the mark. The book, however, was not Cicero but the "Fifteen Comforts of Matrimony."

"Oh, you needn't talk," said Joshua, looking at Brinton. "You squab as often as Tim Dwight gets you up."

"Do I?" said Brinton, laughing. "Anyhow Tully's tough to-day. At least Ben says so; I haven't looked at it. However, I've a fit for Trum's class. I've read his last essay in the *Post-boy*. It's most amazing funny."

"I didn't know Trum wrote for the *Post-boy*," remarked Hillhouse.

"Don't he!" said Brinton. "He's been writing ever since February. He signs 'em the 'Correspondent.' You can read 'em in the library. Old Sam Wales likes Wigglesworth's 'Day of Doom,' but Trum says that 'Tom Jones' is literature and the 'Day of Doom' is rot. Trum for belles-lettres against the world!"

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"If Trum had his way," said John Wyllys, "we'd have some literature in this college."

"You bet we would!" said Brinton. "He'd pitch Vincent's 'Catechism' out of one window, and Martin's 'Grammar' out of another, and we'd read Addison, Pope, Steele, Swift, Gay, Fielding, and a lot of other duffers who, though not exactly orthodox, are damned amusing."

Then Munson Paddleford asked Joshua what the lesson in mathematics was, but Joshua, whose ideas on the subject were somewhat vague, took advantage of the fact that every one was jumping up from table, answered that he hadn't time to tell, and joined the exodus from the dining hall.

"Come, Brinton," said Tallmadge, when they reached the yard, "we've half an hour before study. Let's go and fix Fitch."

"It can't be done too soon," said Eliot. "Dear old Nathan! Did you look at him when you made the proposition? He was quite cut up. He'll try to serve his week if he can."

"He shan't do it!" exclaimed Tallmadge.

"No," replied Eliot, "he shan't. And what's more, I'll bet you ten shillings there are plenty of Freshmen who'll fag for him whether he tells them to or not, or whether Prex says they can or not. Every Freshman worships the ground Nathan walks on."

"I'm sure of that, but Nathan will never

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ask them to fag now, since Prex has taken away the privilege."

"Certainly not. But if he wants his shoes cleaned, there's nothing to prevent his leaving them outside his door. A Freshman happens along and rubs them up with blackball. If he wants a bundle delivered, what's to hinder his dropping it in a certain place and scratching a line of direction? Gad! if the thing doesn't work, I'll play Freshman year over again and fag for him myself."

"That's good," said Tallmadge. "I'll do the same. That reminds me; the Seniors are going to give the Freshmen advice in the chapel at three o'clock this afternoon. Humphreys invited me to see it and told me to bring you."

"Well," said Brinton, "that's very decent in Humphreys, especially since Linonia hit Brothers amazing hard in the last statement of facts."

They had reached Connecticut Hall, and Brinton, stepping into the south entry, threw open the door of the buttery. The room was a merry medley of eatables and drinkables. Under the wooden counter were two casks of beer and ale, while on the white shelves stood in picturesque profusion, pipes, tobacco, pint pots, quart pots, flip irons, candles, biscuits, boxes of blackball, trenchers of cakes, bowls of walnuts, and jars of almonds

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and figs, for since no scholar might lawfully enter a tavern, it was fitting that the where-withal to nourish and refresh his belly should be furnished him at small cost by an omnipotent *præses et socii*. Mr. Samuel Fitch, butler, stout, clean-shaven, ruddy, with a clay pipe in his mouth, and a quill pen over his ear, leaned on the counter, absorbed in the numerical problems of his stiff, paper-covered account-books. He looked up as the door opened and removed his pipe from his mouth.

"Egad! Mr. Eliot," said he, "'talking of snow,' as the parson said, last August, when he was preaching at Lem Hopkins's funeral, 'tis neither where we are nor where he is.' But talking of pounds and pence is to the point between us."

"Yes," said Brinton, laughing, "that's usually the point between us. You've been figuring my account, I fancy."

"I have been figuring your account, sir. Od's life! a mixed account, sir, and one requiring a Newton to compute—I say a Newton, knowing the simile—I am versed! But to come to the point, sir, as Mr. Gay says in the Beggar's Opera, to come to the point—the sum is four pounds, six, and four. A tidy sum, sir, to go down the gullet and up the chimney in a sennight. I know a duke in Hampshire who endowed a hospital with less."

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"That hospital, I take it," said Brinton, laughing, "was on short rations. However, you'll have to add another four shillings to my account. I was fined in chapel this morning. I suppose you were there."

"I *was* there," replied Mr. Fitch, solemnly, puffing a cloud of smoke toward the ceiling, "and I have already added the four shillings. Ah! that such likely gentlemen as yourselves should come to it—to be publicly admonished—aye, and boxed! and all for the sake of treading a measure with a petticoat. Fie on't! I am an admirer of the sex myself; I am an admirer, but I am orthodox. I have never danced with a woman in my life."

"You don't know what you've missed," said Brinton, laughing. At which Tallmadge chuckled and Mr. Fitch smiled.

"The four shillings doesn't worry us," said Tallmadge. "The thing that troubles us is that Nathan was fined too."

"Gad!" said Mr. Fitch, soberly, "what a misfortune that so exemplary a lad, so fine a scholar—only last Saturday I overheard him reciting Tully. What ease! what cadence! I am versed!—that so fine a scholar should be publicly admonished—aye, and —"

"Boxed!" said Brinton, "boxed, and 'all for the sake of treading a measure with a petticoat. Fie on't!' We know all about

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that. But you see Nathan cannot well afford to pay fines, and moreover he should not have been fined at all. Anyway, we have come to pay his fine for him. Now, if you will charge it up to Tallmadge and to me, we'll be ever so much —"

"Impossible!" said Mr. Fitch. "Quite impossible!"

"Impossible?" cried Ben. "Why?"

"Evidently you have forgotten the president's charge that you were to be fined in the sum of four shillings each."

"What difference can it make to Prex who pays the fine?" said Ben. "A fine is a fine."

"Quite true," said Mr. Fitch, "a fine is a fine, but a command is a command, and a *præses* — Od's fish! a *præses* is '*Jupiter omnipotens*' — I see you recall the line. I am versed!"

"Of course you are," said Brinton. "Any man who can make metheglin and mix mobby punch as you can, and at the same time quote Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and the Lord knows what plays and poets, is a genius. It's most amazing clever."

"Yes," said Ben, "there's enough solid learning in your head to sink a man-o'-war. But I fancy if all the knowledge that Brinton and I have was thrown overboard 'twould bob around like a cork."

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Mr. Fitch, touched in his weak point, smiled graciously.

"Perhaps," said he, "the matter can be arranged after all. Suppose I transfer Hale's fine to your accounts, as you desire, and charge you each sixpence as a slight perquisite for the labor I must perform in making the necessary changes in my books. How will that do?"

"Perfectly," replied Brinton. "But there is the matter of butler's waiter still to be settled. We don't want Nathan to serve."

"Oh, you don't!" exclaimed Mr. Fitch. "Why not?"

"Well," said Ben, "because — you see — Nathan — well, we haven't time to explain. Brinton and I want to serve his week as well as our own."

Mr. Fitch scratched the end of his nose.

"I should be most happy to have either of you, or both," he said, at length, "but I am of opinion that if I change all of Dr. Daggett's commands, I shall defy the lightning."

"Mr. Benjamin Franklin has made very successful experiments with lightning," said Brinton, quickly, "and I am sure you're a greater man than he."

This proved too much for the worthy butler, a man of much erudition but very susceptible to flattery, and he surrendered at discretion. "Fitch the preserver and victory!" cried

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Brinton, misquoting Xenophon. Pots of ale were ordered immediately; the health of Mr. Fitch was drunk in a manner worthy of Lord Chesterfield; and in such fashion were flung to the four winds of heaven the commands of a *præses*.

CHAPTER III

IN WHICH FRESHMEN RECEIVE ADVICE

BRINTON had no opportunity of seeing Nathan until ten o'clock, when the Sophomores went to recite logic to the Rev. Samuel Wales in a room on the ground floor of College, which some one had dubbed the "chamber of horrors," probably because the recitations in Vincent's "Catechism," Watts's "Logic," and Wollebius's "Amesii Medulla" were held there. The class was going in as Brinton arrived. He had only time for a hurried word with Nathan, and then they were all in the presence of the Rev. Samuel Wales, who, with folded arms, raised his lofty head above his desk. As when Neptune, lifting his quiet head above the troubled waves, looked over the tossing sea and the ships of Æneas, buffeted by the winds, and by his glance quelled the tempest and brought a mighty calm, so likewise, under the eyes of the Rev. Samuel Wales, the buzz of conversation died away, and the class having settled itself, silence reigned in the "chamber of horrors."

In which Freshmen receive Advice

The hour passed with various fortunes. Nathan acquitted himself creditably, as he always did; and it would be a pleasant thing to be able to say that Eliot, when his turn came, set forth the logic of Watts in a manner worthy of all praise, but unfortunately nothing of the kind occurred. Brinton's recitation was a sad affair and proved conclusively that he knew no more about Watts's "Logic" than he did about the Newtonian system, which was very little indeed. The Rev. Samuel Wales listened with ill-concealed annoyance and turned with a sigh of relief to more shining lights, calling upon Ryder Dohm, from whose mouth flowed no mixed metaphors, but ideas in orderly sequence, the logic of the immortal Watts, and at the sound of it there settled upon the features of the Rev. Samuel Wales unspeakable placidity.

When the clock-decked cupola struck eleven there was a general stampede, for, with the possible exception of Dohm every one was glad to escape from the "chamber of horrors" and to be free from Watts and Wales for twenty-four hours. The Seniors were assembling to recite to Dr. Daggett in the Septuagint, and as Brinton and Nathan came out to the yard they encountered Humphreys. Brinton hurried forward and thanked Humphreys cordially for his kind-

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ness in inviting him to see the Freshmen receive advice.

"Oh, that's all right," said Humphreys, pleasantly. "I shall be happy to have you come. And you too, Hale, if you care to."

"I shall be glad to come," said Nathan, smiling.

"You know I have to make the speech," said Humphreys, modestly, "and to tell you the truth I'm a bit nervous about it. I sat up working on it last night until poor Leavenworth, who was trying to go to sleep, called out, 'For God's sake! Dave, blow out that candle and go to bed.'"

"I'm sure you'll get through all right," said Nathan.

"I hope so," replied Humphreys. "You see I have to speak for the class and for the whole college in a way, and that's quite a responsibility."

Then as they saw that they were within a few feet of the approaching president, they put their cocked hats under their arms and bowed as Dr. Daggett, who gave them a slight salute, passed slowly into the College Hall. At that moment Munson Paddleford came up to Humphreys to ask permission to discipline Freshman Rice, for Paddleford, being a Sophomore, could not discipline a Freshman without the permission of a Senior.

"What has he done?" inquired Humphreys.

In which Freshmen receive Advice

"I sent him on an errand," said Munson, "and he should have brought me back an answer, but he failed to appear."

"Oh, in that case I give you leave to discipline him," said Humphreys, smiling graciously as he joined the Seniors, who were going in to recite to the president.

Brinton and Nathan were delighted at the manner in which Humphreys had received them and not a little flattered at being taken into his confidence in regard to his speech.

"He's certainly a trump!" said Brinton, enthusiastically. "Not a bit stuck up. If we had been in his own class, he could not have treated us better. Wasn't that funny about Leavenworth?"

"Yes," said Nathan, "that was funny. But what were you telling me that you and Ben had done with Fitch?"

Brinton related how the matter of serving as butler's waiter had been settled, and Nathan appeared much touched.

"Brinton," said he, "you're a dear old soul, and so is Ben, but you're both fools. I'm going to serve my week as I ought to do."

"No. You are not," said Brinton. "Ben and I won't let you."

The rain stopped about noon, and at three o'clock the sun was shining brightly when the Senior and Freshman classes met at the chapel. The Seniors formed a line in the

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gallery, at the farther end of which sat those Juniors and Sophomores whom Humphreys had specially invited to attend. Shadrach Winslow, '71, was master of ceremonies, and when the Seniors had taken their positions and placed their hats on their heads, Winslow opened the door that led to the gallery and ushered forward the Freshmen, who filed in with their hats under their arms, some blushing, some staring straight before them, and all more or less nervous at the prospect of the unknown ordeal through which they were to pass. Winslow drew them up in line facing the Seniors, and then walking forward took his place among his classmates. Some of the Freshmen, dropping their eyes before the steady gaze of their superiors, looked intently at the floor; and thus they stood—the top and bottom of the college social system—and what a gulf between them! But if on that October afternoon there was in Yale College one man who could successfully bridge the chasm between the omnipotence of the Senior and the nothingness of the Freshman, it was he who now stepped forward, David Humphreys, '71.

Humphreys raised his cocked hat, saluted the Freshmen graciously, and replaced his hat on his head. In seeing his grace and his grand manner one would never have imagined that he had sat up half the night over

In which Freshmen receive Advice

his speech or that he had written and rewritten it three times. He held his snuff-box carelessly but impressively in his left hand, and Eliot, Hale, and Tallmadge, who sat together among the Sophomores, were charmed by his gallant air. For the eighteenth century was preëminently an age of forms, and the courtly bearing of Versailles came over the sea in ships even to Puritan New England.

"Gentlemen of the Class of '74," said Humphreys, "we have called you here this afternoon to explain to you certain laws, usages, and customs of Yale College which it is necessary that you should know. You are to be uncovered within ten rods of the person of the president and within five rods of the persons of the tutors. When you have occasion to speak to any member of an upper-class you must remove your hats, and you may not wear your hats at all in the college yard, until the May vacation, unless you carry something in your hands. You shall not play with any member of an upper-class without being asked, nor are you permitted to use any acts of familiarity with them, even in study time. You are obliged to perform all reasonable errands for any superior, and you must always return an account of the same to the person who sends you. If you are near a gate or door belonging to the college, you

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shall look around and observe whether any of your superiors are coming to the same, and if they are coming within three rods, you shall not enter without a signal to proceed. You shall not run in the college yard, or up or down stairs, or call to any one through a window. You shall not smoke your pipes, save in your own chambers, and never in the presence of a member of an upper-class without first asking his permission to do so.

"These right and proper customs we, who are soon to leave Yale, look to you to carry on, for they have existed before we were born and will exist, I trust, long after we are dead. I regret to say that some among you have already shown a spirit of self-conceit and forwardness quite contrary to that which you should exhibit, for on the threshold of your college careers it is necessary that you learn obedience and subordination to your superiors, not only for your success as members of Yale College, but also for your happiness as citizens of His Majesty's Colonies. We live in critical times, and if the events which occurred last March in Boston, and with which you are familiar, should be repeated, who can say what may be the outcome for us all?

"In conclusion, Gentlemen of the Class of '74, we desire to have you look upon us as your friends, to come to us in times of difficulty,

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for we are your natural protectors and your court of last appeal. All that we require you to do, we ourselves have done; all that you will experience here, we ourselves have experienced; and though we are Seniors and you are Freshmen, yet there is one point where we can all meet on common ground, for I am sure that in your hearts, as in ours, there burns a love for dear old Yale. Therefore, join me now in the cry, *Diu floreat Alma Mater Yalensia!*" and Humphreys, whipping off his cocked hat, gave the signal.

The effect was electric, and the walls of the brick chapel rang with the shouts of Seniors and Freshmen, Sophomores and Juniors, — "*Diu floreat Alma Mater Yalensia!*"

CHAPTER IV

AT THE SIGN OF THE "COCK AND CROWN"

TALLMADGE and Eliot served in turn, as butler's waiter, in spite of Nathan's protests, and upon one occasion when Nathan had declared that he would ring the rising-bell on the following morning, Brinton was up in the chapel tower at half-past five, and pulled the bell-rope furiously for six minutes by way of informing Nathan that there was no use in his coming. This proceeding caused considerable commotion. Those who had promptly tumbled out of bed, dressed in haste, and rushed down stairs, were not in a cheerful frame of mind when they found that they had a full half-hour in which to cool their heels, while waiting for morning prayers. The president had an interview with Mr. Fitch upon the subject, and Mr. Fitch referred the president to Brinton Eliot. Therefore, about noon, Brinton received a summons to Dr. Daggett's study. He went over to College and walked down the hall to the president's door—a white door, like others in the building, but awe-inspiring at times.

At the Sign of the "Cock and Crown"

Flipping some snuff off his waistcoat, he placed his hat under his arm, and knocked lightly. The president bid him enter.

The room was not large, and the white wainscot with its square panels extended from floor to ceiling. Between the windows, on one side, stood a small mahogany cupboard, and opposite to it a heavy bookcase of the same wood, flanked by two large, high-backed mahogany chairs, while a polished mahogany table was in the centre of the apartment. All of this furniture was so stiff and solemn, so polished and pompous, that Brinton could not help wondering what would happen if Blumpy, whom he had seen dance at Mix's tavern, should come into that room and dance the High Betty Martin. He was certain that the mahogany table would rise in its wrath and smite the offender. The president was seated at the table, on which were various papers, an ink-horn, sand-box, and quill-box, while behind him on the white mantel over the fireplace, stood a gilt clock and two splendid silver candlesticks, above which hung one of Governor Yale's gifts to the college, the portrait of King George I, German by birth, and King of England, by the grace of God and Parliament. The president, in his long black gown and great white wig, was venerable and imposing, and as he leaned slightly forward,

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the sunlight which streamed between the camel curtains upon his papers, fell athwart him, flooding his powdered wig and his clear-cut, careworn features. His eyes showed that he was very weary, but the lines about his mouth made it equally clear that he would stick at his appointed task, no matter how great his fatigue might be.

"Eliot," said he, slowly, "why did you ring the bell at half-past five this morning?"

"To prevent Nathan Hale from ringing it at six o'clock, sir."

"Are you serving as butler's waiter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Has Hale served?"

"Not yet, sir."

"He wishes to serve, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"His zeal is commendable."

"Gad! sir, he's most anxious to serve."

"What! sir?"

"I beg your pardon, sir. I meant that he was very anxious indeed to serve."

"You should say what you mean."

"I generally do, sir."

"Do you, indeed? I hope this matter will be arranged so that a mistake like that of this morning will not occur again."

"I hope so, sir."

"I shall fine you twopence halfpenny."

"Yes, sir."

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"That is sufficient."

Brinton bowed and took his leave. He was much pleased at the result of the interview on Nathan's account, for Nathan's zeal had been commended, and Nathan's welfare was very dear to Brinton's heart.

That afternoon he and Ben and Joshua Lamb hired a boat and sailed to Morris Cove, where they had some excellent oysters and cider, and as Joshua had a pack of Great Mogul playing-cards they put in an hour pleasantly enough. During the game Brinton gave them an account of his interview with the president.

"Did he talk human?" inquired Joshua.

"No," said Brinton, "I can't say that he talked exactly human, but somehow he looked more human than usual. Do you know, I think that if Prex had been brought up in New York, and been taught to dance the Rolling Hornpipe when he was a boy, he would have been a first-rate fellow."

"He never was a boy!" said Joshua, emphatically. "Bet you ten shillings that when he was born he knew Watts's 'Divine Songs for Children' by heart."

At this statement Ben and Brinton roared.

When they came back to supper they found every one talking about a wonderful leap which Nathan had made on the Green.

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They all went to see it, and it was afterward marked out and shown with pride for years. Joshua Lamb was always ready for anything, and he it was who took Ben and Brinton two days later, to Mix's tavern, where a Barbary lion, making the round of the colonies on a cart drawn by four oxen, was on exhibition, and for the privilege of seeing which they paid ninepence. They had a game of ninepins afterward in the tavern yard and narrowly escaped being caught by Tutor Joseph Buckminster on the way home — all of which was very exciting and enjoyable. Thus the bright October days passed pleasantly, and the leaves changed from green to gold, and gold to crimson, and crimson to brown, and fell, fluttering softly, to make a carpet for the winter snows.

One afternoon, early in November, Brinton was alone in his room, on the third floor of Connecticut Hall. He had been riding with Nathan, and his sherry-vallies, spattered with mud, hung over the back of a chair. Nathan had gone to his chamber, across the hall, to work on the paper he was preparing to read at the coming meeting of Linonia, and Ben was out on a squirrel hunt with Royal Flint. Brinton had moved his small square table in front of the window, through which he could look across the college yard to the Green, and sat in a three-cornered

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chair covered with red camlet, resting his elbows on the table and supporting his head in his hands as he perused Ward's "Geometry." A brass candlestick and snuffer were on the table, while the floor about him was strewn with Lowth's "English Grammar," Hammond's "Algebra," a copy of "Horace," and the inevitable Watts's "Logic," which he had shoved aside to make room for his elbows. From time to time he glanced at the clock, standing among blue flip-mugs and bright pewter porringers on the top of a handsome cupboard in the corner, or, looking out of the window, watched the Sophomores, who were playing football on the Green. They ran about in their shirt sleeves, bright waistcoats, and knee-breeches, kicking the ball to one another in a careless, happy-go-lucky way; and when it chanced to go too far to be conveniently picked up, a couple of obedient Freshmen, who were stationed near the brick meeting-house, brought it back to their superiors. Brinton had come to the conclusion that Ward's "Geometry" was very dull indeed, when he heard a racket on the stairs, and a well-known voice singing gayly:—

"Lucy Locket lost her pocket.
Lydia Fisher found it.
Not a bit of money in it;
Only binding round it."

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"It's Joshua," said Brinton; and it most certainly was. He burst into the room, yelling "Only binding round it!" and then stopped short. "Gad!" he exclaimed. "Are you studying? That's odd! You're too damnably wise now. I'll tell you what it is: there's a 'Pig of Knowledge' showing down at the 'Cock and Crown,' and they say he lights lamps, spells, reads print, tells the time of day, does sums in arithmetic, fires a cannon, picks a card in a pack, and jumps through a hoop, all for two shillings! Come on!"

This proved too much for Brinton, and he ran across the hall to fetch Nathan; but Nathan, absorbed in his paper for Linonia, refused to budge. "Well, 'Mutton,'" said Brinton, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, "here is one 'Pig of Knowledge.' Let's go and see the other." And with that he started with Joshua for the "Cock and Crown." As they crossed the Green the bell of the brick meeting-house began to toll solemnly.

"What's up now, I wonder?" said Brinton, glancing toward the steeple.

"I don't know," replied Joshua. "May be the king is dead."

"It's more likely he's very much alive," said Brinton. "The bells usually ring when he's lively. I wonder how it feels to be king. Imagine getting up in the morn-

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ing at Windsor, knowing that you are going to do something that will set the bells ringing from Boston to Philadelphia."

"If I was king," said Joshua, thoughtfully, "I'd make laws."

"What laws?" inquired Brinton.

"Well, for one thing, I'd make a law that every college in the colonies should have peach brandy for supper; it's a good drink. I'd have a pipe of Madeira every day myself; it's frightfully expensive; and then I'd take all my friends to Windsor, — I suppose that's where the king lives, — and we'd have some good horse races, and play quadrille and ombre, and have plenty of flip and toddy. It would not be slow."

"Gad!" said Brinton, laughing, "what would become of the colonies?"

"I shouldn't bother my head about them at all," said Joshua. "They'd get on all right. They always do get on all right except when the king meddles."

"God save the King, 'Mutton!'" cried Brinton, merrily, "for if you were king it would be, 'God save the Kingdom!'"

When they came in sight of the white tavern, beside which a lofty elm stretched its leafless boughs above the dormer windows in the roof, they saw a crowd packed closely about the porch, and thinking that the "Pig of Knowledge" must be in the midst of his

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performances, they both started to run. 'It turned out otherwise, however. On the steps, under the swinging tavern-sign, which had a red cock on one side of it and a gold crown on the other, stood Dr. Jarvis Patch, in a pea-green coat, nankeen small-clothes, and leather sherry-vallies, the stiff eelskin cue of his horsehair riding-wig sticking straight out in the air under his cocked hat as he waved a paper and gesticulated violently. The pompous old doctor was much excited, and the men about him, some in full-skirted coats and periwigs, others in leather aprons and woollen frieze, were not less so. Elias Tozzer, who had ridden from Norwich, stood on the edge of the crowd, trying to hear, and at the same time holding fast to the bridle of his big brown Narragansett pacer, — a horse, by the way, which he was very proud of and had challenged the whole province to match in a race for fifty pounds, time and place to be agreed on later. Not far from the porch a small black pig was shoving its snout in the sand, evidently the "Pig of Knowledge," which every one had forgotten, including its owner, — a short man with a long nose, a coarse clout on his head, and a red coat with rusty frogs, — who craned his neck in the crowd. Brinton and Joshua, elbowing their way forward, heard the words "non-importation agreement," "New York merchants,"

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"orders to England," "all sorts of merchandise," "revolvers!"

"It's an outrage!" cried Dr. Jarvis Patch.
"It's a damned outrage!"

The crowd shouted approval, and the worthy doctor continued:—

"Why did Parliament repeal the Townshend acts?—why did they, I say?—but to weaken the spirit of opposition, and make the weak knees wobble. Ten shillings, North counted on that! Ten shillings, he counted on it! And now the New York merchants have done it,—overthrown the policy,—smashed the non-importation agreement! Zounds! 'twas what we relied on to force the repeal of the Tea Act."

Brinton became interested, and approaching the irate doctor, asked to see the newspaper which he held in his hand. "Yes, sir," cried Patch, handing him the *Post-boy*, "you can read for yourself. There's their letter, and there's their names. Damn 'em!" Glancing hastily over the letter of the New York merchants, Brinton looked at the list of names, and saw in rough black type—William Eliot. It was something of a shock to find his father's name affixed to a document which he had just heard so roundly denounced; and he began to read the letter of the merchants. Joshua came up, looked over his shoulder, and asked what it was all

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about. "I don't know," said Brinton. "I'm trying to find out."

The landlord, Mr. Jonathan Oakes, came out of the tavern just then, in company with a handsome, well-built man, about thirty years of age, whose carefully powdered hair was tied behind with a black ribbon, whose black beaver was ornamented with a button of silver lace, and who wore over his claret-colored coat, green satin waistcoat, and dark knee-breeches, a splendid white corduroy surtout trimmed with fur frogs.

"The merchants of New York had better send us their old liberty-pole," he said wrathfully to Oakes. "'Tis clear they have no further use for it."

"Quite true, Mr. Arnold," cried Dr. Patch. "They're revolvers!"

"They're a lot of damned traitors!" exclaimed Arnold, impulsively.

This was more than Brinton could stand. He dropped the *Post-boy*, and stepped toward the man who had just spoken.

"My father is a New York merchant," he said hotly. "He signed that letter. How dare you call him a traitor? Who are you?"

Arnold, somewhat surprised, looked Brinton over from crown to heel.

"My name is Benedict Arnold," he said haughtily. "You're a student at the college, I take it?"

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"I am. My name is Brinton Eliot."

"Well, young man, I don't know you or your father, but I say that if your father signed that letter, he's a traitor."

"And I say you're a liar!" cried Brinton, flushed with anger.

Arnold started as though he had received a blow, and for an instant the man and the youth faced one another with flashing eyes. How the affair might have ended no one can say, for at that moment the crowd scattered, the big yellow Providence coach came rattling up, stout Billy Potter on the box, the black wheelers trotting smartly, the bay leaders galloping, and pulled up with a magnificent flourish before the "Cock and Crown." Jonathan Oakes rushed to the coach door; a lady and two young girls alighted; Brinton heard a woman call his name, and turned to see his aunt, Mrs. Chauncey Winthrop, his cousin, Mistress Margaret Winthrop, and Mistress Betty Allen, of Philadelphia.

CHAPTER V

CERTAIN PERSONS BECOME BETTER ACQUAINTED

BRINTON was much surprised, for he had no idea that his aunt was in New England. "Lud!" she exclaimed, "how you have grown! I've not seen you for two years. You're better looking than ever you were and favor your mother, as I've always maintained, though William says you take after him. Here's Polly, whom you may kiss, and Betty Allen, whom you may not." Brinton laughed and the girls laughed; Joshua was introduced at once, and then Brinton was called away immediately by his aunt, who, accompanied by the obsequious Oakes, desired to inspect the rooms in which she was to lodge. Mrs. Winthrop was not easily satisfied. Resplendent in her long plum-colored, fur-lined cloak and hood and her enormous velvet muff, she sailed into the bedroom, with her head in the air, announcing that she smelled paint. The beds were declared too hard, the harrateen hangings not sufficiently clean, and the camel coverlets too thin. She rated Oakes soundly, demanding at once a warming-pan,

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extra brass candlesticks, a second looking-glass, and two chintz quilts. She was a good soul, but that was her way.

"I suppose," said she, when the landlord had gone to procure the articles she required, "that you're surprised to see us."

"Indeed I am," answered Brinton.

"We've been three weeks in Providence with the Josselyns, and I promised your father to stop here on my way back to see you. He's never been here, you know, so I want to see everything. Lud! to think that I should find you at the ordinary! And what were you doing here, pray? And who was the man in the white coat at whom you were glaring?"

"Benedict Arnold," answered Brinton. "I don't know him. We got in a row about politics."

"Politics!" exclaimed Mrs. Winthrop. "At your age? Fudge! Now you and your friend—what is his name?"

"Joshua Lamb."

"He's eminently proper, I presume?"

"Oh, quite so. He belongs to the Lambs of Lancaster."

"Well, you must both take supper with us. To-morrow we'll see everything. The girls have done nothing but talk of it all the way from Providence. Don't you think Polly has grown?"

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"Indeed I do," said Brinton, "and so has Betty."

"The Josselyns fell in love with Betty when they were in Philadelphia last May," continued Mrs. Winthrop, "and insisted that she should come, and Polly can no more be parted from her than from her own shadow. Mrs. Allen demurred at the length of the journey, but I had my way."

"You usually do, Aunt Elizabeth," said Brinton, laughing. "If you don't mind," he added, "I should like to bring Ben Tallmadge and Nathan Hale to supper, too. You see I room with Ben, and Nathan's a good friend of mine."

"Bring all your friends," said Mrs. Winthrop. "Polly and Betty, I dare say, would be delighted if you should fetch fifty. Lud! I can't promise them much in this wretched ordinary."

"Gad!" said Brinton, "they'll think they're getting a royal feed after commons."

Meanwhile, Joshua Lamb, to whose lot it fell to entertain two very attractive girls in the tavern parlor, had been having a most delightful time, and when Brinton and his aunt came into the room, Polly and Betty announced that Mr. Lamb had been too funny for anything and had told them all about Yale College, and that they wanted to see morning prayers, the buttery, the *prases*,

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the "chamber of horrors," commons, Linonia, Sammy Wales, Mr. Fitch, and Nathan Hale's jump, and all this with a rapidity that fairly took away Mrs. Winthrop's breath. Brinton laughed and looked at Betty Allen—a charming picture in her crimson queen's bonnet, trimmed with Bath lace, and her long scarlet *artois* with its capes, lapels, and revers. He remembered her as a little girl of thirteen; and now she was sixteen, tall for her age, with the most beautiful eyes, and a figure that gave promise of being as fine as that of her mother, Mrs. Keayne Allen, whose lawns, laces, and brocades were the envy, the admiration, and the despair of more than one woman in Philadelphia. There was small chance for conversation now, however, for if he and Joshua were to find Ben and Nathan, secure permission from the steward to be absent from commons, make their toilets, and return to the "Cock and Crown" in season for supper they had no time to lose.

"Gad!" said Joshua, as they crossed the Green, "Mistress Betty is perfect, and Mistress Polly's perfection."

"That's a distinction without a difference," replied Brinton, laughing.

"It's a good thing they came," continued Joshua, "on more accounts than one, for it's my belief if they hadn't, you and Mr. Arnold would have been at fisticuffs. I've seen him

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before in his shop, and he seemed mild enough, but to-day he looked as that Barbary lion at Mix's did when I poked him with a bodkin."

"Has he a shop?" inquired Brinton.

"Yes," said Joshua. "Haven't you ever seen his sign on Crown Street — 'B. Arnold, Druggist'? 'Twas in his shop I got the 'Fifteen Comforts of Matrimony' — that's an amusing book. He has other good books, too, but I like best 'Tom Jones' and a 'Bag of Nuts Ready Crack'd.' Hopestill Box, his shop-boy, — there's a lad that can throw dice! — won six shillings from me the last time. He says Mr. Arnold has lots of money. He has ships at sea. I'll bet he don't make it all from drugs in this town. I've seen his wife, too. She wears very genteel clothes."

The supper at the "Cock and Crown" was a delightful affair. Mrs. Chauncey Winthrop, clad in a rich tobine, striped and flowered, her powdered hair piled high on her aristocratic head and crowned by a cap of lace with long lace lappets, did the honors, and though a meal that exhausted the resources of Mr. Jonathan Oakes's larder may have been quite unsatisfactory to her, it was most delicious to the college youths after the frugal fare in commons. Between Brinton and Nathan sat Mistress Betty Allen, in a wonderful yellow gown, embroidered heavily

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with glistening yellow flowers, while Mistress Margaret Winthrop, in a dress of gray-violet color, with black plumes in her golden hair, had Joshua Lamb at her right hand and Ben Tallmadge at her left. The conversation was animated and lively—so lively, in fact, that Brinton was unable to have two words alone with Betty during the evening, although he held her hand longer than was absolutely necessary when he said good night.

It was arranged that Brinton and Ben Tallmadge should take them to morning prayers, but Mrs. Winthrop had been not a little dismayed when she heard the hour. "Lud!" she exclaimed, "we must rise at half-past five!" The girls, however, were set on it, and Betty said coaxingly, "Dear Mrs. Winthrop, just think! Mr. Tallmadge says it's the only time we can see all the men in Yale College at once. Now if we failed to go, we might never see lots of nice ones." "Oh, lud!" said Mrs. Chauncey Winthrop, and surrendered. She did not always have her way—with Betty.

Therefore, they all went to chapel, where they created a sensation when they appeared in the gallery. Ben sat between Mrs. Winthrop and Polly; and Brinton, who had Betty all to himself, wished for the first time in his life that morning prayers would never end. She wore again her long scarlet *artois*, and

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over her soft brown hair the crimson queen's bonnet, and leaned lightly on the white rail of the gallery as she looked down at the men below. Erect, in his black robe, President Daggett was reading the Collect, and the broad square ends of his white cravat were stiffly starched and orthodox.

"There's Josh — I mean Mr. Lamb," whispered Betty. "Isn't he funny? Oh, and there's Mr. Nathan Hale. He's most amazing nice. Every one is fond of him, I fancy."

"I think they are," said Brinton. "I am."

"Who is that odd-looking man, with the high forehead and the fluffy brown wig with queer side-curls?"

"That's Sammy Wales."

"Oh, yes. I know about him. He runs the 'chamber of horrors.' Do college men always stare like this? It's very embarrassing. Just look at Mr. Lamb! He's whispering to every one in his pew. Brinton, where do you sit?"

"Right down there in the pew in front of Nathan."

"Oh, yes. And who is the man at the end of that pew? I can see by his eyes that he wants to look up here, but he doesn't dare."

"That's Ryder Dohm. He's very clever. He never squabs."

"What do you do when you 'squab'?"

"Well, sometimes, you see, we go to a reci-

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tation, and we really don't know very much about the subject, and if we're called up, of course we have to rise, and as we don't want to sit down at once, we talk for a while."

"But what do you talk about?"

"Well, I don't know—nothing in particular. We just talk."

"Does it count?"

"No. I am sorry to say it does not. I wish it did."

"Brinton, you had better not whisper so loud. Mrs. Winthrop is on nettles now. I can see it. Look at Polly— isn't she proper! Well, there are so many things that I want to find out, that I really can't help talking."

"Your bonnet is so big, Betty, that I can't get near your ear, so I have to whisper loud."

"Brinton, if you make me laugh, I shall never forgive you. I suppose that old man on the platform is the *prases*. Mr. Lamb said he wasn't really human. He seems just like any other old man."

"Betty, you mustn't believe all that Joshua tells you," said Brinton, laughing softly.

"Really?" said Betty, giving him a swift glance. "On which ear did the *prases* box you?"

"The left ear," replied Brinton, flushing and inwardly vowing to get even with the loquacious Lamb.

"Do the girls in Milford dance well?"

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"Not as well as the girls in Philadelphia."

Thus it continued throughout morning prayers, in a manner very irreverent but quite delightful. When they came out of chapel they had to run the gauntlet of fifty or sixty pairs of eyes, which the girls found a trying ordeal, and Betty declared it made her feel exactly like a wax figure in a museum. They had a jolly breakfast later at the "Cock and Crown," after which the tour of inspection began. They went through College Hall, inspected the commons, were shown the portrait of Governor Yale, and the "Moor," in his red turban and blue surdan, whom Betty insisted on seeing, and who bowed very low, displaying at the same time his large white teeth; and since for the moment no recitation was being held there, they peeped into the "chamber of horrors," at which both girls laughed very much, declaring that it was a room just like any other room. They saw the library, with its four thousand volumes, its globes, astronomical quadrant, theodolite, and telescope, and there to Brinton's delight they found Tutor John Trumbull at work on the first part of his poem, "The Progress of Dulness." Trumbull was introduced and entertained them delightfully for more than half an hour.

"He's most amazing clever," said Betty, as they came down stairs.

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"He's a genius," said Brinton, "and what's more, he's a first-rate fellow."

"I like clever men," said Betty. "Why didn't you have him to supper?"

"I couldn't have every one, Betty. Weren't we clever enough for you?"

"Of course you were. Brinton Eliot, how you do take me up!"

In the yard they found the Seniors assembling for recitation, and Brinton was very glad to have the opportunity of presenting Humphreys, with whose intelligence, grace, and grand manner Mrs. Winthrop and the girls were charmed. As soon as he saw that Betty was pleased with Humphreys, Brinton said a few words in a low tone to his aunt, and then invited Humphreys to dine with them at the "Cock and Crown,"—an invitation which Humphreys accepted in the most gallant way.

"He's our fashion-plate, Betty," said Brinton a moment later, when the man in question had departed, "but he has plenty of brains. He's a charming fellow, but he's a Senior. I hope he won't think you're rather young."

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And with that Mistress Betty Allen turned on her heel and walked directly over to Ben Tallmadge. Then Mrs. Winthrop made Brinton gasp by announcing that she wished to meet President Daggett. Brinton took

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Tallmadge aside. "Ben," said he, "Aunt Elizabeth is set on seeing Prex. I don't want the girls in there, for you know how we're supposed to knuckle when we talk to Prex, and Betty would twit me about it. Take them over on the Green to see Nathan's leap and keep 'em busy." Ben promised, and as Betty was piqued at Brinton, she did not demur at the arrangement.

Brinton and Mrs. Chauncey Winthrop reëntered College and walked down the hall to the white door, where Brinton knocked lightly, hoping that the president was not there. The president bid him enter. Brinton opened the door, and Mrs. Chauncey Winthrop, in her rose-colored, furbelowed petticoat and her white fur-lined mantua, sailed into Olympus.

"Dr. Daggett," said Brinton, with his hat under his arm, "my aunt, Mrs. Winthrop." The president rose behind his mahogany table and made Mrs. Winthrop a very low bow, to which that lady responded with a stately courtesy. "Be seated, madam," said the president. "Eliot, you may take a chair." Brinton bowed and sat down. A chair in the presence of the *præses*!

"I am much pleased with the college, Dr. Daggett," said Mrs. Winthrop, settling herself, "for I conceive it to be quite superior to the one in New Jersey. I trust my nephew deports himself in a fitting manner."

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"Your nephew, madam," replied the president, "does not make that progress in sound learning which I could wish for, and I regret to say that he has of late fallen into evil ways tending to the danger of his soul, the great grief of his parents, and the dishonor of God."

"Lackaday!" cried Mrs. Winthrop, nervously, "what has he done, Dr. Daggett?"

"He has, madam, indulged in the sin of dancing, a worldly vice which we consider most pernicious."

"Oh, lud!" exclaimed Mrs. Chauncey Winthrop, much relieved.

"I beg your pardon, madam?"

"I mean — well, really, Dr. Daggett, you quite took my breath away."

"I am not surprised that you were shocked, madam, and properly so. His conduct has not gone unpunished. He was publicly admonished and boxed in chapel."

"Oh, lud!" said Mrs. Winthrop, faintly.

"I beg your pardon, madam?"

"At least, Dr. Daggett," said Mrs. Winthrop, recovering herself, "I trust my nephew has made some progress in belles-lettres."

"Belles-lettres, madam," replied the president, gravely, "we consider food fit only for the minds of the frivolous. Sound learning, in which we desire the youths committed to our charge to become proficient, is summed up in the Greek Testament, Vincent's 'Cate-

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chism,' Martin's 'Philosophic Grammar,' Locke's 'Human Understanding,' Wollaston's 'Religion of Nature Delineated,' and Wollenius's 'Amesii Medulla.'"

Mrs. Chauncey Winthrop gasped, and making the president a magnificent courtesy, said faintly, "Good morning, Dr. Daggett."

"Good morning, madam."

And Mrs. Winthrop, in her rose-colored, furbelowed petticoat and her white fur-lined mantua, sailed out of Olympus. Brinton, who had been sweating with anxiety, bowed profoundly to the president and followed his aunt down the hall. "Lud!" she exclaimed, "'tis as stiff as the Court of St. James!"

They found Ben Tallmadge and the girls at Connecticut Hall, and Brinton took them all to see the buttery, where Mr. Fitch made himself very agreeable and prepared for them a delightful punch, after which they went up to Brinton's rooms.

"We didn't fix up at all," said Brinton, throwing open the door; "only I made Ben put some of his clothes away. He usually has them lying round. I thought you'd like to see just how we live." Every one laughed, and Mrs. Winthrop settled herself in a camlet-covered chair, declaring that she, for one, was ready to rest. While the girls admired the pink and white wall-paper, covered with miniature horsemen pursuing

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an imaginary fox, looked at the curious prints on the walls, — one of the college as it was in 1720, with a few pompous gentlemen in periwigs strutting in the foreground; one of Addison entertaining his friends at "Button's"; and another representing the Lord Mayor's Show in London in the time of Charles II, — and peeped into the little bedrooms, Ben placed a small round table, and brought some fine apple-tarts and quince-tarts from the cupboard, while Brinton put a fresh log on the brass fire-dogs, blew the fire, and hung a small kettle on the pot-hook. "I hope you don't drink tea," said Mrs. Winthrop. "'Tis most unpatriotic." "Oh, no," said Brinton. "We use this to heat water." Ben arranged the blue flip-mugs and the best china; Brinton made them some excellent flip; the wood fire burned merrily; Ben and Margaret were very jolly; Mrs. Winthrop gave an account of her interview with Dr. Daggett in the most amusing manner; while Betty, who had been as cool as the chill November air out of doors, thawed and sat by Brinton, talking to him sweetly for twenty minutes, and at the end of that time Brinton was so absorbed in her that he failed to hear a knock at the door. "Come in!" called Ben. The door opened, and on the threshold, in his white corduroy surtout and silver-laced black beaver, stood Mr. Benedict Arnold.

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"I beg your pardon," said he, somewhat surprised at seeing the ladies, and doffing his cocked hat. "Mr. Eliot, may I have a word with you?"

Brinton was much surprised. He looked at Arnold in a frigid manner, rose, went out into the hall, and closed the door.

"I must apologize, Mr. Eliot," said Arnold, "for what occurred yesterday. I spoke too quickly. But you see, I've been much exercised at the turn affairs have taken in the country during the past three years. Politics, you know, sometimes makes men knaves. I see now that I insulted your father."

"I accept the apology," said Brinton, pleasantly. "I think I should apologize, too."

"No, no. You were quite right. In your place I should have said the same."

"I should be glad to have you meet my aunt."

"I cannot well refuse you."

Brinton opened the door and presented Mr. Arnold, who saluted the ladies in very gallant fashion. He devoted his attention to Mrs. Winthrop, and as he was witty and well-bred, had been several times to England, to the West Indies, and to Quebec, and passed from one thing to another lightly, like a man of the world, she found him agreeable enough. When they started for the "Cock and Crown," he accompanied them as far as College Hall.

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"I trust, Mr. Eliot," said he, at parting, "that I may have the pleasure of your company to sup some evening with Mrs. Arnold and myself." "I shall be happy to come," replied Brinton. And with a gallant bow to the ladies, Mr. Benedict Arnold departed.

During dinner at the tavern, every one was merry enough, except Brinton, who had only his aunt to talk to, and who perceived from the exertions that Mistress Betty Allen was making to captivate Humphreys, and the success which attended her efforts, that if his unfortunate remark of the morning was forgiven, it was not forgotten. Then the red and green New York coach, with its four white horses, and Tim Camp on the box, a whip famous on the post-road, pulled up before the tavern. There was bustle and commotion enough. The tap-room was full of people. Dr. Jarvis Patch was booked for a place, and so was Mr. Bradford and his lady, and Mr. Annable. Mrs. Chauncey Winthrop's luggage was securely strapped. Mrs. Winthrop paid her score. Jonathan Oakes humbly expressed the hope that his house might be honored in the near future by Mrs. Winthrop's presence. Joshua and Nathan came to say good-by. And amid all this commotion, Brinton did not have two words with Betty. She talked with Humphreys until the last moment, and then

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declared she couldn't think where she had left her cloak, and suddenly remembered that it must be upstairs. Brinton offered to fetch it for her, but was told to stay just where he was. She came down the staircase with the scarlet *artois* over her arm, to find Brinton alone in the hall, waiting for her at the foot of the stairs, and every one else out at the coach. Mrs. Winthrop and Miss Polly Winthrop were in, so was Dr. Jarvis Patch, Mr. Bradford and his lady, and Mr. Annable, and Tim Camp was ready to crack his whip; but Mistress Betty Allen was in no hurry whatever.

"Brinton," said she, "you may help me with my cloak if you like." And she stood there very demurely, while he fastened it about her shoulders.

"Good-by," she said, holding out her hand, and looking up at him.

"Good-by, Betty," he answered, taking her hand firmly.

"Yale is splendid, Brinton, and you have been very good to us all."

"Betty, when I said good-by to you in Philadelphia, I kissed you. Don't you think—"

"Oh, that was three years ago," said Betty, laughing. "I was rather young then, but I'm not rather young now—at least Mr. Humphreys doesn't think so."

Certain Persons become better Acquainted

And with this parting shot and the most captivating glance along with it, Mistress Betty Allen ran down the steps of the "Cock and Crown" and a moment later was being assisted by Nathan Hale into the red and green coach. "Good-by, Brinton," cried Polly, "it's been lovely. Good-by, Mr. Tallmadge." "Good-by, Polly," said Brinton, who had reached the coach door. "Good-by, Betty. Aunt Elizabeth, I'm coming to Philadelphia soon." "Good-by, Brinton. Good-by, Mr. Hale. Good-by, Mr. Humphreys. Good-by, Mr. Lamb. Good-by, Mr. Tallmadge," cried Betty. Dr. Jarvis Patch said something to Mr. Annable about November's being a chilly month for spooning; the stable-boys let go the bridles; Tim Camp cracked his whip; the four white horses started briskly forward, and they were off, the wheels of the red and green coach rolling rapidly. Then five disconsolate Yale men went into the tap-room of the "Cock and Crown," and ordering flip and toddy, sat down to talk it all over.

CHAPTER VI

LINONIA

THE visit of Mistress Betty Allen and Mistress Margaret Winthrop was not soon forgotten at Yale, — at least by the occupants of a certain room on the third floor of Connecticut Hall, — but Ben and Brinton, who had cut all their recitations during the day and incurred numerous fines thereby, felt in the evening that they must do some extra work to catch up. They lighted their candles and started in bravely, and for a time there were no sounds save the wind shaking the shutters, the crackling of the fire, and the ticking of the clock. Then Brinton threw down his book in disgust. "Bah!" he exclaimed, "to pass from Betty to Ward's 'Geometry'! I can't do it. It's out of the question." Ben, who for the last half-hour had been holding Hammond's "Algebra" and at the same time staring at the print of the Lord Mayor's Show, quite agreed with him. "Go and fetch Nathan," said Ben, "and I'll make some flip." Brinton went across the hall, and Ben, after putting the flip-dog in the fire,

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filled a tankard two-thirds full of beer, sweetened it with sugar, added a liberal dash of rum, and stirred the compound with the red-hot flip-iron.

"He says he'll come in about ten minutes," said Brinton, coming back from Nathan's room. "Paddleford is in there, and he and Nathan are making out the list of Freshmen for Linonia."

"We want Woodbridge, anyhow," said Ben.

"Yes," said Brinton, "he's the most likely man in that class, but I can tell you that if we get him, Humphreys will be hopping mad. He's been training Woodbridge for Brothers ever since the beginning of the term. He makes him fag for him all the time."

"I suppose he will be mad," replied Ben. "He's the head and front of Brothers—and that's all right; he founded it, and he's certainly run it well. But I don't see why you put an 'if' in it about getting Woodbridge. We're sure to get him. It stands to reason that a society like Brothers, which has been running only two years, can't put up a showing to match Linonia, which has been running seventeen years. I'll bet you six shillings that any Freshman who has a chance at Linonia will throw Brothers over."

"Don't you be too sure," said Brinton. "You've seen Brothers founded, and you

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know all about it, but the Freshmen don't. Of course they know that one is much older than the other, and all that, but they are going to go where they think they'll be treated the best. Now to them, Brothers in Unity means David Humphreys, and you know that though he makes them fag well and keeps them under, he's always very civil to them. Look at some of the Seniors we have in Linonia. There's Eleazer Clangborn—the way he treats Freshmen is a disgrace to the place! The '71 men in Linonia have given us all a black eye this year, for they have done nothing worth speaking of, and they go about cockey as hades; while, on the other hand, there's Humphreys, who, as far as personal influence goes, is the king of the college, and always so damned civil."

"Gad!" said Ben. "I suppose that's so."

"Of course it's so," replied Brinton, going over to the fireplace and taking his pipe off the mantel. Having filled his pipe, he lit it at a candle on the table. "It's my belief," he continued, "that this year Humphreys can pick his crowd in the Freshman class, and have the cream of the lot."

"Oh, I don't think it will be as bad as that, Brinton," said Ben.

"If it isn't, it will only be because Nathan Hale is in Linonia. Nathan, if he is only a Sophomore, has more influence to-day in

Linonia

Yale than any other man except Humphreys, in my opinion; and when we're Seniors, I think he'll be as big a man as Humphreys is now. You can bet, then, that no one in Linonia will treat Freshmen the way that Clangborn and some of the rest of the '71 crowd do at present. They've certainly given us all a black eye this year. There has been too much of this 'we're seventeen years old, and you're only two years old' business, but it won't work. Brothers is going to pick and choose, and all we get we'll run for."

Brinton knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and taking up a blue flip-mug filled it from the tankard. Then Nathan and Munson Paddleford came in. Nathan looked worried and held a paper in his hand.

"Hello, Nathan. Hello, Munson," said Ben. "Have some flip."

They both settled themselves comfortably, and Ben filled their flip-mugs.

"We've made out the list of Freshmen for Linonia," said Nathan. "It's not going to be so easy. Munson has had one refusal already."

"Ten Eyck," said Munson. "I knew he was sure either way, so I sounded him. He wants Brothers."

"How about Woodbridge?" inquired Ben.

"Woodbridge," said Nathan, "is the lead-

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ing card. He told me that when he first came he was all for Linonia, but the treatment he got from certain people — I'll not mention any names — set him the other way. He likes Humphreys, and he seems fond of me — I don't know why. I can get him, I think."

Brinton stood before the fire, in his green dressing-gown of flowered damask, twirling his pipe in his fingers.

"Who are the others, Nathan?" he said.

"Well, there's Rundle and Mix."

"I wouldn't give a shilling for either of them," said Brinton.

"There's Tiffany Taylor."

"He is much better."

"And Champion."

"Only so so."

"Posey."

"He's passable. What about Rice and Walker?"

"They want Brothers."

"What about Archer?"

"He wants Brothers."

"Well, how about Benedict?"

"I have him down. We can get him."

"That's something," said Brinton. "The best we have, I take it, not counting Woodbridge, are Tiffany Taylor and Benedict; and Woodbridge is worth two Tiffany Taylors and three Benedicts."

Linonia

"I should think he was," said Ben. "Nathan, you must get Woodbridge. I am sure you can do it."

"I think I can, Ben," said Nathan. "I'll try hard enough."

"Gad!" exclaimed Munson, gleefully, "if we do get him, won't Humphreys cuss!"

Brinton lighted his pipe again at the candle.

"Munson," said he, laughing, "that's the difficulty. Humphreys will cuss, and I don't approve of swearing. But seriously, Nathan," he continued, "I want to say a word about Woodbridge. He's, as you say, the leading card, and more than that, I happen to know that we can get him. From what he said to me, I think there's no question if *you* ask him. But there's another side to the matter. The fact that Linonia has fallen behind this year isn't our fault. We've done what we could, but we're not Seniors. We must try to right things next year and the year after. Now Dave Humphreys has done Yale lots of good. You know as well as I do that the reason we are talking about these Freshmen to-night is because Humphreys founded Brothers and forced Linonia to take in Freshmen. If the men who ran things four years ago had had sense enough to take Humphreys in, in his Freshman year, there wouldn't have been any Brothers. However, Brothers has done the

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college lots of good. I think we owe Humphreys a great deal. Remember what we've had to put up with from some of the '71 men, and look at the way Humphreys has always treated us. Why, only this afternoon, Nathan, when Ben and I were coming up from the 'Cock and Crown' with Humphreys, we met Thrall and Wefers. You know that as a rule Thrall and Wefers can't see Ben or myself six inches away. Of course they stopped to talk to Humphreys, and nothing could have been more damned civil than the way Humphreys brought us into the conversation. I think we owe him something. He's always been civil to us, and he's done Yale lots of good. He's worked hard for Woodbridge; and he's set on getting Woodbridge; and I say—give him Woodbridge."

"Brinton," said Nathan, "I think you're right."

"So do I," said Ben.

And the name of Woodbridge was scratched from Linonia's list.

CHAPTER VII

AN EVENING WITH TRUMBULL

BRINTON wrote a long letter to his father the next day in regard to the action of the New York merchants which he did not fully understand. He wrote also to Betty and to his aunt, Mrs. Winthrop. On the following Friday he received an invitation to sup at Mr. Arnold's. Arnold was witty and affable, politics was not mentioned, and when the conversation had drifted in one way and another from Yale to the West Indies, he gave in an amusing manner an account of a duel he had fought there with a British sea-captain. Mrs. Arnold — who had been Miss Mansfield, and was to die five years later, being spared her husband's glory and his infamy — wore, as Joshua had said, "very genteel clothes," and was extremely cordial. Brinton passed a pleasant evening, and came away with the impression that Arnold was well-bred, but very impulsive.

Ten days later the Freshmen were taken into Brothers and Linonia; and while Brothers seized Woodbridge triumphantly, Linonia

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was content with lesser lights, the best fish in its net being Benedict and Tiffany Taylor. Woodbridge always wondered why Linonia had dropped him so suddenly, but he never knew.

Then the snow came, drifting about the elms, and whitening the shutters and dormers of Connecticut and College, and through it the small and highly-organized community tramped, in boots and surtouts, from chapel to commons, commons to classrooms, and classrooms to chambers, with remarkable and fine-fearing regularity. It was on one of these winter mornings that by the merest chance an evening with Trumbull was planned — Trumbull, that youthful tutor of brilliant gifts, aglow with enthusiasm for the poets, the essayists, and the satirists of the Age of Anne, and who was even then, through the columns of the *New Haven Post-boy*, sending the unknown charm of literary criticism and playful satire through the ponderous erudition, the stiffness, and the provincialism of intellectual New England — Trumbull, that juvenile phenomenon without peer, the prodigies of whose precocity while yet in babyhood, though soberly recorded by persons with a good reputation for truth-telling, seem as preposterous as the adventures of Aladdin. That at the age of two years he could say by heart all the verses

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in his "Primer"; that at two and a half he learned to read; that prior to the age of four he had read through the entire Bible, and could repeat all of Watts's "Lyrics" without the book; that at the age of four he himself made verses in the "Wattsian manner"; that at the age of five he loitered in the study of his father, who was tutoring for Yale a certain William Southmayd, and, in the act of loitering, overheard and learned one-half of Lilly's "Latin Grammar," and, having poured forth his flood of classic knowledge, was allowed to join in the work, outstripped the youth of eighteen, and, at the age of seven, seated on the lap of Nathaniel Emmons, was examined by the tutors and admitted to Yale College,—these are the things we are respectfully requested to believe. One wonders what happened at the age of one; of that we have no record. In spite of these misfortunes—for the prodigies of babyhood would seem to predict insanity or speedy death—Trumbull grew up to be an all-round good fellow, and taking Addison and Steele for his models, wrote essays which abound in fusillades of witty and stinging satire.

As Eliot, Lamb, and Tallmadge were returning to Connecticut Hall after reciting to Mr. Trumbull in College, Ben remarked to Joshua, "'Mutton,' I think you squabbed in about the worst fashion I ever heard."

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"Trum has taken your measure all right, 'Mutton,'" said Brinton, laughing. "He's written a poem, and from the title I take it that it's a biography of you."

"Hum!" said Joshua. "What's it called?"
"'The Progress of Dulness.'"

Joshua turned around, caught hold of Brinton, and pushed him over into the snow. "I'll wash your face!" he cried, gathering a handful of snow. "You squab as much as I do." For a moment the two struggled, while Ben stood laughing. Then Brinton got on his feet, and Joshua, breaking away, ran into Connecticut Hall. Brinton sent a snowball after him, which missed the mark and smashed a window in the buttery. When they were in their room and Brinton was brushing the snow off his clothes, Ben said, "I'd like to hear Trum's poem. Have you heard it?"

"No," replied Brinton, "I haven't. I tell you what I'll do, I'll ask Trum if he'll read it to us to-night."

Thus the evening with Trumbull was planned, and as Mr. Trumbull was quite willing to oblige Brinton, it was successfully carried out. They asked Nathan to come, and Joshua Lamb, and Humphreys, who had literary tastes and was a great friend of Trumbull's, and during the afternoon they made several trips to the buttery, purchasing

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sugar, lemons, walnuts, tarts, and other things from Mr. Fitch. After supper Nathan brought an extra pair of candlesticks from his room, Brinton got out the big blue punch-bowl and made a splendid punch, Ben hung the kettle on the pot-hook; and when Humphreys and Lamb arrived, the logs on the fire-dogs were blazing merrily, the air was scented with tobacco, and all within was in joyous contrast to the drifting snow and whistling wind without. Brinton had asked Mr. Trumbull to bring the poem and anything else he had at hand, and that gentleman, when he appeared, received a warm welcome. He was still in the twenties, of medium height, with keen gray eyes; and something of a dandy, despite the fact that he made fun of fops, for the wrist-ruffles of his mulberry-colored coat nearly covered his hands, his white neck-stock was carefully starched, and his bright tuly waistcoat was much embroidered.

"This is really delightful," said he, settling himself. "Thank you, Tallmadge. That's excellent punch. What weather we are having! Thank you, Eliot, I have my pipe in my surtout. Oh, Lamb, I'm much obliged to you for fetching it. Do you get this tobacco from Fitch? It smells amazing good."

"That's some my father sent me," said Brinton. "I think you'll find it right."

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"Past question. Well, I could sit and talk to you all for an hour, but I know that you've brought me here for a certain purpose," he continued, taking some papers from his pocket. "I thought that before I read the poem you might like to hear a little thing I've written for the *Post-boy*."

"Very much," said Brinton.

"It's supposed to be an advertisement prepared for the use of a young lady after four campaigns for the capture of a husband."

"Was she successful?" inquired Humphreys.

"She was indeed," replied Trumbull, "and she is now retiring from business and offering for sale her stock in trade."

"ADVERTISEMENT.

TO BE SOLD AT PUBLIC VENDUE,

THE WHOLE ESTATE OF

ISABELLA SPRIGHTLY, TOAST AND COQUETTE,

(NOW RETIRING FROM BUSINESS).

Imprimis, all the Tools and Utensils necessary for carrying on the Trade, viz. Several bundles of Darts and Arrows, well-pointed and capable of doing great execution; A considerable quantity of Patches, Paint, Brushes, and Cosmetics, for plastering, painting, and whitewashing the face; a complete set of caps, 'à la mode à Paris,' of all sizes, from five to fifteen inches in height; With several dozens of Cupids, very proper to be stationed on a ruby lip, a diamond eye, or a roseate cheek.

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Item, she proposes by certain ceremonies to transform one of her humble servants into an husband, and keep him for her own use, and therefore she offers for sale, Florio, Daphnis, Cynthio, and Cleanthes, with several others, whom she won by a constant attendance on business during the space of four years. She can prove her indisputable right thus to dispose of them, by certain deeds of gifts, bills of sale, and attestations, vulgarly called love-letters, under their own hands and seals. They will be offered very cheap, for they are all of them either broken-hearted, consumptive, or in a dying condition. Nay, some of them have been dead this half year, as they declare and testify in the above-mentioned writings. Their hearts will be sold separately."

"Gad!" exclaimed Joshua, "that's grand! It beats the 'Fifteen Comforts of Matrimony.'" At which every one laughed.

"It's splendid," said Ben. "Mr. Trumbull, may I refill your glass?"

"Thank you. It isn't much, but all that we see in print now is so heavy. The Puritans took life too seriously. I'm sure it can't hurt us to be playful at times. Do you know, the dogmatical scribblers have wearied me. I purpose to parody them by giving out droll announcements of pretended works. What do you think of this?"

"An Essay on Dancing; Proving from the Examples of King David and others that it is a most grievous Iniquity, and directly contrary to the Eternal Fitness of Things. By the Pious D. D. & Company."

At this every one roared. Mr. Trumbull had certainly an appreciative audience. Pipes

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and glasses were refilled, and then Trumbull began his poem. But the "Progress of Dulness" — of which Tom Brainless, college student, pedagogue, dunce, and divine, is the hero — is far too long to quote. The youths enjoyed it from start to finish and applied it at once to their own surroundings. When Trumbull reached the lines, —

"Greek spoils his eyes, the print's so fine,
Grown dim with study, or with wine ;
Of Tully's Latin much afraid,
Each page he calls the doctor's aid ;
While geometry, with lines so crooked,
Sprains all his wits to overlook it — "

they cried out that Tom was "Mutton" Lamb, much to that gentleman's indignation. When he touched the book-worms, who

"Read ancient authors o'er in vain,
Nor taste one beauty they contain,
And plodding on in one dull tone,
Gain ancient tongues and lose their own — "

there was a general expression of opinion that the lines fitted Ryder Dohm like a glove. They applauded loudly the epigram, —

"Whoe'er at college points his sneer,
Proves that himself learn'd nothing there."

When the lines were reached where the dunce-hero begins his career by taking a school, —

"Where throned aloft in elbow chair,
With solemn face and awful air,

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He tries with ease and unconcern,
To teach what ne'er himself could learn — "

Ben shouted, "Buckminster! to the life!"
And when Trumbull described how Brainless was given a license to preach, —

"For though his skull be cudgel-proof,
He's orthodox and that's enough — "

they laughed heartily, and Brinton cried,
"Sammy Wales!" They enjoyed also
Trumbull's portrait of Brainless, the full-
fledged divine, who

"On Sunday, in his best array,
Deals out the dulness of the day;
And while above he spends his breath,
The yawning audience nod beneath,"

and Joshua Lamb declared laughingly that
under similar circumstances he himself had
dozed frequently, heedless alike of ambrosia
and of Olympian thunder.

The "Progress of Dulness" has for more
than a century rested forgotten upon dust-
covered shelves, but between its faded leaves
there lingers still the fragrance of its triumph,
its first and greatest, for no poem could have
received a more enthusiastic welcome than
that given to Mr. Trumbull's first elaborate
production as a satirist by Tallmadge, Eliot,
Humphreys, Hale, and Lamb; and when
some two hours later Mr. John Trumbull, in
his big gray surtout, descended the stairs of

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Connecticut Hall, the fumes of punch and tobacco were in his nostrils, and in his ears the shouts of his admiring audience — “Good night, Mr. Trumbull. You’re a trump!”

Was Trumbull, then, no better than this or that punster or posturemaker who under the name of wag or wit sits sneering at God’s militant creation? Than he, Yale had no abler tutor, no truer-hearted son. And in this “Progress of Dulness” was there aught denoting disloyalty to Yale? God forbid! If so ’twere better it, and they who laughed at it, had never seen the light, nor should men write of it, nor read. But because these sons of Yale made merry, let no outsider flatter himself he could do likewise. Not for one moment would they have suffered such to satirize Yale’s *præses* and the *socii*.

CHAPTER VIII

IN AND OUT OF YALE

THUS the winter passed in a small and highly-organized community, self-centred, self-sufficient, by whom the appointment of a scholar of the house by the *præses* was considered quite as important as the appointment of a salaried official by the Crown in Massachusetts, and to whom success or failure in the "chamber of horrors," the quality of beer at dinner, and a statement of facts between Brothers and Linonia, were of more moment than the quarrels between the assemblies of the Carolinas and His Britannic Majesty. As vacation drew near, there was, as usual, a relaxation of studious effort, and a few book-worms, like Ryder Dohm, complained of the noise. But if Dohm clung lovingly to the final pages of Watts's "Logic," Brinton Eliot did not. He had invited Tallmadge and Hale to visit him in New York, and had taken pains to mention this fact in a letter to his aunt. Mrs. Chauncey Winthrop had replied promptly, inviting all three to visit her in Philadelphia. Therefore, on

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the 15th of July, when the whip cracked and the red and green coach dashed away from the "Cock and Crown," three happy-hearted Yale men were among Tim Camp's passengers.

As the golden sun sank slowly behind the Jersey hills, gilding the broad waters of the Hudson and the gray walls of Fort George, Camp's dust-covered coach rolled rapidly through the pleasant open country, down Bloomingdale Road to Bowery Lane. It passed DePeyster's manor and DeLancey's mansion, and at the turn from Bowery Lane to Broad Street, Eliot, Hale, and Tallmadge caught a glimpse of the ships in the East River. Down Broad Street the coach came, Camp cracking his whip, the black relay trotting briskly, and pulled up with a blast of the horn at Fraunces' tavern. From the tavern, the college men walked down Pearl Street to the Battery, by the Fort, and so to Bowling Green, where stood an equestrian statue of His Britannic Majesty, and from where, highly-varnished chaises were whirling the fashionable world up Broadway or up Greenwich Road to sup at Ranelagh Garden or at Vauxhall. The place and the people surprised Nathan, who, coming to Yale from his quiet Connecticut home in Coventry, had seen no towns larger than Hartford and New Haven. For New York, with twenty thousand inhabitants bore, even then, the

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stamp of cosmopolitanism; eighteen languages were spoken in its streets, and the descendants of the Dutch burgomasters, who in Kieft's days drank their beer and ate their *hoofd-kaas* in the picturesque old Stadt Huys, rubbed elbows with Huguenots, whose forefathers had fled from France in the reign of Louis Quatorze, and who in their turn were jostled by English and Germans, Spaniards and Walloons.

Mr. William Eliot's spacious, brick mansion stood at the corner of Beaver Street, facing Bowling Green. Two splendid locust-trees guarded the entrance gate in the low brick wall, and trim hedges of box led to the stone steps and the wide white door, with its knocker of polished brass. Brinton entered, without ceremony, led his friends across the hall, and in another moment the youths were in Mr. Eliot's library, where they found three gentlemen. The master of the house, a fine-looking man of fifty, slightly corpulent and smartly dressed — in a bright blue coat, white stock, white satin waistcoat, black satin small-clothes, white silk stockings, and red morocco slippers — rose, embraced his son affectionately, and gave a warm welcome to Hale and Tallmadge, who were then presented to Mr. Silas Deane, a merchant of Connecticut, and to Mr. Robert Morris, a member of the prosperous commercial house of Willing &

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Morris of Philadelphia. The conversation turned to post-roads, post-horses, inns, beds, tavern cheer, and such matters, and continued, all standing, for a quarter of an hour, after which Brinton sent a servant to Fraunces' for their luggage, and the young men went upstairs to make their toilets for supper.

At supper Mr. Eliot sat at one end of the table with Robert Morris at his right hand and Silas Deane at his left, while Brinton sat at the other end, with Nathan Hale at his left, beside Mr. Morris, and Ben Tallmadge at his right, beside Mr. Deane. There were no ladies present, for Brinton's mother had died twelve years before, his only female relative being his father's sister, Mrs. Chauncey Winthrop. A portly negro, clad in claret-colored livery, served in punctilious fashion, and the candles shed a soft warm glow over the sparkling glass and heavy silver plate. The three older men did most of the talking, while the youths, who were learning more about the affairs of the colonies than they had previously known, listened intently.

"We don't regard the breaking of the non-importation agreement with any favor up our way, I can tell you, Mr. Eliot," remarked Mr. Deane.

"You have not felt the effects of the agreement as we have," said Mr. Eliot. "We could not stand it. One-tenth of all the foreign

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commerce of the British colonies is centred at this port."

"I am warmly attached to the mother country," said Mr. Morris. "You know I was born in Liverpool."

"Were you, indeed?"

"I was. But I conceive the course of the Ministry during the past two years to be not only most unfortunate, but quite outrageous. I opposed the Stamp Act and signed the non-importation agreement when it was plainly for the interests of my business to do otherwise. We have all lost heavily. Things cannot go on as they are."

"They cannot," said Mr. Eliot, "and I quite approve of your opinion of the Ministry, but I confess to being conservative. Each day seems to bring us farther from a peaceful solution of our difficulties, but I still hope we may reach such a solution, for a war with England would mean an immediate collapse of business and great money loss."

"You're a Tory, I take it, Mr. Eliot?" said Silas Deane.

"Say rather a Loyalist, Mr. Deane," replied Mr. Eliot. "I find myself sometimes tangled in the ethics of honor in deciding between my duty to my country and my duty to my king, but if the time comes when I must choose between them once and for all, I shall serve my country at all cost. In the mean-

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time, gentlemen," he added, raising his glass of Madeira, "I give you — with the hope that God may grant to him and his ministers some measure of common sense — I give you — King George the Third!"

They raised their glasses — and drank for the last time — to His Britannic Majesty.

The next two days passed pleasantly for the college men. They made a tour of the river front on the east side of the city, where from Whitehall Slip to Peck's Slip all the shipping of the port was harbored, because the salt water did not freeze in winter, and where, for the same reason, were the ship-builders' yards and the merchants' warehouses. They rummaged among the shops in Queen Street, adding to their supply of summer clothing, waistcoats and neckstocks in the latest modes for their campaign in Philadelphia. They dined at Fraunces' tavern and drank flip in its tap-room, and later, with hair carefully powdered and neckstocks stiffly starched, they whirled out the fashionable Bowery Lane in Mr. Eliot's highly-varnished chaise, and turning into Monument Lane drove to the gray obelisk, which stood in honor of the hero of the Plains of Abraham. On the return drive Brinton took them to call on Lady Warren, in her big house in Greenwich Village, where much to their annoyance they were offered a

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cup of tea, which they courteously but firmly declined to take. Then driving briskly down the Greenwich Road, beside the Hudson, they came home to supper, and went afterward to the theatre in Broadway to see "Harlequin and Scaramouch." The following night they supped at Ranelagh, where amid the lights, the music, and the brilliantly dressed throng, they sat in bright coats and wonderful new waistcoats, drinking cherry rum, and little dreaming that in that Ranelagh Garden, on a September morning five years later, Nathan Hale, with his arms tied behind his back and escorted by a squad of British soldiers, was to march to death and undying glory.

Thus two days passed pleasantly and, on Thursday morning, leaving New York at eleven, they crossed Staten Island in pleasant weather and, taking coach, reached Amboy at five o'clock and Brunswick at half-past eight, where they put up at Duff's tavern, famous for its spacious dining room. On Friday they breakfasted at seven and, setting out a half-hour later, arrived at Princeton at noon, where they dined, and, after a hurried glimpse of Nassau Hall, pushed on to Trenton, where they spent the night. On Saturday they dined at Bristol, and toward six in the evening reached their goal, the stately Philadelphia.

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The coach set them down at the London Coffee House, at Front and High Streets, and from there they started for Mrs. Chauncey Winthrop's house, in Second Street. Dr. Cadwalader, acting president of the American Philosophical Society during Mr. Franklin's absence in England, passed them in his chaise, as did likewise Mr. Chew, driving in his cream-colored coach to Cliveden. They saw many a broad-brimmed hat and Quaker bonnet, whose wearers, at peace with God and man, were solid and serene, and in whose colonial metropolis there was much of the architectural air of London, from which more than one of their ancestors had come. Mrs. Winthrop's roomy brick house, with white-columned doors, fronted Second Street, and its terraced garden stretched to Third. As they reached the mansion, Mrs. Winthrop's coach and pair drove up, and when they had been admitted, Brinton found his aunt dressed for a ball. She gave them a most cordial welcome, but seemed much surprised. "Lud!" she exclaimed. "We did not expect you until Monday, and neither did Polly and Betty."

"We were so anxious to come, Aunt Elizabeth," said Brinton, "that we could not wait."

"Have you supped?"

"Not yet."

"Where's your luggage?"

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"At the Coffee House."

"Ods! We must make haste. The girls are at Cliveden, but they're coming with the Chews to the assembly. It begins at six and ends at twelve. We shall be very late, but no matter. It's the last one, and they'd be in a dancing temper to find you'd come, and I'd not brought you. You shall sup at once, and I'll send for your luggage."

Mrs. Chauncey Winthrop was a woman of resources, and gave her orders rapidly. In five minutes the youths were at table, and when Brinton asked after his uncle, his aunt informed him that Mr. Winthrop had gone to John Bartram's to see some remarkable flowers, for he delighted in botany, a pursuit which, as Brinton very well knew, had few charms for her. Then, with the parting injunction that when they dressed they were to make short work of it, Mrs. Winthrop announced that she would employ the interval by looking at the "Letters of Junius," which every one was talking about, and which she, for one, had not had time to read, and so sailed into the drawing-room. In view of their eagerness for the ball, Mrs. Winthrop's injunction was hardly necessary, and before she had made much headway with the "Letters of Junius," the youths came down the white staircase, resplendent

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in brilliant coats with lace wrist-ruffles, satin small-clothes, silk stockings, and pumps, and the wonderful New York waistcoats; in short, three as gallant young bucks as ever graced a dancing assembly in the metropolis of the colonies. They started at once in Mrs. Winthrop's coach for the City Tavern, which they found bright with lights, with many people about the door, while the music of the violins floated sweetly through the open windows of the ball-room.

With its polished floor, its white wainscot, its pink, imported paper, and its deep white window-seats, beneath the lids of which were convenient receptacles for the women's wraps, the long, crowded ball-room was a fair sight; and as the youths followed Mrs. Chauncey Winthrop, who, in her white Persian gown, covered with painted gauze, advanced majestically, carrying her painted fan and her small silver pomander filled with perfumed spices, Brinton recognized more than one familiar face. To him and to Ben and Nathan there came a fleeting thought of their last dance on that memorable night in Milford, which had drawn upon them, as Franklin's kite drew down from heaven, the thunderbolts of Jove. The contrast was great and pleasant. They found Polly, who was much surprised and delighted to see them, and who looked very pretty with her powdered hair and plum-

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colored lustring. They met Miss Nancy Redman, Miss Bond, Miss Franks, and the beautiful Miss Auchmuty, in a marvellous creation of pink and silver, to whose charms Nathan promptly fell a victim; and then Brinton saw Miss Sally Chew and Miss Betty Allen. They were quite surrounded by men, and Betty, in her blue satin gown and white satin petticoat, her white slippers with red heels, a band of black velvet about her throat, her powdered hair, and her brilliant complexion, all her own—a contrast to certain persons present, who were rouged to their eyes—was as dainty and charming a figure as Boucher ever placed on canvas. Brinton made haste, especially since he saw a tall man in a scarlet coat with gold epaulets heading hither, and the two arrived at the same moment.

“Brinton!” exclaimed Betty. “I was never more surprised.”

“Egad! Miss Allen,” said the officer, elbowing his way, “I storm you as I stormed Quebec. There are so many adorers.”

“Major Bingham, Mr. Eliot,” said Betty, flushing slightly.

The British officer bowed stiffly, and so did Brinton, who wished that Major George Bingham was in Canada, or Hades.

“The minuet comes next, Betty,” said Brinton, quickly.

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"I have the honor, I believe," said Major Bingham.

"Really?" said Betty. "I think you're mistaken."

"Quite impossible. But I waive the question. Take us on our merits, Miss Allen. Which is it to be, England or the colonies?"

"The colonies, major," said Betty, laughing. And with that she gave her hand to Brinton as the music sounded.

Ben danced with Miss Margaret Winthrop, and Nathan with Miss Auchmuty, young Mr. Cadwalader with Miss Bond, and Miss Chew with Mr. Willing, while Major Bingham, who had intended to lead with Miss Allen, led out, with not the best grace in the world, Miss Nancy Redman. They danced the stately minuet, and Mrs. Cadwalader, who was a good judge of such matters, told Mrs. Winthrop and Mrs. Pemberton that in her opinion Betty Allen and her partner, whoever he was, were the most likely couple on the floor, — which was something for her to say, since her own son was dancing, — and that she wondered why Major Bingham, who had a reputation as a ball-room gallant, kept the step so badly. After which all three ladies had a glass of lemon punch and went into the card room where they played ombre for an hour. The ball progressed merrily, though Brinton was not a little disappointed to find that he

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could have only one more dance with Betty. Since he had come so late, he should have thought himself lucky to get any. She danced with Ben, with Nathan, with Mr. Willing, and finally with Major Bingham, who then stepped in most perfect fashion, while Brinton, who was dancing with Miss Bond, appeared to that young lady extremely absent minded. The ball closed with a charming contra-dance, the Orange Tree, which Brinton danced with Betty and therefore found delightful.

They all rode home in Mrs. Winthrop's roomy coach, and the girls talked enthusiastically about their visit to Yale, which they had not had time to talk about before. Betty wanted to know how that "funny Mr. Lamb" and "splendid Mr. Humphreys" were, and wound up by declaring that Philadelphia was perfectly dead at that time of year, and that it was too bad they couldn't come in winter.

"Why, Miss Allen," said Nathan, "I never saw so large and fine a ball. But then I live in a very small town."

"It's amazing how well you Yale men dance," said Betty. "Do you learn at Milford?"

"No," said Brinton, laughing. "You see we have a dancing-master in New Haven, Monsieur Sainte-Lucie. He calls himself the Comte de Sainte-Lucie, and I suppose he

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was a count or something or other in his own country. He's an entertaining fellow. He taught me French."

"Brinton! Can you speak French?" said Betty.

"Oui vraiment, mademoiselle."

Both the girls laughed, and Mrs. Winthrop remarked that she should not think a dancing-master could find much to do in New Haven.

"Oh, yes," said Ben, "a good many fellows take lessons, but they don't say much about it."

"Lud!" said Mrs. Winthrop, recalling her Olympian interview, "I'll wager they don't!"

"You should hear Sainte-Lucie tell stories," said Brinton. "It's as good as a play."

"Stories about what?" inquired Polly.

"Oh, about the French Court. He was quite a personage over there, I fancy. He knows King Louis XV, and has been out stag hunting with him more than once. But a few years ago he got in a row with Madame de Pompadour and had to run for his life."

"He must be a brave man!" said Polly, contemptuously.

"I don't think he's a coward," remarked Ben. "He had really no show."

"No," said Brinton. "You see Madame de Pompadour was practically Prime Minister, so Sainte-Lucie says."

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"Like Lord North, I suppose," said Betty.
"A woman Prime Minister! That's queer."

"But why did he run?" inquired Polly.

"Oh, it's a long story, Polly," said Brinton.
"I'll tell you some time. He's had no end of adventures. You should see him take snuff! It's the most finished thing you ever saw. We've all tried, but Humphreys is the only one who can get it anything like, and he's much behind Sainte-Lucie. Here we are."

Mrs. Allen had agreed that Betty should spend Sunday with the Winthrops, but on the following day she was to return to Westwood. After breakfast on Sunday morning, Mr. Winthrop took them into his garden, and, becoming absorbed in his hobby, kept them so long that Mrs. Winthrop sent word to say they would all be late for service. So they started, Ben walking with Polly, Betty with Brinton and Nathan, in front of Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop, and went to Christ Church where the Rev. Mr. Duché gave them an excellent sermon, of which, it is painful to state, Brinton, who was looking at Betty, remembered not a word. She was quite puzzling that day. Before service she had talked to Nathan more than to any one else, but on the way home she talked to Brinton more than to Nathan. However, immediately after dinner she walked for an

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hour in the garden with Nathan, and seemed very indifferent about having a third person. Then she suddenly proposed a visit to Miss Auchmuty's, and nothing would do but that Ben and Polly should come also. Therefore, they all walked up Chestnut, passed the State House, for which the future held gigantic things, and came to Seventh Street. In Miss Auchmuty's parlor they talked for a few minutes about the ball, and then Betty suddenly devoted herself to Ben, leaving Nathan in the hands of Miss Auchmuty, and Brinton to talk to Polly. On the way back to the Winthrops', she twitted Nathan in a charming fashion about Miss Auchmuty, and, upon comparing notes later, Brinton found that she had been twitting Nathan about that young lady previously in the garden; hence the visit. She seemed determined that no one should monopolize her for any length of time, and she certainly kept them all on the go, and gave Brinton a whirlwind Sunday. But after it was all over, she drifted round to Brinton as she usually did, and when the candles were lighted, and Mr. and Mrs. John Cadwalader came, she said the drawing-room was much too warm, announced that she was going out on the porch, and told Brinton that he might come too, if he liked.

With a slight sigh she settled herself in a large chintz-covered chair, while Brinton sat

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near her on the steps that led to the terraced garden. The light from the drawing-room window fell athwart her gown of flowered damask, but her face was in shadow.

"Brinton," said she, "I am really tired."

"I should think you would be, Betty."

"Do you know — Polly Winthrop is in love."

"Good!"

"You needn't take it in that tone."

"I don't see why not. Ben Tallmadge is one of the finest fellows in the world."

"It isn't Ben Tallmadge."

"Gad!" said Brinton. "Who is it?"

"Nathan Hale."

Brinton nearly fell off the porch.

"Why, Betty," said he, "they haven't said two words to each other all day!"

"I know they haven't. I've managed that they shouldn't, until I'm most amazing tired."

"Betty, I think you must be mistaken."

"What have you been looking at all day that you haven't seen?"

"At you."

"Brinton! Well, just turn round and look in that window. There are Polly and Nathan on the farther window-seat, whispering as hard as they can — it's the first chance they've had — and there is Ben trying to be nice to Mrs. Cadwalader."

"Nathan Hale is the grandest fellow that

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ever lived," said Brinton, "and if he marries Polly Winthrop, I'll be happy."

"He's amazing nice," said Betty. "But, Brinton — Mrs. Winthrop wants Polly to marry young John Cadwalader."

"The deuce, she does!"

"Yes."

"Well, of all things!"

"What do you think we better do?"

"Nothing at all."

"Really?"

"Of course. Nothing at all."

"Oh!"

Then Ben came out and joined them, and after the Cadwaladers went, every one came out, and the rest of the evening passed rapidly.

On Monday they drove to Westwood, the country-seat of the Allens on the bank of the Schuylkill, a noble brick manor-house with a fine garden stretching to the river. Cliveden remains, but Westwood, like its famous neighbor, Lansdowne House, has vanished. They found Miss Chew and the elder Miss Shippen with Mrs. Keayne Allen, one of the handsomest women in Pennsylvania, who wore a petticoat richly festooned, and on her high-dressed, powdered head, a lofty green silk calash which the Duchess of Bedford had made the fashion. Much to Brinton's annoyance, Major Bingham was

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there also, and after the first ten minutes, he proceeded to monopolize Miss Allen in the most exasperating manner. Mrs. Winthrop and Mrs. Allen seemed to have much to say to one another, Nathan was quite content to talk to Polly, Ben found Miss Shippen, whom he had not met before, extremely interesting, and that left Brinton with Miss Chew on his hands. Then to make matters worse, Betty and the major left the veranda and went down to the garden, where Brinton, who was making an effort to entertain Miss Chew and was conscious of the fact that he was failing miserably, could see them walking slowly on the terrace, and stopping from time to time beside the stone balustrade, the major's gold epaulets glistening as they passed from shadow to sunlight. Suddenly Betty turned on her heel and came up to the house, quite flushed, with Bingham not far behind.

"Sally," said she to Miss Chew, "I'm going riding with Major Bingham. I want you and Brinton Eliot to come."

"But, Betty, I haven't my josph."

"Ods! I'll lend you a josph, and you and Brinton can ride father's horses. You simply must come. I want to try the Marquis."

"Betty," said Mrs. Allen, "if you are going to ride, you better ride Lady Mary."

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"No," said Betty. "I wish to ride the Marquis. You'll come, Brinton, won't you?"

"Certainly," said Brinton, quite puzzled by her manner.

The grooms brought the horses; the major's sorrel on which he had ridden to Westwood, two handsome bays for Brinton and Miss Chew, and the Marquis, a splendid black with four white feet. Betty came shortly in a bright blue joseph and white plumed hat, which suited her admirably, while Miss Chew was in gray. Bingham was booted and spurred, and as Brinton had been furnished with spurs and sherry-vallies, they were ready. The major gave his hand to Miss Allen, Brinton assisted Miss Chew, and they were off, amid a chorus of good-bys from the veranda, the Marquis prancing in mettlesome fashion.

The pace was a fast one, for Betty set it with the Marquis, and Brinton found to his annoyance that his horse constantly outstripped Miss Chew's. "They've given you Duncannon, Mr. Eliot," said Miss Chew. "He's much faster than Lady Mary." Things went well enough until they turned toward Germantown, when the Marquis leaped in an alarming manner as a rabbit ran across the road, and if Betty's horsemanship had not been excellent, she would have been thrown. As they dashed on, she in her blue joseph and Bingham in his scarlet coat, Brinton re-

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marked to Sally Chew that he thought the Marquis was not fit for Betty to ride, to which Miss Chew answered that she herself would not dare to mount the horse, but that Betty rode splendidly. The day was perfect, the country beautiful, but Brinton saw nothing save the black horse, the bright blue joseph, and the white plumed hat. They stopped at the "Mermaid," where Betty refused to dismount, would have nothing but a sip of ginger beverage, and said it was quite time to start home. Brinton saw she was at odds with Bingham.

If the Marquis had behaved badly before, he was worse on the way back, and Brinton, in his determination not to lose sight of Betty, asked Miss Chew more than once to quicken her pace. "Major Bingham's close beside her," said Sally. "You need not worry, Mr. Eliot." To which remark Brinton made no answer. They were within a few miles of Westwood when Betty suddenly gave the Marquis a sharp cut with her whip which made him leap furiously. "Gad!" said Brinton, spurring his horse, "she ought not to do that." Bingham attempted to overtake her, but she struck the Marquis another stinging blow, and Brinton, spurring Duncannon, galloped after her, passing the British officer, who pulled up with an oath. On they dashed, the Marquis rushing madly and Duncannon

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following at terrific speed. "Betty!" cried Brinton, "can't you stop him?" At the sound of Brinton's voice, Betty made a desperate effort to check the Marquis, but the horse had passed beyond her control. "Brinton!" she cried, "he's running away!" Brinton knew it but too well. Ahead the road turned to the right, while a meadow stretched to the low green bushes on the bank of the winding Schuylkill, and to his dying day Brinton Eliot never forgot the shock he experienced when the Marquis, which Betty had been unable to turn, rushed across that meadow. The rest happened so quickly no words can tell it. Duncannon came like a whirlwind; Brinton, haggard and hatless, bent low and threw his right arm round Betty's waist. "For God's sake! Betty," he cried, "let go!" She turned toward him a pale frightened face, and flung her arms about his neck; he whirled Duncannon to the left, and the Marquis dashed on into the Schuylkill.

"Betty," said Brinton, "you needn't tremble so, now. It's all right."

"I know," said Betty, "but somehow I can't help it. My nerves, I suppose. Sit still please, Brinton, for a moment, till I get over it. Then you can help me down." After a moment she added, "Now, I'm ready. You better give me the reins."

Brinton handed them to her, and dismount-

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ing quickly, went to the right side of Duncannon and helped her down from the saddle.

"You're not hurt, are you?" said he.

"I don't think so. My ankle hurts a little. Perhaps I twisted it in the stirrup. 'Twas all amazing sudden. Brinton, I promised Major Bingham last Friday that I'd ride to-day, so of course I thought I ought to. He's been hateful all the afternoon, and I wanted to get away from him. That's why I whipped the Marquis. Oh, Brinton! There's the Marquis way out in the river!"

Brinton turned and saw the horse's head in midstream, for the Marquis was a Narragansett, and they were famous swimmers all. "He's taking the short cut to Westwood," said Brinton. "He'll be home before us." Then going up to Betty he took her hand, and said earnestly, "Betty, promise me that you won't ride the Marquis again."

"I promise, Brinton."

At that moment Major Bingham and Miss Chew rode up.

"Miss Allen," cried Bingham, "you ride devilish fast."

"And you, devilish slow, sir!"

"Betty," cried Miss Chew, "what's happened?"

"Oh, lots of things! The Marquis is in the Schuylkill. Sally, do hurry home—it's only three miles—and tell mother I'm all

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right. If the Marquis gets there first, she'll have hysterics. I'll walk home with Brinton."

"Egad! Miss Allen," said Bingham, "may I help you?"

"No, you may not — unless you choose to jump in after the Marquis."

There was some commotion when Miss Chew and Major Bingham reached Westwood, and more when Betty came with Brinton, who was leading Duncannon. She was pale and limped slightly, but she mounted the steps of the veranda lightly enough, saying with a laugh, "I've done it, Brinton. I told you I could." Then as they crowded about her, asking questions, she fainted, and Brinton caught her in his arms. "Gad!" said he, "you shouldn't all come at her like that. She's had a nervous shock, and walked three miles with her ankle in I don't know what kind of shape. She said it didn't hurt her, but I know it did. She wouldn't let me put her up on Duncannon, either. She just travelled on her nerve."

During the next four days Brinton spent most of his time riding between the Winthrops' and Westwood. He was not allowed to see Betty, who was quite ill. Dr. Rush gave it as his opinion that she had been under a nervous strain for some months, — too many dances, and the excitements of her first winter in society, — and that the recent

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shock made it necessary that she should have absolute rest. This, as may be imagined, ended all pleasure for Brinton, Ben, and Nathan, and made the days at Mrs. Winthrop's very quiet ones. On Saturday, the day on which they had to leave, the three rode to Westwood.

"Mrs. Allen," said Brinton, "I have to go to-day. Don't you think I could say good-by to Betty, just for a minute?"

"Perhaps you can, Brinton. She is better to-day. Wait until Dr. Rush comes."

So they waited, and at the end of two hours the doctor's chaise appeared. After a time he came out on the veranda and said briskly, "Mr. Eliot, you can come up with me, and I'll give you just two minutes by the watch." They went. There was not much light, a big mahogany bed with long white curtains, and Betty.

"Brinton," said she, giving him her hand, "I'm amazing glad to see you. This is a foolish performance, isn't it?"

"It's hard luck, Betty, but you'll be all right soon."

"Oh, yes. I'm much better to-day. I simply have to keep quiet. That's not so easy," she added, smiling. "Do you know, the Marquis got home in better shape than I did. You're going to-day, aren't you?"

"Yes, Betty, I have to."

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"Say good-by to Ben and Nathan for me."

"I will."

"Good-by, Brinton. I can never thank you as much as you deserve."

"Oh, Betty, don't bother about that. Just hurry up and get well, and the next time we ride —"

"I won't ride the Marquis, Brinton. Good-by."

"Good-by, Betty."

The time was up, and Brinton went downstairs, but years afterward he could repeat every word which was said in that two minutes.

He rode back to the Winthrops' with Ben and Nathan, and in the afternoon the three left for New York, where Brinton kept Ben and Nathan over night and saw them off on the Connecticut coach, bidding them an affectionate farewell until the time when they were all to meet again beneath the elms.

CHAPTER IX

VALE! ALMA MATER

EARLY in September Brinton had news of Betty, who had quite recovered and had gone with Mrs. Keayne Allen to visit the Wetherills in Virginia. In the second week of that month life at Yale began again, and Eliot, Hale, and Tallmadge entered upon their Junior year, but of that year and the one following, it is to the present purpose to speak briefly. They were bright, glad years and short years. Are the years at college ever long?

Ben and Brinton retained their room on the third floor of Connecticut, southeast corner, throughout their course, for they were too much attached to it to move. It continued to be the rendezvous for Hale, Lamb, Paddleford, Royal Flint, and others; in it many mugs of excellent flip were drunk, and many plans discussed for the improvement of Linonia. The Class of '75 made its entrance into the small and highly-organized community, and as it was soon found that '75 had numerous bumps and corners which

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needed polishing, '74 joyfully took the task in hand, and '75 was fagged in proper fashion. But David Humphreys had done his work, and the methods employed by Clangborn and his associates ceased with the passing of '71. What Humphreys had been, Nathan Hale became—a power for all that was best in college life. Genial, studious, modest, true, he rose, and Linonia rose with him, and when '73 had mounted step by step from factotums and the fag-end to the sunlit heights of Seniorhood, and '76 were candidates for the red of Linonia or the blue of Brothers, Linonia stood to pick and choose. Linonia, too, lost nothing by Eliot's generosity; for curiously enough, Woodbridge, the pride of '74 in Freshman year, was later far surpassed in influence and popularity by Tiffany Taylor, proving, perhaps, that the judgments of Sophomores are not infallible. It was no small triumph, likewise, for Linonia, when, in 1772, Nathan Hale, Brinton Eliot, James Hillhouse, and John Wyllys played publicly the "Beaux's Stratagems" before a delighted audience in which sat no less a personage than the right honorable, the Governor of Connecticut.

In those years the college progressed also, the classes increased in numbers, and by perseverance and persuasion Timothy Dwight and John Trumbull introduced into the iron-

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bound curriculum history and belles-lettres. The Legislature paid the college debt and placed before the college yard those simple posts and long round rails, the first Yale Fence, that splendid monument of democracy.

Thus, in its season, the time came when the Class of '73 were to leave their well-loved Mother and march forth in the world, the sons of Yale. The bell of the brick church on the Green pealed solemnly, the white doors stood asunder, and thither the citizens of New Haven came; men with cocked hats trimmed with metal laces which sparkled in the sunlight, women in blue or white gowns of erminetta. Down the steps of College Hall and across the Green, the procession advanced slowly—a long black line, ending in a square of color—and, passing the white doors, went up the aisle of the crowded church. The students, in black gowns, with hair carefully powdered, walked two and two, the Freshmen heading, the Seniors closing, the line. The tutors followed,—Mr. Dwight with Mr. Trumbull, Mr. Mitchell with Mr. Davenport, Mr. Buckminster with the Rev. Samuel Wales,—behind them were members of the Legislature and of the Council, in brilliant coats, waistcoats, and small-clothes, silk stockings, and silver shoe-buckles, and finally, the right honorable, the Governor of Connecticut, and President Naphtali Dag-

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gett, the former, resplendent in scarlet and gold lace, the latter, majestic in his rich black robe and great white wig.

When all had taken their appointed places, the president offered a prayer, after which Nathan Hale mounted the platform and delivered the Latin salutatory in a highly creditable manner. Mistress Margaret Winthrop, had she been present, would have been delighted, but could not have understood a word. The syllogistic disputes followed, the speakers standing in the side galleries, and then were heard the *Questiones Magistrates*, delivered by those who returned to take their second degree. Ryder Dohm gave the valedictory, and did it well, surprising more than one of his classmates, who had no idea that there was so much real manhood in him. And when all was done, save the conferring of degrees, the Class of '73, for whom the final hour had struck, rose in their places, awaiting the president's word. Before them sat the members of the Legislature and the Council, to the left, the Governor of Connecticut in his scarlet splendor, but these brilliantly-decked officials attracted no attention from the Seniors. In the few fleeting moments which remained to them, of their existence as members of Yale College, their eyes were fixed upon the venerable man who was its head, whom they frequently could not

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understand, whom they had often ridiculed, but to whom in their hearts they were profoundly loyal, and from whom in the final moment they parted with a pang of sorrow — Naphtali Daggett, *Præses Yalensis*, lord of the college world.

Then, in the solemn silence, sounded the president's voice—" *Pro auctoritate mihi commissa* "—beginning that memorable speech which, year by year, for two centuries has sent into the world soldiers and statesmen, presidents and professors, lawyers and legislators, who did their work well in their day and generation, and, into whatever lands their duties called them, cherished in their breasts the *nomen laudesque Yalenses*, which "the children and the fathers, with united hearts, shall sing"—and as the voice of the *præses* ceased, there ended also for Nathan Hale, Brinton Eliot, and Benjamin Tallmadge, four years at Yale.

That evening they sat together on the Fence. Before them stretched the Green, and in the distance glimmered faintly lights in the houses. Behind them the dark College Hall reared its clock-decked cupola, majestic in the moonlight, while, beyond the black shadows of the elms, the red walls of Connecticut wore a silvery sheen. The past had been so glad and gay. What would the future be?

"Nathan," said Brinton, "write to me as

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soon as you're settled in New London and let me know how you like the school. Whenever you come to New York, you'll find me down in father's warehouse on the East River in my shirt sleeves among bales of byrampauts, chowtahs, tanjeebs, and other stuff from India. I have to learn the thing from the ground up."

"I'll write to you, Brinton. I have a good chance to teach at New London, and I think I ought to take it."

"Yes," said Brinton, "and I'll come up, as soon as I can, to see the pedagogue. Here's Ben, smoking and not saying a word. He's going to teach, too. Ben, can you realize that you're an alumnus?"

"I couldn't," said Ben, "till I saw our room with everything packed. It's desolate enough, isn't it?"

"Gad!" said Brinton, "it's awful!"

"Nathan," said Ben, "you were grand this morning. Wasn't he, Brinton?"

"I should say he was. Poor old 'Mutton' Lamb was crying when he got his parchment. 'Mutton' kicks at everything, but he loves Yale all the same."

"I can't realize that it's all over," said Ben. "It seems as though somehow we *must* hear Fitch ring the bell in the morning."

"I'm afraid, Ben," said Nathan, "we'll never hear Fitch ring the bell again."

Vale! Alma Mater

"Nathan," said Brinton, "don't talk like that or we'll all blubber the way 'Mutton' did."

For a while they smoked in silence, and then, arm in arm, walked — for the last time — to Connecticut Hall. In the morning came the pain of parting, and they went their ways, full of their futures, hoping soon to meet again, and little dreaming that at that hour on the broad Atlantic, with sails set, tossed the tea-ships of His Britannic Majesty, heading Bostonward.

**PART II.—FROM YALE TO
YORKTOWN**

CHAPTER I

BRINTON ELIOT HEARS NEWS

ON a bright September morning in the year 1777, the good ship *Flamand*, Captain Ichabod Elderkin, passed the Forts St. Nicolas and St. Jean, and dropped anchor in the harbor of Marseilles, amid a forest of masts of many nations. She had some difficulty in making the dock, for the *vieux port* was then the only harbor. "Blow *me*!" said Captain Elderkin, as he came down the rope-ladder, "this 'ere horse-pond ain't no port." "It's larger than you think for, Cap," said Brinton, coming down after him. "You always compare everything with New York."

The water of the harbor was dirty, but the place was picturesque with its lines of white rocks, its quaint stone houses, its narrow, crooked streets, its vines and olive trees, and its sun-blistered villas. Above it was a sky of surprising blueness, and on its docks were men from many lands. Turks jostled Algerians, merchants from Cadiz bargained with

Brinton Eliot

merchants from Amsterdam, Greeks swore at Corsicans, and the happy-go-lucky Frenchmen made money from them all.

Passing through this mixed crowd, Brinton and Captain Elderkin went in search of Peyron Frères with whom they had business, and even in the Rue de la Loge, Brinton felt the motion of the ship. His cheeks were tanned by the sun and wind, and his black hair was unpowdered. Elderkin was about forty-five and had been born in New England. In his youth he read the Bay Psalm-Book and Wigglesworth's "Day of Doom"—an epic of hell-fire and damnation quite unsurpassed—which, as it was printed in cheap form on broadsides, hawked over the country by chapmen, and sold to one in every thirty-five inhabitants, finally got round to Elderkin. He read it, absorbed it, and quoted it to his aunt, who promptly declared that he would become a second Cotton Mather. Elderkin, however, lost what he had in a lottery and took to the sea, proving, perhaps, that it is sometimes dangerous for maiden ladies to make prophecies. He had sailed the Atlantic for thirty years, learning much of ships and men, and had been fifteen years in the service of Mr. William Eliot. He was an excellent man. He never drank to excess; he never swore, except when he needed it in his business, which was practically three-fourths of

Brinton Eliot hears News

the time, but his ideas of the future were warped by Wigglesworth.

"Cap!" exclaimed Brinton, "look in that window! There's a picture of Mr. Ben Franklin! Isn't that odd?"

"Well, ef hit ain't! Th' las' time I seen Ben Franklin, 'e sez ter me sez 'e, 'Elderkin' —"

"Never mind now, Cap, what he said. We've got to find Peyron Frères. You wait here. I'll ask in this shop."

Brinton disappeared through a doorway, above which hung a large blue sign with a red boot on it, and coming out shortly, remarked, "It's all right. Peyron's is straight ahead in the Rue Coutellerie." They went on their way, but before they had gone sixty feet Brinton exclaimed, "Look across the street! There's another picture of Ben Franklin, a big one with printing on it. Let's go and see what it says." They crossed the street and stood before a book-shop in which was displayed the portrait with spectacles and fur cap, and under it the motto *Eripuit cælo fulmen septrumque tyrannis*.

The scene was a good one for a painter: the narrow street with its rough cobbles and gutter half full of muddy water; the houses with quaint signs of handicraftsmen; an old woman with wooden shoes, and brooms on her back, leading a donkey on which were

Brinton Eliot

strapped panniers full of fruit; a bronze-colored Moroccoan with white turban and cloak and large gold earrings; a Turk in red, talking to a French merchant, powdered and pomaded, with lace ruffles and silk stockings; the bookseller's shop with its green front and white shutters; the rawboned Elderkin with his straight hair falling over his ears to his collar, his long-skirted coat with brass buttons and large leaded cuffs, his wrinkled blue stockings and shoes with brass buckles; the handsome youth with his cocked hat trimmed with metal lace, his heavy dark hair tied neatly with a black ribbon, his rich mulberry coat and his canary-colored waistcoat; and, above the rows of board-bound 12mos and 18mos, the portrait of Philadelphia's most famous citizen, at that moment the idol of all France.

"Gad!" said Brinton, "I wish I'd studied my Tully harder. I don't know what *eripuit* means. Perhaps it's 'ripped.' 'He's ripped the lightning from the sky and the sceptre from tyrants.' I don't see what the 'sceptre from tyrants' has to do with it."

"Gosh!" said Elderkin. "Th' las' time I seen Ben Franklin —"

But at that moment the bookseller came out. He was a fat little Frenchman with a fine white wig and nankeen small-clothes.

"Ah, messieurs! It is the portrait of

Brinton Eliot hears News

the grand Franklin, an engraving the most sublime. You will buy? I sell cheap for cash."

"No," said Brinton, in French, "we don't want to buy now. We were interested to find Mr. Franklin's picture here, because, you see, we live in New York."

Fortunately for Brinton he was on the farther side of Elderkin; that saved him. The fat Frenchman bounded forward like a rubber ball, threw his arms round Elderkin's neck, kissed him on both cheeks, and bawled at the top of his voice, "*Vivent les Americains!*" "Blow *me!*" cried the astounded Elderkin, sending the bookseller against his stall with a quick shove which knocked 12mos and 18mos to the cobbles. "Come on, Cap," said Brinton. "Don't get in a row. He means all right;" and taking Elderkin's arm, he started up the street. But the bookseller continued to shout. Windows flew up, shopkeepers came running out, and when Brinton and Elderkin reached the Rue Coutellerie, they were surrounded by half a hundred men and boys, waving their hats and crying joyfully, "*Vivent les Americains!*"

"God's fish!" exclaimed Elderkin. "Ain't they th' darndest?"

"I'm damned if I understand it," said Brinton. "I've heard the French were cordial, but I think they're crazy. Thank Heaven

Brinton Eliot

there's Peyron's. Now, Cap, break away from 'em, and run for it!"

Once inside Peyron Frères, Brinton inquired for M. Achille Peyron, with whom Mr. William Eliot had done business for several years, and when that gentleman appeared — portly, prosperous, and well dressed — Brinton introduced himself, presented his papers, and added, "*J'ai des malles à réclamer à vous, monsieur. Avez-vous des lettres pour moi?*" M. Peyron replied that he thought it likely, and sent a clerk to see.

"Whatever I can do for you, monsieur," he added, "will be a pleasure and an honor."

"Thank you, monsieur. We have been received in a remarkable manner. Why are Mr. Franklin's pictures everywhere?"

"Ah! The Ambassador of the United States is the man of the hour, monsieur."

"I beg your pardon. What country did you say?"

"The United States."

"I never heard of it."

"*Mon Dieu!* You live in it!"

"I live in New York, in the colonies, if that's what you mean."

"*Nom de Dieu!* From where do you come?"

"Bombay."

"And when did you leave New York, pray?"

Brinton Eliot hears News

“The last of March, ’75.”

“*Ventrebleu !*”

The next ten minutes were among the most exciting in Brinton Eliot's life, as he learned for the first time what had happened in America since that March morning when the *Flamand* sailed by Sandy Hook. The news had followed him, but he had kept ahead of it, from Martinique to Madras, Madras to Pondicherry, and Pondicherry to Bombay. And now from M. Achille Peyron of Marseilles he heard it, — Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill, the Declaration of Independence, Trenton, Princeton, Franklin in France, and France Franklin-mad, — and having slept the night before on board the *Flamand*, thinking himself a British subject, he awoke to find that he was an American citizen. The transition was inspiring.

Elderkin, who did not understand French, was inspecting some bales of boglipores and bejauraupauts, when Brinton hit him a crack on the shoulder that nearly knocked him down.

“Cap!” cried Brinton, excitedly, “what do you think's happened? The colonies have made war on England, they've got a Declaration of Independence, they've fought all kinds of battles, they've formed the United States of America, and we belong to it!”

“Lord God A'mighty!” exclaimed Elderkin. “Blow *me*!”

Brinton Eliot

"That's why the French are all crazy," cried Brinton. "Don't stand there like an idiot! Get out and shout!"

And carried away by it all, he rushed into the Rue Coutellerie and cried, "Long live the United States!" Up went the windows, out popped the heads, and the Rue Coutellerie resounded with the shouts of *Vivent les Etats Unis!* In three minutes there was a crowd of forty, in five minutes a crowd of seventy. It was a sight to see Ichabod Elderkin dancing about and embracing Frenchmen, and while the excitement was at its height, a seedy-looking individual mounted a chair in the gutter, whipped out a copy of Jean Jacques Rousseau, and began to read the rights of man.

When it was all over, Brinton and Elderkin went with M. Peyron to dine at the Café d'Acajon, where Brinton, in his eagerness for news, devoured the *Mercure de France* more than the dinner, and read two letters from his father, already many months old, which opened up new problems. Afterward he held a conference with Peyron for nearly two hours, while Elderkin smoked a clay pipe to the disgust of the proprietor of the café. When M. Peyron, with many expressions of good will, took his departure, Brinton sat for a while tapping a wine-glass with his fork.

"Mr. El'ot," said Elderkin, "I ain't holler'd

Brinton Eliot hears News

s' much sence I wuz a boy. Th' hull thing is gret! I reckon now we'll figger t' git hum."

"That's what I'm figuring now. The British have captured New York."

"Th' hell they hev!"

"Yes. They seized some of father's ships, too."

"Blow *me*!"

"Peyron says we won't be safe three weeks on the Atlantic as we are."

"Mebbe so, an' agin mebbe not."

"Now we have sixty men."

"Yep. More'n half'll be drunk afore sun-up."

"Of course. I suppose we have to give them two days, but if they are not sober in three, we'll get others. Heathcote can attend to that. He's a good mate."

"He ain't slow."

"M. Peyron has offered to buy the whole cargo — tanjeebs, tepoys, mamoodies, jollo-pours, chowtahs, baguzzees, everything. I'm going to let him have it. Then we'll stick the *Flamand* full of guns and go home as a privateersman."

"Ef thet ain't gret! I've kinder hankered t' be a man-o'-war's man. But how'n hell kin we git a commisshun fer sich doin's?"

"Oh, that's easy enough. Peyron says Ben Franklin is issuing letters of marque. I'll go to Paris and get one."

Brinton Eliot

"Th' las' time I seen Ben Franklin —"

"Never mind about that, Cap. What do you think of the plan?"

"Gret! Mr. El'ot, I allus tol' yer dad ye'd be a creedit ter 'im."

Thus the matter was arranged, and on the following morning, leaving Elderkin and Heathcote to manage the transfer of the *Flamand's* cargo from the ship to the warehouse of Peyron Frères, Brinton Eliot took the diligence for Paris.

CHAPTER II

AT PHILADELPHIA

THE British held the city. Howe's ships lay in the Delaware; his artillery stood before the State House; and as Miss Betty Allen, in her varnished chaise, passed the Cadwaladers' in Second Street, where Howe had his headquarters, she saw before the door the equipage he used—Mrs. Pemberton's coach and pair—and about it the scarlet horsemen of Cornwallis. The wind was cold, and Miss Allen's head was quite enveloped in the silk-lined hood of her cloth cardinal. Perhaps that was the reason she did not greet Major George Bingham, who bowed to her from the porch of the Cadwaladers'. Some ten minutes later she was in the Winthrops' drawing-room.

"Polly Winthrop," said Betty, "you've not been at Westwood for a week. Why didn't you come to the tea-drinking at the Shippens' yesterday?"

"I was coming," said Polly, "but lots of things happened. We were going out to the coach, and when we opened the door, there stood a quarter-master and four artillerymen.

Brinton Eliot

Betty, they were not a bit clean. 'Madam,' said he, 'I 'ave me orders t' billet these 'ere fellers in your 'ouse.' Betty, you should have seen mother. She had on her black velvet with the pink satin petticoat, pink sleeves, and pink stomacher, and over it her white crape skirt, spotted with gray fur. She was really grand. 'Lud!' said she. 'What impudence!' Well, we jumped right in the coach and drove to General Howe's, where mother spoke her mind. You know she can. General Howe was monstrous polite, and the quarter-master was sent to some one else. But then it was too late to go to the Ship-pens'. Mother said she didn't care much, because she's a pronounced Whig, and she doesn't think Judge Shippen ought to give tea-drinkings anyway."

"I'm a pronounced Whig, too," said Betty. "They say at home I'm the only Whig in the family. But you needn't drink the tea. We had a lovely time. Miss Vining of Wilmington played the harpsichord. Peggy Shippen sang. She's amazing pretty. It's going to be her first winter, and she's mad at the thought of it. Major André played the violin while some of the girls danced. He tried to twit me because General Washington didn't win at Germantown, but he got as good as he gave. Sally Chew was there. Do you know—she says her house is a sight;

At Philadelphia

cannon-balls went through it, and everything. Polly, haven't you a new hoop? How well it sets!"

"It is nice, isn't it? I wish I could show you the petticoat I'm going to wear to the assembly, but it's not quite done. It's all covered with silver flowers."

"Polly, let me see your invitation?"

Mistress Winthrop picked up a playing-card, on which was printed an invitation to the dancing assembly for the following Thursday, and handed it to Miss Allen.

"Yours came on the king of diamonds," said Betty. "Mine came on the queen of hearts. That was odd, wasn't it? I wish you could see the way Miss Vining wears her hair. It's the most perfect thing. They call it the *coiffure à la dauphine* after Queen Marie Antoinette. J. Black is the only hair-dresser in town that knows how to do it, and I've ordered him to come to Westwood on Thursday and fix me up."

"The winter will be monstrous gay," said Polly.

"Past question," said Betty. "You see there will be the assemblies every Thursday. Then next Friday General Howe gives a concert; Saturday the Bonds give a ball; Sunday afternoon there's a tea-drinking at the Auchmutys'; Monday the Shippens give a dinner; Tuesday mother gives a ball;

Brinton Eliot

Wednesday — I've forgotten what does come Wednesday. Do you know — they are fixing up the theatre on South Street. Major André is painting scenery. They are going to play the 'Constant Couple,' and who do you think is going to act? Bingham! The horrid thing! I saw him a few minutes ago and cut him dead. Do you know what he did? He and some officers had a dinner at the 'Bunch of Grapes.' They were all disgustingly drunk, and Bingham got up and gave me for the toast and made 'em all drink to me. Wasn't that mean? Every one was talking about it."

"The horrid thing!" exclaimed Polly. "I thought we were through with Major Bingham when the war broke out, and here he is back again."

"Yes," said Betty, "here he is back again. Polly Winthrop, do you know — I sometimes feel like crying when I think of the country. The British have both New York and Philadelphia, and General Washington seems to have such a hard time. I hope General Gates will succeed. Every one says he is a fine soldier."

"That's what I told father," said Polly, "and he said, 'Stuff! Benedict Arnold and Philip Schuyler are much better.'"

"I wonder if that's the Benedict Arnold we met in New Haven?" said Betty.

At Philadelphia

"Ods!" exclaimed Polly, "that would be queer, wouldn't it?"

New Haven! How many memories the name recalled! For a moment both girls looked intently at the log, burning on the bright brass fire-dogs, and then both began to cry.

"New Haven made me think of Nathan Hale," said Polly, sobbing. "It's too terrible! It's more than a year since it happened, but I can't get over it."

"Polly," said Betty, "mother said this morning that Mr. Eliot had lost nearly everything. That's what I really came to see you about. Has he?"

"I'm afraid he has."

"Well, Polly—did Brinton know it before he went away?"

"Not all of it, because, you see, uncle's ships have been seized since the war began. He said when he was here last year that the *Flamand* was the only one he had left. Brinton's on that. Uncle said there was no commerce in New York any more. We wanted him to stay here, but he wouldn't. He wouldn't allow mother to loan him any money either, because he said she might never get it back. He went to New York, and about the last thing he said was that if he could realize anything from his property there, he would give it to Robert Morris for

Brinton Eliot

the army. He's become an ardent Whig, and father says he used to be so conservative. The British took New York three weeks after he got back, and he has been shut up there ever since."

Betty picked up the king of diamonds and folded the card mechanically.

"Polly," said she, "how much did Brinton know?"

"He knew Uncle William had lost lots," said Polly, "and that's why he was so anxious to go to the West Indies himself. He told me that he thought he could buy and sell for his father better than any one else. Brinton worked monstrous hard, and knew a good deal about it."

Betty tossed the king of diamonds into the fire.

"I don't see why Brinton never told me," she said slowly.

"Why, I suppose he didn't want to worry you, Betty."

"He told you."

"Well, I don't count."

"Oh!"

For a full minute there was silence. Then Betty said, "You know when Brinton came to say good-by, he came in a most amazing hurry."

"Yes," said Polly, "the ship was going sooner than he expected. He had no time

At Philadelphia

to let us know. He had a four days' trip in the coach as it was."

"Polly," said Betty, "he didn't see me!"

"Betty Allen! He rushed right out to Westwood."

"I know he did, but how could I tell he was coming? I was at Cliveden, and he couldn't wait. Do you know—I'm not so sorry cannon-balls went through Cliveden."

"Betty!"

"Oh! I know I shouldn't say that. He saw mother. I could never find out just what was said. Mother can be evasive sometimes. Margaret Winthrop, I am as certain as I am that I sit here that mother found out that morning that Mr. Eliot had lost nearly everything."

"But, Betty, if she did?"

"Well, mother has ideas."

There was silence for a moment, and then Betty said suddenly, "Margaret Winthrop, I'm thankful there's something to do in this town. I'll go to the assemblies, and General Howe's, and the Bonds', and the Shippens', and the Auchmutys', and the Willings', and everywhere, and try to forget. If I didn't—"

"Lackaday! Betty," exclaimed Mrs. Winthrop, sailing into the room, in her great hoop of brocade. "Tears in the eyes! What's to do?"

Brinton Eliot

"I suppose it's the wind," said Betty, laughing. "It's quite cold when one is driving."

"'Tis amazing cold for the season," said Mrs. Winthrop. "Lud! what a season! The town has broken out with redcoats like a man with the small-pox. More than one Whig has caught the plague, and 'twill not be Canary wine or clove-gillyflower that will cure them, but gunpowder and blood-letting."

"Mother," exclaimed Polly, "here comes Major André!"

It was true. Booted and spurred, his sword by his side, bright in his scarlet and gold, fresh, high-colored, laughing and talking, the adjutant-general of the British army was coming up the steps of the porch, and Colonel Tarleton with him. When Mrs. Winthrop's negro, in his murrey and blue livery, had announced, "Maj' An'ry. Cunnel Ta'ton," they entered the drawing-room.

"Mrs. Winthrop," said André, bowing, "Sir William Howe presents his compliments, and begs me to say that he will do himself the honor of calling upon you this afternoon."

"Lud! major," said Mrs. Winthrop, with a stately courtesy. "My compliments to Sir William."

André presented Tarleton to all the ladies, and then, leaving Tarleton to make himself agreeable to Mrs. Winthrop and to Mistress

At Philadelphia

Winthrop, he devoted himself to Miss Allen.

"Miss Allen," said he, "won't you give me some suggestions for the scenery in the 'Constant Couple'? The love-scene comes in the second act. What do you think would be pretty?"

"Who's to be the lover?" inquired Betty.

"Major Bingham."

"Oh! Well, I don't know. You might have Market Street."

"But Bingham can't make love in Market Street!"

"He can't make love anywhere!" said Betty, decidedly.

"That's rather severe," said André, laughing. "I hope we are not all in the same class. Yesterday you wouldn't admit we could fight. If we can't make love, then I suppose there's nothing left for us but to lay down our arms and surrender."

"Past question that's what you'll do in the end," said Betty, laughing, "so the sooner you get in practice, major, the better."

"A neat fling, by the Lord Harry! You're as stanch a Whig as ever you were, aren't you?"

"Of course I am. What's happened to change me?"

"Well—I don't know."

"Well, *I* don't know."

Brinton Eliot

Half an hour later Miss Allen in her blue fur-lined cardinal, and André and Tarleton in their scarlet coats, with cocked hats under their arms, walked through the white-columned door and down the steps. Miss Allen's highly-varnished chaise, with powdered coachman, and big bay with silver-mounted harness, was in waiting.

"You won't forget about Thursday night, will you?" said André, as he handed her into the chaise.

"Oh, no," said Betty. "I've promised you the minuet, and the colonel the contra-dance. Good-by, major. Good-by, colonel." And the bay horse whirled the chaise rapidly away.

"Egad!" said André, "without claptrap one can say truly that she is the most attractive girl in Philadelphia, though the town is full of charming women. Ods! here comes Bingham. My buck, you're a sly dog!"

"How so?" said Bingham, laughing.

"Oh!" said André, "we are very innocent, are we not, eh, Tarleton? You were very fine at the 'Bunch of Grapes' with your toast—'I give you Miss Allen!' Bah! my lady will none of you."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. She says you can neither act nor make love, and, in fact, in her estimation there seems to be very little that you can do.

At Philadelphia

When she found you were the lover in the second act of the 'Constant Couple,' she suggested that the scene be laid in Market Street! 'Pon honor, anything is good enough for you apparently."

"Damn it! What sense have you and Tarleton, standing there and grinning like a pair of baboons? I know Mistress Allen better than you do. In a fortnight you will be wiser than you are now, perhaps. Sir William has quartered me at Westwood. What do you think of that, eh?"

"The deuce he has!" said André.

"I wager a sovereign you quartered yourself and wheedled Sir William," said Tarleton, laughing.

Bingham smiled and whipped out his snuff-box. "Have a pinch?" said he, as they walked down Second Street. They helped themselves, André quickly and gracefully, and Tarleton spilling snuff on his waistcoat in his usual fashion. Bingham left them at Howe's headquarters, and mounting his horse, set out for Westwood.

CHAPTER III

IN WHICH MR. KEAYNE ALLEN SPEAKS HIS MIND

IN the library at Westwood the candles were lighted, and a tall, finely-built man, dressed in cherry-colored velvet, was pacing abstractedly from one mahogany bookcase to another. He stopped his walk long enough to ring a bell, and then went on again. The servant who answered the summons stood motionless for some moments in the doorway, but finally the master of the house looked up and perceived him. "When my daughter comes," said he, abruptly, "say I wish to see her here." The man bowed and departed. He had scarcely done so when Mrs. Allen came in.

"Keayne," said she, "Sir William Howe wants to quarter Major Bingham here. I have consented. You've no great objection, have you?"

"Od's life! if you have consented, I suppose that settles the matter. I saw enough of the fellow before the war to give me small liking for him. He's a lout and worse!"

Mr. Keayne Allen speaks his Mind

"Keayne! He's the grandson of the Earl of Harborough."

"The earl be damned!"

"My dear, you're becoming an arrant Whig."

"Not at all, Lucy, but I take it I know a man when I see one. However, I'm willing to oblige Sir William."

Mr. Allen went to a window and peered out into the gathering gloom.

"It seems to me that you are very restless," said Mrs. Allen. "You've done nothing but walk about."

"Judge Shippen and Edward are coming to sup with us," said he, without paying any attention to her remark.

"Are they? Keayne, in such cases I think I am entitled to at least an hour's notice."

"You are, my dear. You are."

"But I seldom have it."

"True enough. Quite true."

"Keayne, what is the matter? I don't believe you know what you're saying. You are so restless that you make me nervous. Pray sit down."

Mr. Allen sat down impatiently and tapped his foot on the floor.

"I don't see why Betty doesn't come," said he.

"There's nothing remarkable in that," said

Brinton Eliot

Mrs. Allen. "She went to the Winthrops'. It is not six o'clock yet."

At that moment they heard a carriage coming up the drive.

"There she is at last!" exclaimed Mr. Allen. "Lucy, I want to see Betty here alone for a few minutes if you don't mind."

"Why, Keayne, what is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing. Nothing at all. I simply want to see — ah! Well, what is it?"

"Judge Shippen and Mr. Edward Shippen are in the drawing-room, sir," replied Bradford.

"The deuce! Say to Judge Shippen and to Mr. Shippen that Mrs. Allen and myself will be with them directly."

Bradford departed.

"Keayne," said Mrs. Allen, "I must say that I do not understand —"

"No, no, of course not. My dear, I want you to entertain Edward. Judge Shippen and I have a business matter to talk over before supper."

They left the library, but in a very short time Mr. Allen returned in company with the judge. Judge Shippen was a portly person, with a prominent nose and sharp gray eyes. He was not a Whig, but it might have been unwise to call him a Tory to his face. However, if there was a question about his politics, there was none about his ability. He was a man of means and of brains.

Mr. Keayne Allen speaks his Mind

"I think," said he, seating himself, "that the decline in the value of paper money is alarming. To make prices more stable, might we not pledge ourselves to take the currency at the value it had before the Declaration of Independence?"

"Perhaps so," said Mr. Allen. "But to come to the matter in hand. I — of course — I have not yet had an opportunity of explaining the affair to Betty. However, I trust Betty will acquiesce. She is somewhat headstrong, but then —"

"Keayne, if children are properly brought up, they obey their parents."

"Of course. I am sure Betty thinks highly of Edward. He is a splendid fellow."

"He has excellent habits, and has always been a dutiful son. He admires your daughter, and will be a devoted husband. We are planning well for our children. The point is past question. To come now to finance."

"Yes," said Mr. Allen, somewhat nervously, "just now I am in straits. I have property enough, but I can't realize, and those notes are due in ten days."

"Quite true," said Judge Shippen. "Keayne, the plain facts are that I desire to secure a wife for Edward who can fill her position as my daughter-in-law in a fitting manner. I think your girl can. Provided you display

Brinton Eliot

a little firmness I shall be under obligations to you, and in that case you need not be uneasy about the £10,000. I will hold your notes until you are able to meet them."

Mr. Allen looked much relieved.

"Thank you," he said quickly. "You can understand that I am anxious that Betty should know nothing of our financial affairs. As I have said, she is somewhat headstrong, and then she has romantic notions. It would make it more difficult for me to—you understand, don't you?"

"Oh, of course, Keayne, of course," said the judge, taking a pinch of snuff. "You and I are much too old for sentiment. Sentiment? Bah! No man who has reached five and forty should have any. This Whig revolt against England is a case in point. It may be good sentiment, but it's bad finance."

Mr. Allen, who had begun to reply, stopped short, for Betty, in her blue cardinal, stood in the doorway.

"Father," said she, "Bradford said you wished to see me directly."

"Come in, dear," said Mr. Allen. "Here is Judge Shippen."

The judge rose and bowed in his usual lofty fashion. Betty inclined her head, and then stood erect, looking inquiringly at her father. Mr. Allen seemed slightly perplexed. He glanced quickly at the judge, and the

Mr. Keayne Allen speaks his Mind

judge's glance in return said plainly, "No time like the present. Go ahead!"

"Betty," said Mr. Allen, "Judge Shippen and I have been planning for you and for Edward. We both desire your happiness above all things."

Betty seemed to shiver; perhaps the long drive had chilled her.

"My dear," remarked Mr. Allen, "are you cold?"

"No," said Betty, but her voice was faint.

"Edward is a splendid fellow," continued Mr. Allen. "He loves you, and I am most anxious that you should marry him."

"Why?"

Mr. Allen was somewhat embarrassed. Judge Shippen, who had his own ideas of the duty of children to parents, spoke in a manner which he considered fitting.

"Mistress Allen," said he, "in a matter of this kind a daughter should never question her father's wisdom. It is his duty to decide; it is hers to obey."

In the Shippen mansion parental authority was not to be called in question, and the judge was its apotheosis.

Betty drew herself up and looked him in the face.

"Suppose I refuse, Judge Shippen?"

This was an unfortunate thing to say. It contained a challenge. Judge Shippen was

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surprised. Had not Mr. Keayne Allen distinctly said that he desired his daughter to marry Edward? Moreover there was another side to the matter which Miss Allen apparently ignored. From the beginning there had been Shippens, and of a Philadelphia without Shippens the mind of man could form no conception. Had not the first Edward been the "biggest man with the biggest house and the biggest coach" in town? And the name, Shippen, — a thing glorious and from the gods, — was it to be put on or off like a glove? The challenge brought Judge Shippen from force of habit into court.

"In that case," said he, in the firm even tone which he used on the bench, "I should mark my dissatisfaction, and on your father's account I advise you not to do so."

Betty glanced quickly at her father, much pained and quite bewildered, for Mr. Allen was suffering apparently. In his eyes there was a strange pleading which pierced her.

"I — I must have time to think," she said faintly.

"Of course, my dear," said Mr. Allen, rapidly.

She turned to leave the room, but everything whirled about her and grew black. She would have fallen if her father had not caught her in his arms.

CHAPTER IV

WITH FRANKLIN AT PASSY

ON the following morning a cabriolet rolled rapidly through the village of Passy, two miles from Paris, and into the courtyard of the Hôtel de Valentinois, a large, white building which M. de Chaumont, its owner, had given to the American Embassy rent free, — no small item to an embassy, which at that time was never troubled by a surplus of cash, not knowing frequently from where the next forty francs were to come. The courtyard was crowded. There, with fine bay horses, bewigged coachman and powdered lackeys up between the springs, stood the gilded gondola calash of Madame la Maréchale de Luxembourg; there was the scarlet and gold sedan chair of the Comtesse de Tessé, the varnished cabriolet of the Chevalier de Bernis, the coach of the Duchesse d'Anville, and a dozen others with lackeys in bright liveries. The cabriolet in question stopped, and Brinton Eliot alighted. He wore a blue coat embroidered in silver, a black cocked hat, black satin small-clothes, silk

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stockings, shoes with buckles of cut steel, and his hair was carefully powdered. Two gentlemen were talking on the steps of the mansion; the one with his back to the courtyard wore a black cassock and a round wig, while the other was dressed in light gray with steel buttons. They were the Abbé de St. Pierre and Mr. Silas Deane of Connecticut. Brinton recognized the latter at once and went up to him.

"I trust you've not forgotten me, Mr. Deane," said Eliot.

"Why! You're William Eliot's son," exclaimed Deane, shaking his hand cordially. "I confess I'm surprised to see you here. Monsieur l'Abbé, this is Mr. Eliot, of New York."

The abbé bowed to Brinton and inquired, "Are you for Gluck or Piccini, monsieur?"

"Well, really," said Brinton, "I don't know. I never heard of either of them."

"Ah, *Mon Dieu!* You should be for Gluck, monsieur. His music is to that of Piccini as is the nightingale to the mosquito."

And with a slight shrug of the shoulders the Abbé de St. Pierre entered the Hôtel de Valentinois.

"I trust I've not offended him," remarked Brinton.

"Oh, no," replied Deane. "That is his way. There is a war here between two mu-

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sicians, and every one takes one side or the other. I have no time to think of it myself. When did I last see you? I cannot recall the year, but I remember very well dining at your house."

"I think it was in the summer of '71," said Brinton. "I was in college then."

"True. How much has happened since '71! These are dark days, Mr. Eliot. The British are in New York, and Burgoyne is marching on Ticonderoga. Mr. Franklin is filled with terrible anxiety, but he keeps as brave a front as ever a man kept. How do you happen to be here?"

"I'm on my way back from India. My ship is at Marseilles, and I came —"

"A ship! You have a ship of your own?"

"Yes. The *Flamand*, father's ship."

"Mr. Eliot, will you put that ship at the service of the United States?"

"Gad! I should say I would!"

"Come with me."

They entered the Hôtel de Valentinois, and in a few moments were in a large square room, finished in the white and gold fashion of Louis Seize, and full of people. There was M. Panckoucke, editor of the *Mercure de France*, a large man in a red coat with buttons two inches in diameter, on which were painted portraits of the twelve Cæsars, talking to the little Abbé Morellet and M. Fal-

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conet, the king's physician. The Comtesse de Tessé, in her blue silk *caraco* with enormous white flounces, a long cane in her hand, and her hair dressed high *en rouleaux* with curls and plumes, was disputing the merits of Gluck and Piccini with the Abbé de St. Pierre. The Maréchale de Luxembourg, gorgeous in green and gold, wore on her powdered head a huge hat of black lace with lofty red plumes, and carried on her arm a delicate little work-bag, in which were her patch-box and rouge-pot, the last novel, and the latest arietta. She was telling the Comtesse de Boufflers that in her opinion it was outrageous for the queen to revive the post of superintendent of the household in favor of the Princesse de Lamballe. The Marquis de Voisnénon, an old gallant who wore a wig *à la brigadière* to make him look younger, was showing *his* work-bag, with lozenges, bonbons, snuff, and scent, to the Duchesse d'Anville who was dressed in a glittering polonaise, with an embroidered apron of Indian muslin, wearing over her left shoulder a belt called the *adjustement à la Jeanne d'Arc*—what the Maid of Orleans had to do with it Heaven alone knew. The Chevalier de Bernis, in gold-colored *justaucorps*, was making love to the Marquise de Vintimille; the Comtesse d'Houdetot, surrounded by men, was planning a *fête-champ-*

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être; and there were sixty or seventy more, priests, men of letters, courtiers, and women of rank, who had come to do homage to the Philadelphia printer, the Pennsylvania politician, the great American whose fame filled the Continent, and who had at his feet the Sorbonne, the salons, the court, and the world Parisian.

Through this plumed and perfumed crowd Mr. Silas Deane and Brinton Eliot made their way. Deane opened the door of the adjoining apartment, and they went in. This room was not more than half the size of the other. In one corner was an electrical apparatus, and in another a small printing-press, the type of which had been made in the house by servants, and which the philosopher used to print those amusing little essays which he wrote for Madame Brillon, Madame Helvetius, and other friends. There was a long gilt table covered with papers, and there were papers scattered over the floor, for Franklin was never orderly and never pretended to be. But Brinton Eliot, who was looking at Mr. Benjamin Franklin, noticed none of these things. He saw a rather large man with rounded shoulders, quite corpulent, seated in a chair, on the arms of which his hands rested in a manner apparently indolent, and dressed as plainly as possible in a brown coat, vest and breeches of like color,

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white stockings, neckstock, and wrist-ruffles, and shoes with dark buckles. His forehead was bald, his long gray hair fell on his shoulders, and his features wore their accustomed expression of serenity and repose, but in his eyes the twinkle of humor had been obscured by a shade of sadness. It was one of the dark days.

"Mr. Franklin," said Deane, "here's William Eliot's son. He's got a ship." Mr. Franklin smiled and started to rise.

"Eh!" said he. "When you get to be my age, I hope you won't have the gout. I'm glad to see you," he added, taking Brinton's hand. "I've known your father for many years. Have you ever had a brother?"

"No. I am the only child."

"In that case I think I have met you before. You would not remember it, for you were quite young. Your mother presented you to me. You had a plum in your hand."

"I hope, Mr. Franklin, that I was polite enough to give you the plum."

"If my memory serves me rightly, you ate the plum and gave me the stone. However, at your age I should have done the same. Mr. Deane says you have a ship. Let us all sit down and talk about it."

They did so. Brinton explained how it had come about that his ship was at Marseilles, and why he had come to Paris. He added that since Mr. Deane had said that

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the *Flamand* could be of service to the United States, he put the ship and himself entirely in Mr. Franklin's hands. Mr. Franklin listened quietly, and as Brinton finished, a servant in livery entered through a side door and presented a note to the ambassador with the remark, "Madame Helvetius, monsieur." Franklin took the note, and when the man had gone halfway across the apartment, said leisurely, "Stay a moment." Having read the note, he turned to the gilt table, took a quill, and wrote slowly, "Mr. Franklin never forgets any party at which Madame Helvetius is expected. He even believes that if he were engaged to go to Paradise this morning, he would pray for permission to remain on earth until half-past one, to receive the embrace promised him at the Turbots'." Sealing this leisurely, he handed it to the lackey, who bowed and departed. Then he turned to Brinton.

"Mr. Eliot," said he, "since you have put yourself in my hands, you probably have some desire to know what I wish you to do. I cannot explain that now. It will be necessary for me to see Beaumarchais first. Some things we manage very quietly. And 'a word to the wise is enough, as Poor Richard says,'" he added, smiling.

"You may count on me for that, Mr. Franklin."

Brinton Eliot

"Can you come at four o'clock?"

"Certainly."

"Beaumarchais will be here then."

"Mr. Franklin, are things going as badly as Mr. Deane seems to think?" inquired Brinton; for Deane had left the room.

The shade of sadness came again into Franklin's eyes.

"Mr. Eliot," said he, slowly, "at any moment I may hear that I have neither a country nor a flag."

Then rising, with another twinge of gout, he added, "I must go to see the good people who have come to visit me. You can reach the courtyard comfortably through that little door."

"I feel distressed, under the circumstances, to think I have detained you, Mr. Franklin."

"Don't worry, my friend. The business of the United States always takes precedence of the French nobility."

And as Franklin opened the main door and stepped into the salon where the world waited to do him honor, Brinton heard the chorus of the glittering throng, — "Ah, Franklin! How is the cause of liberty progressing?" — and he heard likewise the voice of the philosopher, as cheery as though dark days were but dreams, "*Ça ira, mes amis! Ça ira!*"

CHAPTER V

IN WHICH BRINTON MEETS BEAUMARCHAIS

BRINTON ELIOT drove back to his hotel in the Place du Palais Royal where he dined. A short walk in the Tuileries garden and the Place Louis XV followed, but four o'clock found him again at Passy.

Once inside the Hôtel de Valentinois, a servant conducted him to a small room, the furniture of which was covered with green tapestry, and left him. There he remained for some twenty minutes before the man returned and brought him to Mr. Franklin's apartment. The ambassador was seated in his accustomed manner, talking with a very elegant gentleman who wore his wig *à catogan*, whose neckstock and wrist-ruffles were of costly lace, whose cherry-colored coat and white satin waistcoat were embroidered in gold, and whose brilliant attire was completed by white satin small-clothes, white silk stockings, and red-heeled shoes with oval silver buckles. This man was a merchant and a millionaire; he was also a musician, a dramatist, a song writer, a man of

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fashion, a courtier, a ship-owner; and he had been by turns a watch-maker, a manufacturer, a publisher, a comic writer, a secret agent for Louis XV in England, and a pamphleteer. He was even then, amid the stress of the immense effort he was making to aid America, writing his "Marriage of Figaro" which was one day to be the forerunner of revolution in France.

"M. de Beaumarchais, Monsieur Eliot," said Mr. Franklin. Beaumarchais rose and shook hands cordially with Brinton in the English fashion. Mr. Franklin rose, also, said a few words to the effect that he had talked over everything with M. de Beaumarchais, and that Beaumarchais would give Brinton all the details, and begging them both to excuse him as he had an appointment, left the room. He was going to a supper in his honor at the Princesse de Rohan's; for Mr. Franklin, in spite of himself, supped out six nights a week.

After a few minutes of conversation which was very agreeable but of no moment, Beaumarchais came down to business.

"During the past ten months," said he, "I have sent to America eight ships with supplies worth six million francs. To do this under the eyes of Lord Stormont, the British Ambassador, is, as you may imagine, a difficult and dangerous matter."

Brinton meets Beaumarchais

"I should think so!"

"Stormont is — ah, *mon Dieu!* Stormont has one hundred eyes. But to continue. These transactions are done in the name of Roderique Hortalez & Company, my business house in Paris, which I personally conduct. You have seen it, monsieur? No? Very good. It shall be seen by you to-morrow. To it the French government pays one million francs, two million francs, and so on."

"And this money is used in buying arms and ammunition for America?"

"Exactly so. But it is not the French government alone which pays. I myself have advanced one million, two million, and so on. At this moment the American Congress owes me two million francs. Ah! I am not in so great a hurry for the money."

"Gad!" said Brinton, "it's amazing good of you to loan it."

"No, no. What will I not do for liberty? Your people are a great people, trying to be free, and if I aid in that, I shall not have lived in vain, eh?"

"I'm sure they'll all appreciate what you're doing."

"*Eh bien!* I have yet to receive the thanks of the American Congress. Perhaps it is because M. Arthur Lee writes them continually that I am a fraud, and that the French government intends all the supplies, even the

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two millions for which it has not paid, as a free gift."

"That's outrageous!" exclaimed Brinton.

"Ah!" said Beaumarchais, shrugging his shoulders, "such is the world! To continue. The French Ministry, monsieur, know all about Roderique Hortalez & Company, and at the same time they know nothing at all about Roderique Hortalez & Company. You understand? Therefore it is not easy for my ships to leave port. Stormont—*ce diable d'homme!* Once, twice, fifty times he has discovered their destination. *Mon Dieu!* at what speed he drives to Versailles! What protests! What language! Vergennes, the fox! He is naturally amazed. 'Roderique Hortalez & Company? Ships to America? Impossible!' And the ships are stopped."

"What do you do then, monsieur?"

"Many things. I unload my vessels at one port; I reload them at another. I change their names; I make fictitious sales. My captains are frequently obliged to sign a written agreement to go nowhere but to the West Indies. However, I pay them well and they go to America. When they return, the Ministry sends them to prison for disobedience. I double their pay and console them with gold. What difficulties! What anxieties! Ah, if we had the Alliance, monsieur! Mr. Franklin and I have worked for it as

Brinton meets Beaumarchais

hard as men can work for anything. France is ready, and without doubt the Ministry is ready, but Vergennes is too cautious a fox to be caught. Mr. Franklin and I are no nearer to it than we were six months ago. It does not rest with us but with the American army. One victory, Monsieur Eliot, one victory on the banks of the Hudson or the Delaware, and the French Alliance is yours!"

"What will the king do, monsieur?"

Beaumarchais shrugged his shoulders. "Ah! you do not know the king, Monsieur Eliot. We are no longer in the days of Louis Quatorze. To come now to your affairs. You have a ship. Very good. You desire to trade with the West Indies. *Eh bien!* Roderique Hortalez & Company will furnish you with many things — shoes, laces, bonbons, and so on, it matters not what. In the cases of shoes, laces, and so on, will be powder, sulphur, mortars, muskets, and pistols. You understand?"

"Perfectly."

"You sail for the West Indies. You arrive in New England. You understand?"

"Exactly."

"There is a man in Paris whom we are most anxious to have in America. I think he will consent to go. If he consents, he will sail with you."

"And who is he, monsieur?"

Brinton Eliot

"That, Monsieur Eliot, I cannot tell you at present."

"I beg your pardon."

"No, no. You were perfectly right to ask. In a day or two you will meet him, I hope. And now that we have finished our business for the moment," he added, with a smile, "if you will drive with me to Paris, we will sup at the Palais Royal. There is a concert and all the world."

CHAPTER VI

AT THE PALAIS ROYAL

BEAUMARCHAIS proved himself a delightful host. He had seen much, and he told a number of anecdotes in the most entertaining fashion. If he was pleased with the young American, Eliot was not less so with him. Brinton enjoyed the drive thoroughly and found the streets of Paris, with their misery and their magnificence, full of interest. The signs swung merrily from the shop-fronts. Ballad-singers were bawling; gaily-decked coffee-sellers, with bright tin cans strapped on their backs, were peddling at two sous a cup; people were coming from the fair in the Place de la Grève, or going to the theatres, for the spectacles began at half-past five, and there were plenty of large placards announcing *Cephale et Procris*, *Ballet-Héroïque*, at the Opera, or *Le Legataire*, *Comédie en cinq Actes*, at the Française. Well-dressed citizens in striped coats and silk stockings picked their way over the rough cobbles, dodging the great hubs which stood out beyond the wheels on the coaches of persons of rank, and

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beset at every corner by filthy beggars, whom the Lieutenant-General of Police might well have clapped into the Hôtel Dieu, would have clapped most probably, had not Hôtel Dieu, at the moment, been sleeping six in a bed.

Brilliant indeed was the Place Louis XV, crowded with the carriages of the nobility, great gilded four and six-horse vehicles with runners and lackeys in splendid liveries, coming back from the Cours at a furious pace, heedless of the lives or limbs of the herd; for whatever the press, M. le Comte or M. le Marquis had the right of way. Beaumarchais pointed out a young man who whirled by in a high English "whiski," telling Brinton that the man in question was a Prince of the Blood, the Duc de Chartres, who since his last visit to England had become more of an Anglo-maniac than ever.

The garden of the Palais Royal was then a rendezvous for people of rank; for men of letters went to the Luxembourg, and the populace to the Tuileries. But together with titled rakes, there were at the Palais Royal plenty of scamps and blacklegs who, lacking coats of arms, were none the less fellows of like kidney with many of their betters; and there were also plenty of women with beautiful clothes, very fine manners, and no morals at all.

At the Palais Royal

Beaumarchais took a table at the end of one of the allées, and both he and Brinton were soon busy in the mysteries of the menu, for at the Palais Royal one could procure anything from the truffles of Périgord, and the potted partridges of Nérac, to the carp of Strasbourg.

"*Hein !*" said Beaumarchais, suddenly, putting down his fork. "Excuse me a moment, my friend. I want to have a word with the Comte de Saint-Quentin yonder."

He crossed to another table, leaving Brinton to watch the crowd. Among others a short, bloated man, with small eyes and puffy eyelids, came down the allée. This gentleman was dressed in pink silk with cuffs of rich lace, and carried a snuff-box set with diamonds ; apparently he was looking for a table to his liking. Suddenly he dropped his handkerchief. It was instantly picked up by a fellow in a brown coat, who presented it with a low bow. "Milord," said he, "the Minister of War received a German officer at the Arsenal this afternoon." "Watch to-night," replied the man in pink silk, and passed on. In another moment he dropped his cane. A clever scamp seized it before it reached the ground. "Milord," said he, "an American ship has put in at Marseilles." "The deuce ! Send Penannech to Passy, and go yourself to Beaumarchais's." "Beaumarchais is here, mi-

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lord." "Very good. I want to know everything he does for the next twenty-four hours. At the end of that time, come and report." His lordship continued his walk and finally sat down in a chair at the last table in the allée, directly behind Brinton. Brinton, however, was watching the brilliant throng, moving through the lamp-lit allées, and paid no attention to the stout man in pink silk, who ordered an ice, and asked for the *Mercur de France*. Beaumarchais was talking earnestly to a smartly-dressed individual, the Comte de Saint-Quentin probably, and Brinton could not help wondering what Beaumarchais was busy about, imagining several things, all of which were wide of the mark, for Beaumarchais was talking "Figaro" to Saint-Quentin, and urging the comte to loan the theatre in his château for the first performance. Brinton noticed also a very elegant young fop, dressed in a style more English than French, whom many people saluted with low bows. This fellow was the Duc de Chartres, Prince of the Blood. In a short time, since son succeeds father, he was to become Duc d'Orléans, naturally enough. Had a prophet predicted that to him he would not have been surprised, but fancy his amazement had he been told that in a few years he — who was interested in women and horses, knowing little about politics and caring less — would become a Jaco-

At the Palais Royal

bin, vote publicly for the death of his royal cousin, and finally, over that Place Louis XV, across which he had whirled that afternoon in his English "whiski," rumble in a rough cart to the guillotine. His, however, was not the only head, wagging merrily that evening through the lamp-lit allées, which would wag for the last time on the Place Louis XV.

The Duc de Chartres approached the table at which sat the stout man in pink silk. The latter rose, and, for a bloated person, made an excellent bow.

"Well met, milord," said Chartres.

"Quite so, Your Royal Highness. When did you leave England?"

"On Wednesday," replied Chartres, seating himself and motioning to the other to do the same. "I saw Parliament; queer enough it was, too. I heard Fox and Burke. Each of them said enough in six minutes to put himself in the Bastille for twenty years, had he been over here. *Ma foi!* while they were on their legs they gave your Ministry a bad quarter of an hour."

"Vile Whigs! vile Whigs both!" exclaimed his lordship, while his little eyes gleamed wrathfully under their puffy lids. "'Pon my soul! the King of England would clap them, quick enough, in a bastille, if he had one."

Brinton turned his head to see who was

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talking in this fashion, and perceived the bloated personage in pink silk.

"I dare say," remarked Chartres. "'Twas clear they thought well of the Americans."

"No doubt!" exclaimed his lordship, angrily, "no doubt! But the Americans are a pack of damned rebels. And we'll whip 'em, by God! Whip 'em like a pack of hounds!"

This was more than Brinton could endure, and he sprang up and made a fool of himself.

"I don't know who you are," said he, hotly, facing the bloated personage in pink silk, "but I'm an American, and I won't sit still and hear myself and all my friends called hounds and rebels. You won't whip us, by God! And we are not going to be bullied, for we have a right to say what we will do and what we won't do. There are some decent Englishmen who see it that way, but on the other hand there are some pig-eyed, pig-headed asses like you who make all the trouble."

His lordship gave Brinton a cold, contemptuous stare, and his lip curled scornfully. The Duc de Chartres, too, looked haughtily at the intruder, who had made what he detested, a scene. Then his lordship, glancing at a lackey behind the Duc de Chartres, said with a slight shrug, "That fellow is drunk. Throw him out!"

It was a critical moment; for Brinton, quite beside himself, was on the point of giving his

At the Palais Royal

lordship a stinging blow, but his arm was seized firmly, and he himself was dragged backward by Beaumarchais, who said sternly, "Are you mad?"

"I—I don't know!" exclaimed Brinton. "Let go of me! That Englishman is not to be endured. He's outrageous! He's—"

But Beaumarchais forced him quickly up the allée.

"*Nom de Dieu!*" said he, earnestly, "that was the British Ambassador. How could you get in a fracas with him, of all men? You have drawn his attention to you. The worst thing possible, the worst thing possible! What will Monsieur Franklin say?"

Brinton was ashamed of his conduct.

"I dare say I'm an ass," said he, frankly, "but when a fellow has been away from his country as long as I have, you've no idea how he longs to see it again, and especially when his country is in trouble. And that beast called the Americans dogs and rebels. I couldn't stand it, Beaumarchais. I'm damned if I could!"

"Zounds! If he said that, I agree with you. If we were at war, and an enemy spoke of Frenchmen in such terms in my presence, I would run him through. However, the affair is none the less most unfortunate. His spies are everywhere. I fear, my friend, that the matter will not end here."

Brinton Eliot

"You mean that he will fight me?"

Beaumarchais was too polite to laugh in Brinton's face, but he came near doing so.

"My friend," said he, smiling, "I mean nothing of the sort. Your ignorance of diplomats is refreshing and quite delightful. You have probably seen Lord Stormont for the first and last time, but Monsieur Franklin and I will undoubtedly have our hands full now in getting you, and the man who is to sail with you, safely out of France."

CHAPTER VII

THE KING AT VERSAILLES

THE affair at the Palais Royal was, as Beaumarchais had said, unfortunate, and on bidding Brinton good-night M. de Beaumarchais requested him not to leave his hotel in the morning until he called for him. Brinton, naturally enough, was tempted to laugh at this excessive caution, but the Frenchman, who understood Stormont, was emphatic, for he knew that behind the puffy lids of that bloated personage there lurked as much devilry as ever lurked in the brain of Borgia, and he was well aware that the minions of the British Ambassador were as skilful with the dagger as with the sword-cane.

When Beaumarchais arrived, at ten in the morning, Brinton joined him, and entered the carriage. Beaumarchais put his head out of the window and said to his coachman in a loud tone, "Drive to Passy!" When they had gone three blocks he changed the order, telling his man to drive to the Hôtel de Hollande in the Rue Vieille du Temple. There the establishment of Roderique Hor-

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talez & Company was located. All this, however, was useless, for the same blackleg, who had picked up his lordship's cane in the garden of the Palais Royal, was following on horseback, and had followed Beaumarchais's carriage from the time it left his residence.

At the establishment of Roderique Hortalez & Company, Beaumarchais gave orders for the purchase and transport of seventeen hundred weight of powder, twenty-two tons of sulphur, fifty-two brass cannon, nineteen mortars, and a large number of field-pieces, muskets, and pistols. Many of these things were to be bought in Marseilles, and the remainder in Paris. Brinton made arrangements also to equip the *Flamand* with twenty-four guns. As they reëntered the carriage, Beaumarchais said to his coachman, "You may drive to Versailles."

"The king has granted me an audience," said he, when they had started on their twelve-mile drive, "and I shall try again to-day to force Vergennes's hand. Perhaps you can aid me."

"You may be sure I'll do anything I can," said Brinton, "but I can't imagine of what service I can be."

"Possibly none at all, and possibly — *eh bien!* I have tried many expedients in my time. You are an American. If the king

The King at Versailles

consents to see you, you can tell him some things about America better than I can."

"King Louis XV," said Brinton, laughing, "will think —"

"Ah! Louis Quinze is in his coffin at St. Denis, Monsieur Eliot. We are in the third year of the reign of Louis Seize, and you are older than he."

"Egad! It's odd I never heard of it."

"You have been in India."

"That's true enough."

In due time they reached their destination, driving up the Avenue de Paris between the king's stables, and so into the wide Place d'Armes, where, beyond the lofty gilded railings of the *cour d'honneur*, courtyard within courtyard, stood the *Grand Monarque's* great palace — the royal house — Versailles.

Beaumarchais's carriage stopped in the *cour d'honneur*, for no carriages but those of the king were permitted to pass into the *cour royale*. This first courtyard in which Eliot and Beaumarchais alighted was as spacious as the square of many a town, and contained at the moment thirty or forty splendid equipages and two or three hundred people. *Maitres d'hôtel*, wine-porters, purveyors, laundry-yeomen, in liveries of various colors, were passing from the palace to the *grand commun*, a large building on the Rue de la Surintendance, in which were the king's

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kitchens and wine cellars and all that pertained thereto, including some three hundred and twenty-four men, from the Duc de Cossé Brissac, grand pantler, and the Marquis de Gironde, grand cup-bearer, down to the vegetable-men, the salad-purveyors, and the errand-boys — in short the "*bouche du roi*," whose business it was to feed His Most Christian Majesty. Here came the coach of the Comte d'Haussonville, master of the wolf hounds, with the gilt heads of three wolves glittering on the panels, and behind it the carriage of the Comte de Vaudreuil, grand falconer, who, though falconry went out of fashion in the time of Louis XIV, and there were no longer any hawks in the royal mews, still drew his five thousand livres a year blissfully. He saluted Beaumarchais. As they approached the railing of the *cour royale* where the red-coated *Suisse* with their long halberds were on duty, a carriage, preceded by horsemen of the *garde du corps*, drove out of the *cour des princes*, and Beaumarchais turned to Eliot with the remark, "*La reine, monsieur*." At that moment the drums of the *Suisse* sounded the royal salute. The horsemen of the bodyguard were clad in bright blue tunics, faced with red, and trimmed on the sleeves and cross-pockets with broad silver bindings. Over their tunics they wore shoulder-belts of white silk and silver,

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trimmed with silver lace; on their hats were large white cockades, and their black horses were decked with scarlet trappings. Then came the queen's carriage, with its four cream-colored horses, powered coachman, painted panels, huge springs, and gold-laced lackeys up behind, rolling rapidly through the main gate of the *cour royale*. On its velvet cushions sat the two women who at that time were considered the most beautiful in France; neither one was over twenty-two, and both with their golden hair unpowdered, their big straw hats, their simple white dresses and delicate lace, were as dainty and charming as possible. For Her Majesty Marie Antoinette and the Princesse de Lamballe, leaving behind them diamonds, plumes, powder, and panniers, were going to play the dairy maids at Trianon. As the carriage passed, Beaumarchais and Eliot doffed their hats, and the queen, who held a bunch of white roses, bowed graciously, and tapped the cheek of the princess with a flower in a playful manner to attract her attention, saying, "*Voilà !* Beaumarchais." Brinton thought the queen a very pretty woman, but thought also that he knew a girl in Philadelphia who was handsomer.

Beaumarchais entered the palace to the right of the marble court, for the king's apartments were located in that wing, and

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Brinton was somewhat surprised to see under the arches little stalls where dealers sold jewelry, perfumes, snuff-boxes, and trinkets of all kinds. Everywhere there was a crowd, for parts of the palace were open to all the world, while the palace itself, in the buildings of which some eight or nine thousand persons were lodged, was like the splendid quarter of a populous city. When they reached the *salon des pendules*,—which took its name from the large clocks of the period Louis Quatorze, with which it was adorned,—Beaumarchais went up to the usher on duty, asked to see the king, and gave the man a *louis d'or*, for this gorgeously-decked *Suisse* stood six feet two, had held the same post for some years under the previous sovereign, and was much too tall a man to accept tips in any coin but gold. He pocketed the *louis* and answered, with a slight German accent, which was natural, and a slight shrug of the shoulders, which was acquired, "The king has gone to Marly, monsieur." Beaumarchais was evidently much disappointed, and remarked to Eliot that, although the king's secretary had written him to come at that hour, the monarch had either forgotten about the audience or had changed his mind. He added that it was impossible to follow the king to Marly, since, according to custom, no one went there unless invited or sum-

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moned, and that, therefore, he would show Brinton the gardens, which were the finest in Europe, and then they would drive back to Paris. They started toward the staircase, but in the *salle des bijoux* a gentleman passed them who saluted Beaumarchais, and whom Beaumarchais seemed a trifle surprised to see, for the man was M. le Grand, the king's first equerry, on duty for the quarter; and according to the rigid court etiquette, which bound the king as tightly as the lackey, and with which Beaumarchais was perfectly familiar, His Majesty could no more drive or ride anywhere without his first equerry than he could go without his head. His Majesty was not at Marly. Beaumarchais went up to the next redcoat and asked where the king was. "The king has gone to Marly, monsieur." They had, apparently, learned their lesson well. Beaumarchais, nothing daunted, handed the *Suisse* a *louis d'or* and repeated his question. Again the stereotyped answer, "The king has gone to Marly, monsieur," but this time with a wink — a wink which under the profligate Louis XV meant many things, and under the virtuous Louis XVI but one. Brinton, who understood nothing at all of these manœuvres, was surprised; in a few moments he was to be dumfounded. They crossed several *salles*, in which the glass, the gilding, and the furniture displayed in

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their perfection the arts of the period Louis Quatorze and the period Louis Quinze; and finally Beaumarchais mounted a narrow, dark staircase, with Eliot at his heels. On the landing at the top of the staircase stood a man, magnificently dressed. Brinton thought this gentleman must be a marquis at the least, but the fellow was in reality a *valet de chambre*. From behind a white and gold door came sharp, metallic sounds.

"Ah, Ribot," said Beaumarchais. "He's at it again, eh?"

"M. de Beaumarchais, is it not disgusting? What a fall from Louis Quatorze, monsieur! What a fall!"

"Ribot, kindly tell His Majesty that I am here, according to his order. You might add that I have a new watch of very beautiful workmanship which I particularly desire to show him. Ask him also if he will receive Monsieur Eliot of New York, who wishes to pay his respects before leaving for America. I have mentioned three things, Ribot," he added, placing three *louis d'or* in the valet's hands. "I trust you will remember them all."

"Ah, monsieur, it is quite impossible for me to forget them."

Ribot disappeared behind the white and gold door, but the sharp, metallic sounds continued. Brinton was much puzzled by the

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whole performance, and could not imagine why they had come up to the top of the palace. However, when the magnificent Ribot reappeared, and holding the white and gold door open, said abruptly, "*Passez, messieurs!*" he put his cocked hat under his arm and followed Beaumarchais, feeling somewhat as he had at New Haven when about to enter the presence of the *prases*. "Le sieur de Beaumarchais. Monsieur Eliot," announced Ribot. They entered a room, which, at the first glance, seemed to Brinton the shop of a smith.

There was a forge built in the chimney, and to the right of it an immense bellows, supported on iron rods, which were driven ruthlessly into exquisitely-painted panels. A small anvil stood near the forge, while to the left was a rough table with lathes and tools of various kinds, and beyond it a high cupboard with more than twenty drawers, some shut, some open, which blocked up a door and half concealed a splendid *dessus de porte*, painted in Boucher's best manner, of the Marquise de Pompadour. Above the wooden table, two rows of hooks held a formidable phalanx of the iron implements of smithcraft, and near the cupboard stood a common wooden stool and a costly arm-chair of gilded wood and tapestry, on which were flung an embroidered coat, a broad blue

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ribbon, a gold-laced beaver, and a court sword. A middle-aged man, wearing a round, greasy wig, a coarse shirt with the sleeves rolled up above his elbows, common, brown breeches, a leather apron, and rough shoes and stockings, was heating an iron in the fire, while a plump, red-faced young fellow of twenty-four, with a white bag-wig, in shirt sleeves, white satin waistcoat, blue satin small-clothes, white silk stockings, and shoes with gold buckles, was fitting a key in a brass lock which he held in his hand. He bore such a striking resemblance to Joshua Lamb that Brinton, completely bewildered by all that had happened since they entered the palace, was almost ready to crack him on the shoulder and say, "‘Mutton!’ What on earth are you doing here?" when Beaumarchais paralyzed him by remarking, with a very low bow, "Sire, may I present to Your Majesty Monsieur Eliot of New York?"

The king looked very much like a boy who has been caught by his mother in the pantry with his hand in the jam-pot. He flushed. Then seeing in Brinton's face the amazement which that young gentleman was quite unable to conceal, the monarch said, with a weak smile, "I am at my trade, you see."

"I did not know you had one, sir," replied Brinton, still aghast; and at this answer the plump king laughed heartily.

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His Most Christian Majesty's performances in regard to Beaumarchais's audience were exactly like so many of his actions later in life about matters vastly more critical. He did not want to see Beaumarchais, but his secretary urged him to do so, and he gave in. Then he was sorry. It would have been very easy to have refused, had he so chosen, after Beaumarchais arrived, but that was too much like decided action, and His Majesty never took any decided action unless some one else showed him it was the thing to do, and in this case nobody pointed it out. Therefore he took a middle course, — shut himself up in his forge, and announced that he had gone to Marly. When he was found out, and Beaumarchais was at the door, he might easily have said, "Stay out!" which he desired to say; but that was a little too much like decided action, so he said, "Come in." He was an excellent young fellow, clean morally and sound physically, with a magnificent appetite and the best heart and the worst manners in the world, up in smithcraft but down in kingcraft. Had he been born in the Rue St. Nicaise, he would have hung out a brass key and been a first-rate locksmith all his life, happy and contented, the good father of a family. But he was born in the Palace of Versailles, and, unfortunately for himself, inherited with his crown the debts and the

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sins of his sires. When it was all over, he went up the steps of the guillotine in better fashion than he ever went up the steps of his throne, and died like a brave man.

"Sire," said Beaumarchais, "since Your Majesty has been gracious enough to grant me an audience —"

At the word "audience" it suddenly occurred to His Majesty that kings should sit and subjects stand. He walked to the gilt arm-chair and plumped himself down, forgetful of his gold-laced beaver, while the court sword fell on the floor. Beaumarchais picked it up in the most graceful fashion and handed it to the king, who in the meantime had pulled his hat out from under him and placed it on his head. The king put the sword across his knees, and since the day was warm for the season, and the forge anything but cool, he drew out of his waistcoat a rich lace handkerchief and mopped his face. Then he was ready. By this time whatever conversational powers Brinton Eliot possessed when he entered the apartment had gone up the flue of the forge.

"Sire," said Beaumarchais, "has the last watch which I made for Your Majesty kept good time?"

"Yes."

"I should like to show you this one, sire."

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He drew from his pocket a delicate little gold watch, quite a gem, in fact, and presented it to Louis. The king examined it carefully with the eye of a connoisseur, and pressed the spring. The lid flew up, revealing an exquisite miniature of Mr. Benjamin Franklin, whose portrait at that moment adorned thousands of watches, rings, and brooches in Paris and in France.

"Whose portrait have you here, Beaumarchais?"

"Monsieur Franklin's, sire."

"Ah! He is quite an old man."

"But his country is young, sire, and his country is in sore distress. Think of Canada, sire! Think of Quebec! If you but say the word, France can avenge the Plains of Abraham."

"Beaumarchais, I have told you more than once that I do not like war."

"There are two kinds of warfare, sire. Monsieur Franklin's people are waging a just war. *Ma foi!* since the French have called you *Louis le Désire*, may not the Americans call you *Louis le Libérateur?*"

All this sounded entirely too much like decided action, and Louis XVI shifted uneasily in his gilt arm-chair. He got out of the difficulty by turning to Brinton.

"I think Beaumarchais said you live in New York."

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"Yes, sir."

"That is on the Hudson River, I believe."

"Yes, sir."

"Is the Hudson as large as the Seine?"

"Gad!" said Brinton, "I should think it was!"

The king laughed and seemed pleased. The fact that Brinton, who was not up in court etiquette, called him "monsieur" instead of "sire," amused him also. It was something new.

"What do you think of this?" said he, handing Brinton the lock which he had been holding in his left hand. It was a splendid piece of workmanship, and the little key was a work of art.

"It's amazing fine," said Brinton; and he meant it, for it really was.

"I made it myself," said the king.

"Gad!" said Brinton, "I could never make anything like that."

"Would you like to see how it is done?"

"Indeed I would."

The king was delighted. He rose hastily, the court sword fell on the floor, and in a moment he and Brinton were at the work-table, where the king, flushed with pleasure, exhibited his lathes, took down one after another his implements of smithcraft, showed how he did this and how he did that, displayed beautiful keys of all kinds, while

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Brinton, who was interested in everything, told him more than once that he was "amazing clever," and Gamain at the forge and M. de Beaumarchais looked on in astonishment. The king was quite happy, for he was talking about matters which he thoroughly understood and in which he was very much interested. In *his* world every one conversed on such disagreeable topics. The ministers talked war, finance, and taxes, — all horrible nightmares; the nobility talked operas, cards, women, fashions, and a thousand things about which he cared nothing; but no one talked locks. He had to file and forge on the sly; and if the queen saw traces of his work on his fingers, she spoke her mind, and he flushed crimson. Here was a handsome young American who seemed interested in locks. The king enjoyed himself thoroughly. Poor fellow! How happy he would have been had he first seen the light in the Rue St. Nicaise!

Two hours later, when Eliot and Beaumarchais came down the marble staircase, the latter was radiant. "Prodigious!" he exclaimed.

"What is prodigious?" inquired Brinton.

"Everything. Did you not see he gave you his hand *à l'Anglaise*?"

"I see nothing wonderful in that."

"Ah, *mon Dieu*! The king! my friend.

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What stories you told him! and how he laughed! *Nom de Dieu!* how could you have told him that he resembled your class-mate who had the sobriquet 'Mutton'?"

"Well, I really don't know. It slipped out. I'm sure he was not offended. He laughed more at the stories about 'Mutton' than at anything else."

"Offended? I have never seen the king talk so much or enjoy himself so thoroughly."

"I'm glad of that. It didn't seem to me that anything was being done. There was no chance to say a word about America."

"But *you* are an American, my friend, the first American the king has ever known or met, save in public audience. There he will never say three words. You have given him as delightful hours as he has ever had. He will not soon forget them. You are a diplomat. Monsieur Eliot, I salute you."

They drove back to Paris, Beaumarchais still astonished at the way in which Brinton had conducted himself at Versailles, and Brinton not a little surprised at the sovereign he had found there. The road from Versailles to Paris was crowded, for in those days a steady stream of carriages rolled from dawn until dark between the great capital and the city which had sprung up about Louis XIV's huge palace—that palace in which the *Grand*

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Monarque's descendant reigned but did not rule. To rule, must not a man have some settled plan and purpose, be able to form upon a definite question a definite opinion, be able also to say, at a pinch, "I will," or "I will not," and abide by it? This being granted, there was in the Palace of Versailles only a royal locksmith; there was no longer any king in France.

CHAPTER VIII

IN WHICH THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR LOSES HIS TEMPER

THAT evening the British Embassy was quite dark, save for the great lights at the entrance-gate, and chance callers were informed that Lord Stormont was not at home, — a small lie which was told easily and gracefully; for in the diplomatic circles of that century much greater ones were current coin. In fact, in the eighteenth century a Continental diplomat who could not lie was no diplomat at all. His lordship was at home, and transacting business, despite the lateness of the hour. He sat in his large cabinet, the gloom of which was but faintly illuminated by two candles in silver candlesticks, standing on a small gilt table beside him. He was not alone, however, since there were three other men in the apartment. Two of them, Scheppers and Grantugen, were plainly dressed, and their rascality was stamped upon their faces; the third, Mazurié de Penannech,

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who was quite handsome and splendidly attired, carried himself like a man of quality, but was in reality the worst villain of the three.

"'Pon my soul, Penannech," said his lordship, "you're amazingly tricked out. When you play the gentleman you cost me a pretty penny. Damn you!"

"As a rule you get your money's worth, milord."

"We'll see. What about this American?"

"His name is Eliot. He arrived in Paris on Monday, coming by diligence from Marseilles."

"Stuff! I know that already. Scheppers found it out."

Scheppers's chest expanded with pride, but Penannech was not at all crestfallen.

"Scheppers is very wise, no doubt," said Penannech, coolly, "but by milord's leave, he don't know everything."

"Eh? Scheppers and Grantugen knock about in plain coats, and pick up more in a day than you in a week. As for you—why the deuce did you order a gold snuff-box and Spanish snuff?"

"If I am to play the Comte de Provost-Launay, I must be equipped as fits me."

"Yes. Your bills for the past two months are £500. Damn the expense, Penannech, if you get anything. The King of England

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pays. But you strut in your plumage at Passy, and that Jack-of-all-trades, Franklin, is too sharp for you."

"Your lordship, perhaps, will not regret that I was 'strutting' at Passy on Tuesday last when I tell you that the American ship, the *Flamand*, which has put in at Marseilles, belongs to this Eliot. That, I believe, Schepers does not know."

"Ah! Something at last, eh? How did you find out that?"

"I was coming out of the Hôtel de Valentino and heard Eliot say as much to Deane of the American Embassy."

"What did Deane say?"

"He asked Eliot if he would put the ship at the service of the United States."

"Of the what?"

"Begging milord's pardon, I mean at the service of the rebellious colonies."

"Say what you mean. What followed?"

"Deane took Eliot to Franklin."

"How long was their interview?"

"An hour."

"Anything more?"

"Eliot returned in the afternoon, and later drove away with Beaumarchais. I do not know where they went."

"But I do!" cried his lordship, angrily. "I do! They went to the Palais Royal, where that young whelp insulted me. Now,

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what I want to know is, what that fellow said to Franklin."

"That I was unable to learn, milord."

"Yes, I dare say," replied his lordship with a sneer. "But if it is not to learn things of that sort, for what, in the devil's name, do you draw the King of England's gold?"

"I could get no audience at that time."

"'Pon my soul! We are very fine when we play the Comte de Provost-Launay. Audience, indeed! Hark you—in the time of Louis XIV it was one day of prime importance for the Duc de Lauzun to learn what the king said to the Montespan. And where was he on that day? Cooling his heels in an antechamber because he could get no audience? Not he! He was behind tapestry under a sofa. And he heard! He learned! You and your audience—bah!" And his lordship turned in disgust to Grantugen.

"Give an account of yourself," said he.

"Milord," said Grantugen, "I followed Beaumarchais's carriage. He drove with the American to Roderique Hortalez & Company's place. They were there two hours. From there they drove to Versailles."

"To Vergennes's hôtel?"

"No, your lordship. To the palace."

"Indeed! What then?"

"They came out of the palace about four o'clock and returned to Paris."

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"What did Beaumarchais say to the King of France?"

"I was unable to learn, milord."

This seemed to be the last straw, for the bloated ambassador jumped to his feet in a rage.

"Damn your liver!" he cried. "You have the impudence to tell me that when you have been at Versailles—at Versailles, where the king's cabinets have glass doors, and where every lackey carries his left hand behind him, open for a bribe? Of what use is it to me to know that Beaumarchais has been at Hortalez & Company's and at Versailles? I want to know what he *does* at Hortalez & Company's, and what he *says* at Versailles. If you can't find out, there are others who can. And if you don't find out, dam' me if you see another shilling of King George's! As for you, Penannech, if you don't bring me word for word any interview of Franklin's that I want, I'll discharge you. You are neither of you worth your salt. But Scheppers is worth his weight in hard money, for at the risk of his neck he got into the Arsenal last night, and brings me the details of an interview between the Minister of War and Baron Steuben, every word of which is to the point."

The face of Scheppers was full of triumph; he had achieved success. There is this to

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be said for him — he belonged to the underworld and had begun life as a gamin of Paris. In Penannech's eyes there was an ugly look. He was not going to give up without a struggle his pleasant existence as Comte de Provost-Launay. Grantugen appeared somewhat crestfallen.

The British Ambassador paced to and fro, and his eyes flashed wrathfully under their puffy lids.

"Give your commands," said Penannech, coolly.

"I'll give 'em fast enough," cried his lordship, "and if you fail to carry them out, you'll play the Comte de Provost-Launay for the last time. There will be a meeting on Friday at Passy between Franklin, Beaumarchais, and Steuben, and I want every word of it. Do you understand?"

"I do."

"As for you, Grantugen," continued the ambassador, "you are to find out exactly what business Beaumarchais transacted at Hortalez & Company's. Am I clear?"

"You are, milord."

"Begone!"

"But the American who insulted you?" inquired Penannech.

"I leave that fellow in the hands of Schepers," snapped his lordship, "for Schepers does what he undertakes."

CHAPTER IX

IN WHICH THE COMTE DE PROVOST-LAUNAY
RUINS HIS COAT TO KEEP HIS TITLE

ON Friday M. de Beaumarchais and Eliot supped at Passy, where Beaumarchais enlivened the conversation by telling Mr. Franklin how Brinton had conducted himself at Versailles. Mr. Franklin was much amused at hearing that Brinton had told the King of France that His Majesty bore a striking resemblance to a certain Joshua Lamb, who was called "Mutton" at Yale. He asked Brinton a number of questions about Yale, remarked that he had visited New Haven when he was colonial postmaster-general, and related how he set up the mile-stones on the old post-road between Boston and Philadelphia. He said he invented a machine, which, attached to a chaise, registered by the revolution of the wheels the number of miles travelled. Then, followed by teams loaded with mile-stones, he drove comfortably over the road in his chaise and set up the stones by the record of the machine. It was delightful to hear Mr. Franklin.

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"I must tell you," said he, slowly, "a story about Dr. Callender. His riding-wig was a common one of horsehair with an eelskin cue, and he lost it in a remarkable manner. He was called one evening to attend a patient who was ill of a fever. A lighted candle stood upon a table, and when he was occupied in preparing his drugs, his head came close to the flame. A loud explosion followed. When the smoke cleared, the doctor stood bareheaded, looking in vain for his wig. He could not explain the phenomenon. I was experimenting with electricity at that time, and he wrote to me, asking my advice as to the feasibility of his wearing a lightning-rod on his back and running it up through his wig to avoid in future a similar misfortune. I was about to send him a reply when I received a second letter from him, explaining the mystery. His new wig had arrived, and when he ordered his servant to powder it, ere he put it on, what was his surprise to see his negro sprinkle it well with gun-powder from a powder-horn in place of starch!"

M. de Beaumarchais, Mr. Deane, and Brinton laughed heartily at the curious experience of Dr. Callender. But the situation was too serious for merry talk to last long. Beaumarchais referred to the affair at the Palais Royal, and Brinton gave Mr. Franklin a clear account of what had happened, and concluded

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by saying, "I'm very sorry I acted as I did, but, egad! Mr. Franklin, I couldn't help it."

"I sympathize with your feelings," said Mr. Franklin, slowly. "You are young. It is very difficult for you to sit still and listen to such things. The outrages which Great Britain has inflicted upon us are past counting. Had I time I would collect them all in a book, that every child in America might learn them. I well recall the ordeal through which I had to pass when I was summoned before the privy council in London. I stood for two hours in full view of the council, listening to the abuse of the solicitor-general. I must confess that the indecency of his behavior passed all bounds, but I held a cool, sullen silence, reserving myself to some future opportunity. The suit of clothes I wore on that occasion I have laid by. If I am permitted some day to sign a Treaty of Alliance between France and the United States, I will wear that suit of clothes. That will be my answer to the British solicitor-general. America, Mr. Eliot, must win her freedom by deeds and not by words."

At that moment a servant entered and informed the ambassador that two gentlemen were awaiting his pleasure in the drawing-room.

"Who are they?" inquired Mr. Franklin.

"One, sir, is the Comte de Provost-Launay, and the other, the Baron Steuben."

Provost-Launay ruins his Coat

Mr. Franklin turned in his chair with more agility than Brinton had ever seen him display, and looked at the man as though he would read him through and through.

"Did they come together?" said he.

"No, sir."

"Ask the Baron Steuben to step into my small salon. I will be with him in a moment."

Unfortunately Mr. Franklin said nothing as to where or when he would see the Comte de Provost-Launay, and unfortunately also the Baron Steuben, who had missed his snuff-box, fancied that he had dropped it in his carriage and went back to the courtyard. Therefore when the servant entered the large salon, he found no one but the comte. Provost-Launay, carefully powdered and dressed in gray silk embroidered in silver, was looking at himself in a mirror, reflecting possibly that unless he played his cards well it might be the last time he would be attired in such fashion. He had just picked up from a table and put in his pocket a small gold bonbonnière which the Maréchale de Luxembourg had forgotten at her morning visit.

"Can you tell me, sir, where Baron Steuben is?" inquired the servant.

"How should I know?" replied the comte with the manner he affected toward servants. "Will the ambassador see me?"

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"The ambassador did not say, sir. Being at table he charged me to ask the Baron Steuben to wait in the small salon where he would join him presently."

"In that case," said the comte, quickly, "the baron evidently has an appointment, and I will call at a more opportune moment. M. von Steuben, if that was the name of the gentleman who was here a moment ago, has gone, I think, to the courtyard. You had better seek him there."

The Comte de Provost-Launay certainly passed with remarkable rapidity from complete ignorance of the baron's whereabouts to knowledge of the same. If this occurred to the servant, he said nothing about it, and left the salon. Provost-Launay crossed the room at once, listened a moment at the door of the small salon, and then opening it, went in, and closed the door quietly. A silver candlestick with three branches was on the table, and the three candles were burning, but they were not sufficient to light the apartment well. The comte stepped to the window, and concealed himself behind the heavy green curtain. "Bah!" said he, suddenly. "This room is warm now. They might want more air." He came from behind the curtain, and looking about him, discovered a small door back of the printing-press which stood in one corner, and upon opening it, found a

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closet in which Mr. Franklin kept his fonts of type and his ink. It was not the best place in the world for gray silk embroidered in silver, but Provost-Launay popped into it, drew the door to, leaving it very slightly ajar, and awaited developments. In a few moments the door of the small salon was opened, and a man entered, snuff-box in hand,—a thick-set, red-faced man, with black eyebrows and a white wig tied in a black bag, who wore a uniform with heavy gold epaulets, and carried himself as ramrod-like as a Prussian grenadier. Well he might! For he was the Baron Frederick William Augustus von Steuben, sometime adjutant-general to His Majesty Frederick the Great.

Almost immediately Mr. Franklin, M. de Beaumarchais, Mr. Deane, and Brinton Eliot came into the room, not by way of the large salon, but by Mr. Franklin's private door. After an exchange of the usual civilities, the ambassador apologized for having kept the baron waiting, and then Brinton was presented to Steuben, who said with a marked German accent, "*Bon soir, monsieur.*"

"M. le Baron," said Mr. Franklin, "M. de Vergennes and the Comte de St. Germain have sent us word through Mr. Deane that you have considered favorably the matter we talked of some two months ago, and that you

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have decided to go to America. In view of the sacrifices you make for the United States, I can feebly express to you, sir, our thanks, and how much we feel ourselves indebted to you for this step. Mr. Eliot's ship, the *Flamand*, is now at Marseilles. Through the efforts of M. de Beaumarchais she is being equipped with arms and ammunition, and, I trust, will be ready to sail shortly."

"*Ganz gut!* I thank you," said the baron, in both French and German, a way he had at times.

"If you need money, M. le Baron," said Beaumarchais, "a thousand *louis d'or* are at your service."

"I thank you also, monsieur. What I may accept will be for travelling expenses only. It I shall consider a personal loan."

"But, sir," said Mr. Franklin, with some anxiety in his tone, "what conditions do you propose to recompense you for the sacrifices you make, and for the great services you will render the United States?"

The Baron Steuben held his shoulders a trifle more stiffly than usual, if that were possible. He was above pecuniary considerations.

"I do not propose, sir. Vergennes has said, 'Go! succeed! You will regret never.' *Recht!* I have served well, I hope, the King of Prussia. It is now the Republic I will

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serve. But indeed I know that for a stranger into your army to come is not so easy. Well then, I serve as volunteer, without pay, without rank. Can there be discontent? America is struggling for liberty. *Ganz gut!* I offer her my sword."

Then and there Mr. Franklin embraced him. And in such fashion Frederick William Augustus, Baron von Steuben, sometime adjutant-general to His Majesty Frederick the Great, took his stand beneath the Stars and Stripes.

"M. le Baron," said Beaumarchais, "how soon will it suit you to start?"

"In a week at the most, I think. Monsieur Duponceau, my secretary, will go with me."

"I shall be much relieved," said Beaumarchais, "when you and Monsieur Eliot are out of Paris."

"It is because you are thinking of the British Ambassador, *hein?* Oh! as for him, *kann sich zum Teufel scheeren!*" ("He may go to the devil!")

"I should not regret, sir," said Mr. Franklin, with a twinkle in his eyes, "had he gone already. However, I give it as my humble opinion that he will arrive there in due time. I will give you letters, M. le Baron, to General Washington, to Samuel Adams, and to Robert Morris, and I am certain you will receive a hearty welcome from Congress."

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"*Ganz gut!* I thank you."

As the room was somewhat warm, Mr. Deane asked Brinton to open the window, and the Comte de Provost-Launay, whose ear was glued to the crack at the closet door, congratulated himself on his foresight.

In a few moments the baron rose and said good night, but every one escorted him to his carriage. When he had gone, Beaumarchais took Brinton in his cabriolet and drove back to Paris. Mr. Franklin and Mr. Deane were left alone on the steps of the château.

"Bless my soul! Mr. Franklin," exclaimed Deane, "we've quite forgotten the Comte de Provost-Launay."

"Not at all," replied Mr. Franklin, quietly. "Jacques must have hinted that I was engaged, for he came to tell me that the comte said he would call again at a more opportune moment."

"I think the comte is a warm friend of the United States," said Deane.

"He professes to be," said Mr. Franklin, "but I place no confidence in him, and I desire that you should do the same."

Meanwhile, in the closet behind the printing-press, a gray silk coat embroidered in silver had been sadly smirched by fonts of dirty type; there were ink stains, too, on white silk stockings. In fact the black villainy of the Comte de Provost-Launay seemed to have

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broken out all over him, like the small-pox. He came quickly out of the closet, rubbing one of his legs, which was stiff from his cramped position, and then walking through the window, which opened like a door upon the low balcony, jumped lightly to the ground. His carriage was in waiting, but on such a night, he was too old a hand to leave it in the courtyard. He reached it by a path best known to himself, for he had studied the topography of Passy for the past six months, and once inside, he was driven rapidly to the British Embassy.

CHAPTER X

IN WHICH MRS. KEAYNE ALLEN HAS IDEAS

MAJOR BINGHAM took up his quarters at Westwood, but for the first three days he found small satisfaction there. Mr. Allen exchanged few words with him. Miss Allen, who was ill and very unhappy, did not leave her room. Mrs. Allen endeavored to be cordial but was evidently worried. Bingham spent the greater part of his time drinking at the "Pewter Platter," or at the "Bunch of Grapes," attending cock fights, and rehearsing for the play in the theatre on South Street.

On Friday morning the *Pelican* arrived from England, and the tap-room of the Coffee House was full of British officers who had come to get their letters. A score of red-coats were drinking rum at the expense of Captain Amesbury, who held under his arm a cock which had lost an eye, and was spending the bird's winnings freely. Dice boxes rattled merrily, men staked sovereigns on the turn of a card, and there was an abundance of tobacco smoke and profanity.

Mrs. Keayne Allen has Ideas

"It's your play, Tarleton," said Bingham, picking up his cards.

"No," replied Tarleton, "it's DeLancey's."

"DeLancey," said Bingham, "you're damnablely slow. Wake up! The stake is a guinea." And he flipped a gold coin on the table.

At that moment André hit him on the shoulder.

"I've been looking for you," said André. "Do you know why Miss Allen was not at the assembly last night? When I saw her on Monday, she promised me a minuet."

Bingham was not going to admit that, although he was quartered at Westwood, he had not seen Miss Allen, and he was unwilling also to say he had been told she was ill, for he feared that André would declare at once that it was small wonder when a person so disagreeable to her put in an appearance, twit him unmercifully, and cause a general laugh at his expense. He had not gone to the assembly himself, and he knew that at the moment André had no means of finding out that he had been at the "Pewter Platter."

"Bah!" said he, "she will none of you. I dare say she found my conversation agreeable enough, for she never mentioned the assembly, and it was evident that she preferred to talk to me."

"Egad!" exclaimed André, "that's a likely story!"

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"Believe it, or not, as you choose," said Bingham, carelessly. "It's a matter of indifference to me. I told you the other day you'd be wiser in a fortnight."

"I choose *not* to believe," said André, laughing. "What the deuce do you leave your letters on the floor for?"

"Is it mine?" inquired Bingham, looking down.

"Of course it is."

"Ods!" said Bingham, picking it up, "I had six or eight. I must have dropped this one."

He ripped the envelope with his finger and drew out the letter.

"Play, my buck!" said Tarleton.

Bingham, who was reading his letter, tossed a card on the table without looking at it.

"The devil!" cried DeLancey. "The stakes are Bingham's."

"Od's life!" exclaimed Bingham, starting up, "the old man's shuffled off! Congratulate me, boys. I'm Earl of Harborough."

There was a chorus of "The deuce you are!"

"Read for yourself," said Bingham, laughing and tossing the letter to André. "Perhaps this time you'll choose to believe."

"Zounds!" exclaimed Tarleton, shoving the guineas across the table, "you're a damned lucky dog, Bingham."

Mrs. Keayne Allen has Ideas

"Don't be so cursed familiar," said the latter, laughing. "I'm George, twelfth Earl of Harborough."

The new earl rode to Westwood that afternoon in a very contented frame of mind. He had seen enough of Mrs. Keayne Allen to know that the change in his position would make a distinct impression upon her, and he meant to push matters to a conclusion. He was not wrong. Mrs. Allen, who had not been informed of her husband's financial relations with Judge Shippen, had received the announcement that Mr. Allen desired Betty to marry Edward with not a little vexation, for Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Shippen were social rivals and at odds. Without fully understanding the cause of her daughter's unhappiness, she saw that the affair had made her very wretched, and she determined to prevent the match for her own sake and for Betty's. But to triumph in proper fashion it was necessary to substitute for Edward Shippen some one, who, from her point of view, was higher in the social scale, and that was not easy at the moment. In the midst of Mrs. Allen's perplexity the new Earl of Harborough arrived, and the sky cleared up at once. It made little difference to Mrs. Allen that the fellow she desired for a son-in-law was in arms against her country, for *her* world was Philadelphia from the Delaware to the Schuylkill,

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and from her standpoint everybody who was anybody stood by the king. There were, of course, exceptions, like Mrs. Chauncey Winthrop; but that was unfortunate. Mrs. Allen was an aristocrat and much more Tory than her husband. The Harborough arms — argent, a chevron gules between three tor-teauxes — filled her with delight. With those arms on the panels of Betty's carriage, and Betty, Countess of Harborough, she could snap her fingers at Mrs. Shippen for good and all. Mrs. Allen, therefore, made up her mind and marked out her course, not without some misgivings, however, for in thinking of the way in which her daughter had always treated Major George Bingham, she wondered how Betty would treat George, twelfth Earl of Harborough. That evening, therefore, Mrs. Allen broached the subject to her husband.

"Keayne," said she, "this Shippen affair has made Betty really ill, and 'tis amazing you don't see it."

"I do see it," said Mr. Allen, nervously, "and I am distressed that Betty feels as she does. I wish you wouldn't talk about it."

"But I must talk about it, Keayne. I am considering Betty's future. I grant you that the Shippens are all very well, but Betty can do much better."

"I wish you would explain what you mean."

Mrs. Keayne Allen has Ideas

"I mean that the Earl of Harborough asked me this afternoon for Betty's hand."

"Damn his impudence!" cried Mr. Allen, jumping up from his chair. "Does the fellow fancy I am to be set aside in such a matter? I don't care tuppence for his title, and as for Betty, she wouldn't have him if the Harboroughs owned all Kent and Sussex."

"Keayne Allen, you are talking exactly like a Whig."

"I'm not a Whig, Lucy, but this sort of thing is enough to make me one. My daughter shall not marry a British officer. I'm not Tory enough for that, dam' me if I am!"

"'Tis my belief that you have been wavering for the past six months, and now I doubt very much whether you are a Tory at all."

"I might do worse than become a Whig," remarked Mr. Allen.

"You could *not* do worse," said Mrs. Allen. "The Whigs have very little social position here."

"If Betty does not marry Edward Shippen, we may have little social position ourselves before long."

Mrs. Allen was naturally very much surprised.

"Keayne," said she, "what do you mean?"

"Simply this. A little more than two years ago I was optimistic enough not to

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anticipate the war, and I borrowed £10,000 from Judge Shippen. In ordinary times I could have adjusted the matter very easily, but in the present depressed state of affairs I cannot realize on my property without the most ruinous sacrifice. To have things as you want them takes every shilling of our income. You know that. Judge Shippen is set on Edward's marrying Betty. If Betty consents, everything will remain as it is until I can meet my obligations in proper fashion. If she does not, there will be a crash. I would allow the crash to come rather than propose to Betty a match which was unworthy of her, but Edward Shippen is fit in every way, and his family are all that one can desire. I think that Betty ought to waive any sentiment she may have, for she can learn to love Edward perfectly well."

"You owe Judge Shippen £10,000?" said Mrs. Allen, aghast.

"I do."

"Under such circumstances I would sooner die than have Betty marry Edward. I cannot endure Mrs. Shippen. You know I can't! She would triumph over me all her life. It is too humiliating to be thought of. Betty must marry the earl. Then let the crash come if it must. I could bear that better than the other, for my daughter would have refused Mrs. Shippen's son, and I

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should be the mother of the Countess of Harborough."

"Lucy," said Mr. Allen, with some warmth, "you are mad. Mrs. Shippen knows nothing of this matter, and neither does Edward. I have Judge Shippen's word for that. As for Harborough, I am sure that Betty will never —"

"She must."

"But she won't," replied Mr. Allen, "and neither will I."

Mrs. Allen burst into tears, and Mr. Allen softened at once.

"Lucy," said he, "do listen to reason."

"No! I won't listen to anything."

"When you are calmer, we'll talk of it again."

"I shall never be calm!"

"I trust you will be, to-morrow," said Mr. Allen, as he left the library.

Neither he nor Mrs. Allen dreamed that the Earl of Harborough, who had come in late, had overheard his name mentioned, and had lingered long enough in the hall to understand the greater part of their conversation.

CHAPTER XI

THE ROAD TO GERMANTOWN

MISS ALLEN had not yet learned the truth. The knowledge of her father's obligations, and the fact that under such circumstances he had consented to her marriage, would have been a severe shock to her. As it was, she was ill for forty-eight hours, and for the moment life itself appeared a mockery and a malicious sham. She wished to see no one, and alone in her room she fought the battle. Had she loved her father less, the strife would have been less stern. Mr. Edward Shippen called every day to inquire how she was, and his flowers, which were promptly brought into her apartment, and as promptly sent out again, kept constantly in her mind the inflexibility of that parental authority which was to lose its grip in the succeeding century, but of which Judge Shippen was then the apotheosis.

On Saturday Edward Shippen called for the fifth time, and was ushered into the music-room, where he found Mrs. Keayne Allen and a British officer, a tall, florid man,

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brilliant in scarlet and gold lace. "Edward," said Mrs. Allen, "let me present you to the Earl of Harborough." The two men bowed, but at the first glance each disliked the other.

"How is Betty to-day, Mrs. Allen?" inquired Shippen.

"Much better, thank you."

If there was any doubt about the matter, it was speedily ended, for Betty came into the room, looking slightly pale to be sure, but very handsome in her dark green brunswick, with velvet lapels and buttons, and her black cottage bonnet with green plumes. She carried a riding whip and her gloves. Whatever the sufferings of the past week had been, and to what decision she had come, were known to her alone. Miss Allen seemed herself again.

"Good morning, Edward. Good morning, major," said Betty.

"My dear," remarked Mrs. Allen, "the Earl of Harborough."

"Ah, true enough," said Betty, laughing. "That seems to fit you oddly, major. I can't accustom myself to it."

"In that case," replied the earl, laughing in his turn, "you are privileged to call me what you please."

"Thank you. I usually do so. The weather is perfect, and I think a ride will do

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me good. You may come if you like, major, provided Mr. Shippen will come too."

"I should be delighted to ride," said Edward, not a little provoked that Harborough was invited also.

"Ods! Miss Allen," said the earl, "is it an invitation or a command?"

"Whichever you please, major," said Betty, in a tone of indifference.

"If it is an invitation, I shall be charmed to accept. If it is a command, I shall be happy to obey," replied Harborough, bowing gallantly.

The bow appeared lost on Miss Allen, who rang a bell promptly and ordered her horse. Harborough ordered his, and Shippen's horse was already in waiting.

"I suppose, Edward," said Betty, suddenly, "that before you can ride you'll have to have your father's permission."

Young Shippen was much mortified and grew very red.

"I think I can dispense with that," said he, somewhat briskly.

"Oh," replied Betty, "I didn't know. I merely thought I'd inquire." Mrs. Allen smiled in spite of herself, and Harborough laughed in his sleeve.

The horses were brought, and in a few moments Miss Allen, Mr. Shippen, and the Earl of Harborough galloped down the leaf-

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strewn drive and took the road to Germantown.

The world was all aflame, for the road was full of scarlet,—the scarlet of the King of England, his scarlet and his gold, in which was tyranny. The woods too were full of scarlet, for October had blazoned the boughs with the scarlet of the King of kings, His scarlet and His gold, which know not tyranny. And houses likewise were full of scarlet—bright tongues of flame that leaped and roared, ripping steep roofs and blackening pent-eaves and ponderous cornices. Northward from the redoubts at Poplar Street they blazed, seventeen of them, as one could count them from the steeple of Christ Church, the country-seats of Philadelphia's quality, fast in the red grip of those foul camp-followers which marched ever in the wake of the armies of His Britannic Majesty—arson and pillage. The world was all aflame. God save the King!

Over the Germantown road the coaches and chaises of fashionable people were no longer rolling; and Miss Allen, Harborough, and Shippen, riding rapidly, met and passed wagons loaded with stones, creaking slowly toward the redoubts, and Hessians, with guns trailing and poultry slung over their shoulders, driving pigs before them, which they prodded with their bayonets; for foray

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was afoot, and Philadelphia was a city sieged.

Betty was in a reckless mood. She rode a bright bay horse, the Musketeer, with which Harborough's black and Shippen's gray kept pace unevenly, and it was her good pleasure to leave them in the lurch from time to time. At such moments Harborough glanced scornfully at Shippen, and gave his horse the spur.

"Od's life!" exclaimed the earl, overtaking Betty after a rapid gallop, "is this a' steeple-chase?"

"You can pull up, major, if the pace displeases you."

"And leave the road clear for a young puppy? Dam' me if I will! You've treated me badly enough to warrant me in leaving the road clear. But I won't! I ride hard after you. And, egad! I overtake you, too."

"Indeed? Who bid you ride hard, sir?"

"I bid myself. When a man loves a woman, is he to pull up straightway because the woman says him nay? You know I love you."

"I know nothing of the kind."

"To prove it I'll marry you."

"This is unbearable, sir," said Betty, wrathfully.

"Fume as much as you please," said Harborough, coolly. "You'll marry me in the end."

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"I won't!"

"So you said before, the day your horse ran into the river. However, I notice you have not married any one else, and you see I am still here."

"Yes, you are still here, you and yours. And how do you conduct yourselves?"

"Like conquerors."

"Conquerors! Of what, pray?"

"Of you and the colonies."

"Indeed! You will conquer neither. And as far as I am concerned, if you were the last man in the world, I would not marry you."

"But as I am *not* the last man in the world, you will marry me, eh?"

"Major Bingham, you may go back to town."

"Major Bingham is not here, Miss Allen," said he, laughing, "and the Earl of Harbrough declines to comply with that request."

Betty was sorely tried.

"When I asked you to ride," said she, "I did not imagine that you would presume to talk in this fashion."

"Faith! You were wrong, then. But, pray, how do I presume? I fancy I have a right to ask you to marry me, and if I won't take No for an answer, why, that's my affair."

"This is insufferable!" exclaimed Betty, desperately. "I won't endure it. I shall turn back for Mr. Shippen."

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"Od's blood! That silly ass! Do you mean to tell me you care for him?"

"How dare you!"

"I dare," said he, coolly, as he brought his black horse close to the Musketeer, "because I know the whole affair from A to Zed."

"Major Bingham," said Betty, nervously, "what do you mean?"

At that moment Shippen overtook them.

"Betty," said he, "I think we are venturing too far. There is the Rising Sun tavern. McLane is abroad, and —"

"Nonsense, Edward! I am not afraid of McLane. I'm as good a Whig as he is. If you are not, you ought to be."

"Go home!" said Harborough, contemptuously. "Go home to your dad!"

Shippen whirled his horse to the right, and lashed the earl with his riding-whip.

"Damn you!" cried Harborough, furiously. "I'll kill you for that!"

Young Shippen had asserted himself at last, and there was good blood in him, as in all the Shippens.

"Name your time and place," said he, stammering in his wrath.

Miss Allen turned her horse and rode between them.

"Edward," said she, decidedly, "this must stop. You ought to beg Major Bingham's pardon, and he your pardon, also."

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"Dam' me, if I do!" exclaimed Harbrough, angrily. "This fellow fancies, no doubt, that because your father is debtor to his in a matter of some thousands of pounds, he can threat you into marriage. You young fool, the Earl of Harbrough will stand surety for Mr. Allen. Go home and tell your dad!"

Betty turned pale; the earth seemed to be cracking into chasms beneath her horse's hoofs. Edward Shippen was dumfounded.

"Betty," said he, "can this be true?"

Absorbed as they were, they had seen nothing, and Shippen's question was lost in sudden shouts, much galloping, and the war-whoop. From White Marsh way there swept into the road a score of leather-breeched troopers and a score of painted Indians, riding hard at the heels of that dashing freebooter, who hovered hawk-like within gunshot of the Poplar Street redoubts, Captain McLane. Harbrough ripped out an oath and drew his sword, while the black horse threw up his head, snorting. Miss Allen's bay whirled viciously, half rearing in alarm, and Shippen's mount backed suddenly into the bushes. But the band surged about them swiftly, and the thing was done. On every side they were blocked by sturdy, rough-coated fellows in brown and buff, or by savages, war-painted and with feathers in their scalp-locks.

"A redcoat!" cried McLane, triumphantly.

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"A redcoat and two Tories! Not a bad catch! My gamecocks, I would learn your names and quality, and that of Mistress Tory likewise, for you are all my prisoners."

Betty started her horse toward McLane.

"I'm as good a Whig as you are," she said stubbornly, "and you have no right to stop me on the highway."

And with that, she wheeled suddenly to the left, and before a hand could catch her bridle, she was galloping across country. It was done in a flash, as when a hare doubles on the pack, but half a dozen Indians raised the war-whoop and started after her.

"Come back, you red devils!" shouted McLane. "I don't make war on women. They can't many of 'em handle a horse like that. Burn my body! how she rides!"

Three of the savages pulled up at McLane's call, but the others kept on, yelling in frantic fashion as their gaunt steeds strained across the meadow. Before them the bay Musketeer swept on, rejoicing in his strength. It was a gallant sight to see Betty, in her dark green brunswick, sit her saddle. A rough rail fence stretched through the meadow-land; it was heavy enough and high enough to settle the question for pursuers and pursued. Without an instant's hesitation the Musketeer took it, and took it clean. Two of the Indians' horses balked,

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while the third, leaping, crashed on the rails and pitched forward, hurling his painted rider before him.

Miss Allen had made good her escape, but the Earl of Harborough and Mr. Edward Shippen were in the hands of the enemy.

CHAPTER XII

IN WHICH MR. FRANKLIN FLIES A KITE

It was raining in Paris; it was raining also in Passy. The lime trees which surrounded the crescent-shaped terrace in the garden of the Hôtel de Valentinois were dripping; the marble Proserpine in the centre of the terrace was drenched; and from the hills of Meudon, across the Seine, dark thunder-clouds were drifting through a leaden sky. The high artillery rolled and rumbled and roared and crashed, splitting the dark clouds, and shaking the houses on the hill of Passy. The wherryman of the Isle of Swans, who in fair weather had his hands full in pointing out Mr. Franklin's residence and conveying passengers thither, now plied his oars vigorously in his endeavor to seek a shelter. Nature was playing deep notes.

This boisterous state of the elements, however, did not disturb the philosophical soul of Mr. Benjamin Franklin. Despite the rain and the racket, he was out on the terrace, his coat-collar up, his glasses carefully adjusted on his nose, his cocked hat crushed down

Mr. Franklin flies a Kite

over his ears, his feet spread and firmly planted, holding with a stout grip the string of a large kite, which was furnished with a lightning-conductor, and which whirled in the wind like a thing possessed. Since Mr. Franklin's arrival at Passy his thunder-storms had come chiefly from the British Embassy, and as this was the first one which nature had sent him, he desired to make the most of it. The kite was of silk, on a frame of cedar, from the top of which a sharp pointed wire rose a foot or two above the wood. At the end of the kite-string, below Mr. Franklin's hands, was a silk ribbon, and where the silk joined the twine a key was fastened. Mr. Franklin seemed to be at some pains to prevent the silk ribbon from getting wet. In fact, so absorbed was he in his experiment, that he failed to see a carriage which dashed furiously up the Rue Basse.

In a few moments M. de Beaumarchais appeared, running through the Tuscan columns of the belvedere at the east wing of the château.

"*Hélas!* Franklin," he cried, in some excitement. "I have been seeking you everywhere. Things are in a bad way."

"Beaumarchais," said Mr. Franklin, slowly, "please come and hold this phial. I want to charge it. I shall get a shock in a minute."

M. de Beaumarchais understood the philos-

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opher well enough to know that the present experiment in electricity would have to be completed before any other matter was taken up. He took the phial from Mr. Franklin's hand, and at that moment a sudden gust of wind blew the philosopher half across the terrace. Nothing daunted, Mr. Franklin clung stoutly to the string, while the kite pranced in the heavens. Beaumarchais ran after him, for Franklin was holding his knuckle near the key from which came bright flashes of electric fire. "Ouch!" cried Mr. Franklin. "That was a sharp one. Where is the phial?" Beaumarchais brought the phial close to the key. It was an interesting sight to behold these two men upon that wind-swept terrace. When the phial had been charged, Mr. Franklin endeavored to lower his kite. It proved to be a little more than he could manage, for he felt several twinges of gout, and he appealed to M. de Beaumarchais. Beaumarchais, who had never handled a kite, gave vigorous assistance but in so awkward a fashion that the kite lodged in the branches of a lime tree and the string broke. However, in spite of this inglorious climax, the experiment had been successful.

"Now," said Mr. Franklin, "I will get a pole, and we will dislodge the kite."

"Not at all!" exclaimed Beaumarchais, in

Mr. Franklin flies a Kite

anxiety. "Matters are too pressing. *Nom de Dieu!* my friend, come in quickly. I must talk with you. Everything is going badly."

"Bless me!" said Mr. Franklin. "Why didn't you say as much before? What has happened?"

"I did say as much," replied Beaumarchais, "but you would not listen."

Mr. Franklin glanced at the phial in his hand, and turned toward the château, walking somewhat faster than was his wont. As his coat was wet through, Beaumarchais urged him to change it before proceeding to business; but Mr. Franklin refused, and hurried into his small salon, where he placed the phial on a table and seated himself, while Beaumarchais closed the door.

"Stormont knows everything," said Beaumarchais.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Franklin. "I can't believe it."

"Neither could I, if I had not received this letter from Vergennes. Read that quickly. There is no time to be lost."

Mr. Franklin took the letter and started to read it. Then he laid it on his knee, took off his spectacles, wiped them with his handkerchief, adjusted them carefully, and picked up the letter again. It was addressed to M. Caron de Beaumarchais, and, oddly enough, was without date.

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"VERSAILLES.

"MONSIEUR : — His Majesty's Government has learned with surprise that you are equipping the *Flamand*, now at Marseilles, with arms and ammunition destined for America. In view of the friendly relations existing between England and the Government of His Most Christian Majesty, you are to consider yourself, monsieur, as receiving herewith His Majesty's censure. Stringent orders will be sent at once to Marseilles to prevent the *Flamand* from sailing.

"I have the honor to be, monsieur,

"Your Obedient Servant,

"VERGENNES.

"By the Minister of Foreign Affairs,

THE MARQUIS DE CHAMPIGNEILLES, *Secretary*."

"This is bad," said Mr. Franklin. His hands rested on the arms of his chair, his shoulders drooped, and he sat absorbed in thought.

"But that is not all," said Beaumarchais.

"This was enclosed in the other."

He handed to Mr. Franklin a small piece of paper, on which Vergennes had written with his own hand several lines of figures.

"Of course you can't read the cipher," continued Beaumarchais, "but I have written it out from my cipher-key. Here it is."

Mr. Franklin took the second paper, which ran as follows : —

Mr. Franklin flies a Kite

"I will hold back the orders for forty-eight hours; that is all I can do. Stormont is greatly excited. He has learned in some way that Steuben is to sail. Get M. von Steuben out of Paris at once. He must beat the king's courier to Marseilles. V."

"Forty-eight hours!" groaned Mr. Franklin. "Forty-eight hours! Where is Steuben?"

"Making ready. He and Monsieur Eliot must start to-night. I went to Monsieur Eliot's hotel, but did not find him. They told me he had not been there last night, so I suppose he is here with you. That is a better arrangement, anyway."

"I have not seen him for two days!" exclaimed Mr. Franklin.

"*Nom de Dieu!*" cried Beaumarchais, now thoroughly alarmed.

The wind shook the windows of the salon; the dark clouds drifting from the hills of Meudon rumbled and roared in thunder-peals, crashing like the detonation of a hundred guns; while the hill of Passy was lighted with swift flashes of fire. The silk kite in the lime tree was torn from the boughs and went whirling down the slope into the Seine. But in the salon of the Hôtel de Valentinois two men, heedless of the thunderbolts without, stood staring at one another, struck by the lightning from the British Embassy.

CHAPTER XIII

AT NO. 30 COUR DU COMMERCE

THE Cour du Commerce, a narrow passage with small houses on each side, still exists in Paris, much changed, however, and cut by the Boulevard Saint-Germain. In 1777 it extended from the tennis-court at the Porte de Buci to the western end of the Rue des Cordeliers, and later, in the red days of the Terror, Marat and fellows of like kidney lived there. Perhaps it is just as well that the Boulevard Saint-Germain has ploughed it up.

No. 30 was a small structure, with a steep roof and dirty dormer windows,—a grim, gloomy place, with a bad odor about it, for the gamins of the street declared that a certain Franc de Pompignan, who had been killed there in the reign of Louis Quinze, walked through the rooms at night with the red dagger still in his side, and had even been seen, looking white and ghastly, at the dirty windows. The wrinkled woman who sold milk was a firm believer in this tale, and never passed the place without a prayer to the Virgin.

At No. 30 Cour du Commerce

At the time in question, however, the upper room under the dormers was occupied, not by the ghost of Pompignan, but by Brinton Eliot, who sat in a chair with his hands and feet securely strapped and a gag in his mouth, endeavoring as best he could to recall what had happened to him, and how he had reached his present position. He remembered passing the old women who sat under umbrellas in front of the Colonnade of the Louvre, selling cast-off clothing. Then something struck him on the head; there were confused sounds, scuffling, the rattle of a hackney-coach, dizziness, blackness, and then this — the tight straps, the gag, the gloom, the musty smell, the dirty windows, and the dashing rain. What did it all mean? Beaumarchais's warnings and his great caution, ever since the affair at the Palais Royal, came to Brinton's mind, and he reproached himself bitterly for his carelessness. That, however, could not mend his plight, and he strained hard against the straps. Almost immediately a heavy tread sounded on the stairs, and as there were two doors to the room, he found himself wondering by which his unknown visitor would enter. The matter was soon settled, for a shabby, thick-set fellow strode in, slamming the door behind him. His cocked hat was tilted over his dark eyes; his coarse black hair

Brinton Eliot

was unpowdered; and though his face was repulsive, there was plenty of determination in the lines of his ugly mouth and jaw. This was Scheppers, who, according to the British Ambassador, did what he undertook.

Scheppers looked Brinton over, and observing how the tight straps pulled his coat awry, said, with a grin, "*Cet habit fait la grimace, eh?*" Brinton bit the gag in his mouth; that was the limit of his conversational power.

"*Eh bien!*" said Scheppers, seating himself, for he was in no hurry, apparently. "The orders be that you disappear. Them's they! Some trouble you've give me, I'll admit, but 'twas a good idea of yours to go walking after sundown. *La nuit tous les chats sont gris, eh?* Except as a matter of business I haven't anything particular against you, but others have. The orders be that you disappear. Got any special fancy as to the way of going?"

Brinton clenched his hands under the straps and looked steadily at Scheppers.

"There's pistols, and poison, and the river, and the dagger," continued Scheppers. "All good ways. I've used 'em all, but somehow I prefer the dagger; not so neat as poison, but less bother."

He drew a dagger from his coat and ran

his finger along the blade. There must have been something in Brinton's expression which made the villain feel the need of self-justification.

"You think I'm a bad one, eh? *Sacré!* You should have seen my father. He was a bad one. Picked out his own jobs, and came one day to the block in the Grève. I was a gamin then. Stood in the gutter and seen his head drop at the fifth stroke. Zounds! He had a tough neck, my father. I don't pick my own jobs. I take 'em as they're give me. There's more money in the business that way. Now and again it happens that to clean up a job somebody has to disappear. *À quoi bon tant de peines?* That is not my affair. I clean up my job. My trade is not *marchand de joujoux*."

Such was Scheppers, a fellow of the underworld, dogged, determined, and superstitious. He rose, and Brinton Eliot, bound and gagged, strained furiously at the straps. To meet death in that hole, to have his life cut out of him without one chance to make a fight for it, was terrible indeed. Scheppers stepped forward and stopped short. Foot-steps sounded from the adjoining room; it was evident that some one was moving about in there. From behind the closed door came a groan, which, if it was intended to denote pain, physical or mental, could hardly be

Brinton Eliot

called a success, but which was unpleasant notwithstanding. A strange expression flashed over the face of Scheppers. Was he fool enough to have the Pompignan maggot in his brain, he who did what he undertook?

Scheppers, like many another who began life as a Paris gamin in the eighteenth century, was superstitious. Witness his attempt some years back to knife the late Louis in true Damiens fashion; for in those days Scheppers believed that he had a mission to regenerate the world, and meant to begin at the top. He went, therefore, to the Pont Neuf, whither in due time came His Majesty's coach. Up on the wheel, then, Scheppers, and straight to the heart of the royal profligate! Du Barry will give no more suppers, the Most Christian King will quit life without etiquette or the viaticum, and you will be hung, drawn, and quartered at the Grève. Up on the wheel! But what comes here? Why this commotion in the press? The eucharistic wafer is crossing the Pont Neuf; the viaticum is passing from some church or other to the chamber of the dying. An old priest in a shabby surplice bears the Host beneath a faded canopy, a beadle paces in front, while an acolyte rings a bell. At the sound of it all cabs and coaches stop. The silken sinner leaves his royal carriage and

drops on his satin knees in the mud, gaining by that a fleeting popularity, while Scheppers, not six feet away, is on his knees in the mud likewise, and many another man. When the Host has passed, Scheppers joins in the general shout, "*Vive le Roi!*" The late Louis was not knifed that day. Is one, then, to seek consistency in Scheppers?

When, therefore, the door of the adjoining room swung wide, revealing a figure on the threshold, sword in hand, wrapped in a black mantle, Scheppers dropped his dagger. The figure wore a red and yellow mask, which in a bright light would have been ridiculous no doubt, but which was somewhat unpleasant in the gathering gloom. Scheppers had seen that mask before. "Pompignan!" he cried. "Pompignan! 'Twas in there I killed him." Dark deeds were coming home to roost, apparently, and Scheppers stood with a cold sweat on him. If the thing spoke, he would bolt. "Aye!" said a voice, "Pompignan!" Scheppers fled, leaping down the stairs. The mask was tossed to the floor, a man sprang forward, and Brinton, who had never been superstitious, but who for an instant had fancied himself the victim of a nightmare, felt that the straps about him were being cut, and heard a voice, which he seemed to remember but could not place, saying earnestly, "Monsieur Eliot! Monsieur Eliot!" A moment

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more, and the gag was out of his mouth. He jumped up, shook himself together, and looked his rescuer full in the face. It was the former courtier of Louis XV, the sometime dancing-master of New Haven, the Chevalier de Sainte-Lucie.

"Good heavens!" cried Brinton, grasping the chevalier's hand. "Sainte-Lucie!"

"Do not call me by that name, my friend. It is not safe for me. Call me Darsac. Without doubt it is you who are surprised to see me. And after four years! How do I come here? It is on your tongue, I know. *À la bonne heure!* You shall learn. Come, now, quickly! That fellow will return. I know them. *Scélérats!* They are scared for one minute, two minutes. *Voilà tout!* They return. Come now!"

He hurried Brinton through the room in which Pompignan met his fate, into a dark passage, down a flight of broken stairs, and so to the first floor, where there was an open window.

"That is how the ghost of Monsieur Pompignan enters his château," said the chevalier with a quiet laugh.

"Gad!" said Brinton, "a small hole. Squeeze through, chevalier!"

"After you, monsieur."

It was the old French politeness which would outlive the monarchy, and preserving

At No. 30 Cour du Commerce

its identity in the wreck of ranks, go lightly up the steps of the scaffold.

Brinton made short work of it, Sainte-Lucie followed, and in a few moments they were out in the rain and the gloom of the Rue des Cordeliers.

CHAPTER XIV

IN WHICH CERTAIN THINGS ARE SAID AND DONE

THERE were many hackney-coaches driving about Paris that night, but one in particular, rattling slowly through the Rue des Cordeliers, was hailed by two men who were evidently in a hurry. The coachman leaned over the box. "Where?" said he. "To Passy. Ten francs if you drive fast." The men sprang in, and the coachman whipped up his wet bony nags. They, poor beasts, hoping the time had come for bait and board, must now speed supperless to Passy, no doubt regretting the day that men invented boxes upon wheels. The coachman, however, did not share their regrets, for he was thinking of the ten francs, and what with that, and the joy of it, and keeping the pace, and avoiding collisions with fashionable carriages, bearing their powdered and perfumed occupants at a furious gallop to sup at the Hôtel d'Aligre or at the Palais Royal, he had his hands full. Inside the coach Brinton Eliot and the Chevalier de Sainte-Lucie were busy

Certain Things are Said and Done

about things of more moment than the underfed condition of Paris hack-horses. The latter, therefore, were left to their own reflections and the lash.

"I shall always be your debtor, chevalier," said Brinton. "How on earth did you know I was in that hole?"

"Well, to begin, I saw you at the Palais Royal. What pleasure to see you after four years! And in Paris! I was surprised. I was coming to speak to you when you jumped up and addressed a man whose face I could not see. *Ma foi!* You were not in good temper. *Le coup de poing, eh?* You would have given it, I fancy. A man, who was a stranger to me, seized you and dragged you away in the crowd."

"I had some words with the British Ambassador," said Brinton, "and this affair to-day was the result of it."

"Oh, without doubt. I learned soon enough it was the British Ambassador to whom you spoke. I had only to ask a waiter, 'Who is that one there?' Much as I wished to see you, however, I was unable to find any trace of you until one day by the merest chance I saw you on the steps of the hotel in the Place du Palais Royal. The man who dragged you away from the British Ambassador was with you, and I dared not make myself known."

Brinton Eliot

"Why not, pray? That was M. de Beaumarchais."

"Beaumarchais? Is it possible? You do not understand, my friend. You would have cried, 'Sainte-Lucie!' That name must not be known in Paris. I am Monsieur Darsac."

"But I don't understand —"

"All in good time. For six months I have lodged in the Cour du Commerce."

"You?"

"Yes, I, the Comte de Sainte-Lucie. Louis Quinze dies, Monsieur Eliot, but his *lettre de cachet* lives. His and Pompadour's! The Comte de Sainte-Lucie, though he has been some years in America, is not forgotten in France, and if the Lieutenant-General of Police could lay hands on him, he would lodge in the Bastille. And why? *Parbleu!* because he would not bow the neck to Pompadour. And she has rotted away by this time! Ah, the *lettre de cachet* is magnificent — like the monarchy."

"But why did you leave America, chevalier?"

"A family affair, monsieur. To see my mother, the Marquise de Varicourt. She was dying, very old. We are of the *noblesse de province*, not the *noblesse de cour*. That is to say, we have the blood but not the money. She had not much, the marquise, but she believed in me. I was with her when she

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died. That was something, eh? *Tout va bien!*"

Brinton thought of his own mother, who had died when he was quite young, and being unable to make a reply which he considered adequate, said nothing.

"But to return to the Cour du Commerce," continued the chevalier, after a moment. "I lodged at No. 32. I was not long in hearing of the ghost of M. Pompignan, for the woman who sold milk feared it, but wished to talk of it none the less. *Mon Dieu!* when I heard her I never fancied I should play Pompignan. That No. 30 is a bad hole. More than one man has ended there."

"It is certainly a hole," said Brinton. "I should have ended there if you —"

"Oh, without doubt."

"The scoundrel gave me no chance to fight."

"Fellows of his type never do. I know them. They hurry along to hell, but they dread the devil."

"How did you know he killed Pompignan?"

"*Ma foi!* He told me so himself."

"Gad! so he did. But how did you know I was there?"

"By good luck I overheard a conversation. The man who lives in No. 32 is named Bonaventure, an honest fellow, game-keeper once,

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in better days, to my father, the Marquis de Varicourt, at Chateaufort. By my faith! the marquis lived like a lord and left debts for a legacy. Bonaventure would not betray me, however. I was safe with him. 'Something is wrong next door,' said his wife. 'What?' said Bonaventure. 'A man was carried in. There were noises, lights. Pompignan is walking. *Dieu m'en préserve!*' 'Bah! Bad dreams,' said Bonaventure. My curiosity was aroused, and I resolved to investigate. I entered the house through the back window, went up the stairs, and heard a voice in the front room. It talked of pistols, poison, and the dagger. 'A suicide, no doubt,' said I, and seeing on the floor the false face which some reveller may have worn at a *bal masqué* at the opera before he was brought drunk to that trap to meet his doom, I picked it up with the point of my sword. The whim seized me. 'Pompignan is walking now,' I said; and after groaning in a fashion which I thought fitted the part, I threw open the door. To my amazement you were before me, bound and gagged, while he whose voice I had heard stood, dagger in hand. I had some difficulty in playing the part."

"I should think so! Egad! you're an actor, chevalier."

Sainte-Lucie laughed and drew out his snuff-box. Brinton was extremely sorry that,

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owing to the gloom, he was deprived of the pleasure of watching the chevalier make use of it. To see Sainte-Lucie take snuff had been among the wonders of New Haven.

"Why don't you go back to America?" said Brinton.

"I wish to do so."

"Good! You can go on my ship. She's at Marseilles. The dear old *Flamand*! I thought for a few minutes I should never see her again. Heavens! It was all so sudden that I didn't realize it. The more I think of dying in that hole, the worse it gets. Never to see America again! Never to see—" Brinton choked and looked out of the window, bored, perhaps, that his emotion had the better of him. Then turning suddenly, he seized the chevalier's hand, and said earnestly, "If ever you get in a scrape, Sainte-Lucie, you can count on me. Dam' me, if you can't!"

The coachman had earned his ten francs, for he was driving, between rows of lime trees, up the Rue Basse, toward that large white mansion on the top of the slope overlooking the Seine—a mansion where in those days much was done for America, and of which, unfortunately, few traces remain, for the growth of the great capital has swept it away. The house with its two wings, the belvedere adorned with balustrades and Tuscan col-

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umns, the sculpture gallery, the orangery and greenhouses, the Italian parterre, all have disappeared. But that men may know in what part of Paris the great American once lived and labored, there runs to-day, under the shadow of the Eiffel Tower, from Passy to the Place du Trocadéro, the Rue Franklin.

The hackney-coach stopped in the courtyard, where there were two or three other carriages, and Brinton and Sainte-Lucie jumped out. Brinton paid the fare, and started toward the mansion, but as he and the chevalier went up the wet steps, M. de Beaumarchais came running out into the lamplight.

"*Nom de Dieu !*" cried Beaumarchais. "I was going to Paris to seek some trace of you. And this gentleman?"

"Is Monsieur Darsac," replied Brinton, presenting the chevalier, "a friend whom I knew in New Haven. He has helped me out of a bad scrape, and he is going to America. You can rely on him."

Beaumarchais smiled and saluted the chevalier.

"You must start to-night," he continued, addressing Brinton. "Where have you been?"

Brinton gave him an account of the affair in the Cour du Commerce, while Beaumarchais fidgeted, exclaimed from time to time,

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took snuff vigorously, and said with emphasis, "That Stormont! *Ce diable d'homme!*"

"Mr. Franklin must hear this at once," said he, when Brinton had finished. "Monsieur Darsac, if you are going to America with Monsieur Eliot, you will have to start for Marseilles to-night. Are you ready?"

"Oh, quite so," replied the chevalier, laughing. "My equipage, M. de Beaumarchais, consists of my cloak and my sword."

"Good. *Mon Dieu!* what are we about? Let us go inside. In view of the great service you have rendered Monsieur Eliot, I will keep no secrets from you, monsieur. Stormont has learned in some way—may the devil take me, if I know how—that the *Flamand* is going to America with arms and ammunition and the Baron Steuben. He has made a scene at the French Minister's office, with of course the usual result. But Vergennes has written me that though he has issued orders to prevent the *Flamand* from sailing, he will hold them back forty-eight hours. Baron Steuben is here and ready. His travelling-carriage is in the courtyard. You must all leave to-night."

By this time they had reached the salon, but Beaumarchais hurried them into Mr. Franklin's private room. Three candles in brass candlesticks were burning on the table; Mr. Franklin and the Baron Steuben were

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busy over some papers; while M. Duponceau, the baron's secretary, was talking to Mr. Deane.

"*Hélas!* Franklin," cried Beaumarchais, "here is Monsieur Eliot, safe enough at last, but after an unpleasant experience. *Un mauvais quart d'heure*, by my faith!"

"Eliot!" exclaimed Mr. Franklin, "I am truly delighted. You have given me not a little anxiety."

"I regret it very much," said Brinton. "May I present to you Monsieur Darsac?"

Then it was necessary for Brinton to relate again the affair of the Cour du Commerce. There were several exclamations of surprise from Mr. Deane, while Steuben punctuated the narrative more than once with a hearty, "*Potzausend!*" but Mr. Franklin, though he listened very attentively, said little. At the end, he rose and shook hands cordially with the chevalier. His opinion of Lord Stormont he kept to himself for some reason.

"Eliot," said he, "have you had supper?"

"Egad!" said Brinton, "not a mouthful! I'd quite forgotten it."

"I will have something gotten for you directly."

He was as good as his word, and while Brinton and the chevalier made a hurried meal, Mr. Franklin and M. de Beaumarchais concluded their business with the baron. By

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midnight the final arrangements had been made, and some ten minutes later they all went out to the travelling-carriage in the courtyard. The storm had passed, and the wet stones glistened in the moonlight.

"I would give a shilling to know what Stormont is doing now," remarked Deane.

"He is abed, no doubt," replied Mr. Franklin. "At least I hope so, for 'the sleeping fox catches no poultry.' M. le Baron, I trust you will not pass through Paris."

"Make the mind easy now on that, my friend," answered Steuben.

"Good-by, M. de Beaumarchais," said Brinton. "I thank you sincerely for your kindness. I shall never forget you. You're amazing good to sacrifice your time and money for us. I am sure people at home will appreciate it."

"Ah, my friend, I love your country because it is struggling for freedom, and that is such a good thing. In France, alas! I fear the monarchy will last forever."

"Eliot," said Mr. Franklin, "have you got your letters of marque?"

"Yes, thank you, everything. Good-by, Mr. Franklin. God bless you! I hope you'll soon get good news from home."

"Good-by, my boy. I hope so. In the meanwhile, I shall go on struggling with Stormont—and the gout. You are going to America; you are happier than I. I am

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rather old for this business, I confess, for I am something like a book with contents fairly sound, but cover badly worn. However, what little strength I have left belongs to my country, and when my end comes, I would rather have it said of me that I lived usefully than that I died rich."

The Baron Steuben, M. Duponceau, and the Chevalier de Sainte-Lucie were already seated in the carriage. Brinton sprang in, but as the carriage started, he put his head out of the window to say good-by again, catching a final glimpse of the trim gray coat of Mr. Deane, the satin, the lace, and the white wig of M. de Beaumarchais, the stooping shoulders, plain brown coat, and gray hair of the great American, and above them the dim yellow lamps at the entrance of the Hôtel de Valentinois. Ere they vanished, they waved him a farewell, and their voices wished him *bon voyage*.

CHAPTER XV

A SOLDIER SAILS OVER THE SEA

IN harbor of Marseilles brigs, sloops, and schooners were afloat, and yellow merchantmen, full rigged from cutwater to main truck, sailed slowly by the Forts St. Nicolas and St. Jean. Through a forest of fore- and main-topgallants men called to one another from mainyard or foreyard, while a fresh breeze shook the studding-sails.

Provided it does not come too late in life, the realization of a long-cherished wish is most pleasant to all men; and, therefore, it was one of the grand moments in Ichabod Elderkin's existence — his career was not without others of a similar nature — when he stood by the taffrail of the transformed *Flamand*, looking at the black guns which peered through the ports, and found himself, and felt himself, the captain of a man-o'-war. His lungs expanded, his raw-boned frame was filled with new vigor, for he sprang from fighting stock and had come to his own at last. "Gosh!" said he. "Hit's gret!" Trouble, however, came with Heathcote out of the main hatch.

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"Them dern dogs is grumblin'," said Heathcote, with an anxious air. "They wun't git th' powder aboard. They're thet damned pert! An' ter my min' someun hes been a-tamperin' of 'em."

"Who 'n hell c'd?" replied Elderkin. "They'll git thet aboard. Certingly they will. Ef they don't, blow *me*!" And with that, he vanished down the main hatch.

During the transfer of the *Flamand's* cargo to the warehouse of Peyron Frères, Elderkin had experienced no difficulty with his men, nor had he in the first days of the refitting of the ship, or in the first loading of the "merchandise" which Roderique Hortalez & Company sent promptly. But recently there had been a marked change in the effort of more than one of them. Some had been dead drunk of a morning, though where they got the money Elderkin could not imagine, while others, unless sharply followed up, did nothing. At times it had seemed to him that the *Flamand* would never be ready, and five letters from Paris urging the greatest despatch were not calculated to improve his state of mind. But each day from dawn till dark he had worked with all the vigor that was in him, taxing his strength and his stock of profanity, and had finally accomplished much, for, save seventeen hundred weight of powder still on the docks, the ship was ready to sail.

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Elderkin, therefore, disappeared down the main hatch, and a man in the mizzen shrouds watched him go. This fellow might have thrown some light on the situation had he been so inclined, and it was unfortunate, perhaps, that Elderkin had hired him. He saw Heathcote follow the captain, and then, pulling out a watch, he noted the hour. It was curious that he should possess a watch. In a few moments Elderkin's voice was heard.

"I've tuck er notion this 'ere's muttyny. I give ye two minutes. Th' fust man thet stands arter thet, barkin' an' hollerin' back, 'll git an ounce o' lead in 'is liver. Git out an' hustle them kegs aboard!"

The man in the mizzen shrouds wondered if they would obey, and when he saw them coming up the hatch, a score of powder-monkeys, sullen but cowed, he could not repress an oath. They went to join those who were working on the dock, in spite of the bribes which had been offered, for with all his efforts the man in the mizzen shrouds had gained but a third of the crew. It was evident to Grantugen that he had spent Lord Stormont's money to no purpose, since fellows who promised wonders squandered the money in drink and wilted at the crucial moment. Grantugen, consequently, was anything but cheerful, cursing them all and Elderkin in particular.

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"*Les chiens !*" said he, angrily. "*Tout chien qui aboie ne mord pas.*" There is nothing to be done, then, for I have not a franc left nor have they. *Scélérats !* I must see Penannech. Oh, he lives like a lord, does Penannech, at the Café d'Acajon. Like a lord ! And all because the Englishman permits that he should play the comte. *Là là !* He is fine. He must not soil his lace. *Canaille !* To Grantugen the dirty work, eh ? He has no lace to soil. *Ce n'est pas là que je vise.*"

Leaving the mizzen shrouds to mend themselves, Grantugen slipped over the side, down the ropes to the dock, and vanished in the babbling, brightly-clad throng of Algerians, Greeks, Corsicans, and Dutchmen who rubbed elbows at the *vieux port* of Marseilles.

During the day the work in the *Flamand* went on, and it was fortunate the day was not lost, for when the white rocks had grown gray, and the vines and olive trees had turned black in the gathering gloom, and the quaint stone houses shot faint gleams of candle-light into the narrow, crooked streets, a travelling-carriage and four dashed furiously down the hill by the Old Cemetery, the postilions spurring the horses, and double drink-money spurring the postilions. It was not the same carriage which had left the courtyard of the Hôtel de Valentinois on a certain night. That vehicle had broken down long ago, had never

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reached Lyons in fact, for His Majesty's roads were none of the best.

When this carriage, with its spent steeds and splashed postilions, pulled up at the Café d'Acajon, the Comte de Provost-Launay, in velvet and lace, was going in to supper. The comte, for some reason, took a keen interest in all arrivals, and, perceiving the bustle incident to this one, he stopped and looked toward the door. Four men passed him, evidently in haste to get their suppers, and on seeing them, Provost-Launay quite forgot his own, disappearing at once up the staircase. When he came down, some twenty minutes later, velvet and lace had vanished, and he wore a shabby cocked hat and a coarse surtout which quite concealed his sword. He went out of the café, but before he had passed from the light of the entrance lamps into the darkness, a thick-set fellow reined up a badly-blown horse and lurched heavily out of the saddle. It was Scheppers.

"*Hein!*" said Provost-Launay, with a slight sneer. "You have followed them from Paris, but you have not prevented them. They have arrived."

"None of your airs with me," growled Scheppers. "They had too long a lead. You couldn't 'a' done better yourself."

"I was surprised to see the American," continued Provost-Launay, in the same tone,

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"for I understood that Stormont had put him in your hands."

"So he has," snapped Scheppers, "and I'm here to clean up my job."

"But you will do it under my orders. Do you understand? Both you and Grantugen have failed. It remains for me to conclude the business. Leave that nag where he stands, and come to the Rue de la Loge."

At the Café d'Acajon the Baron Steuben, the Comte de Sainte-Lucie, and M. Duponceau were making their toilets for supper, Brinton, meanwhile, writing a few lines to Elderkin and to M. Achille Peyron, and sending them out by the *garçons de service*. When he in his turn had removed the traces of his hurried journey, they went in to supper.

"Our last in France, I hope," said Brinton, smiling. "Let us make it a good one. M. le Baron, I trust your appetite has not failed you."

"No, it has not failed me. When it does, I am dead. But it is not so good as it was before the Seven Years' War. Zounds! how I could eat at the siege of Prague — when I had something."

"As for me," said Sainte-Lucie, laughing, "*voilà!* I am here with M. le Baron's appetite of the siege of Prague."

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"And I," said Duponceau, "have a before the Seven Years' War appetite also."

"Then, gentlemen," said Brinton, "let us attack the menu of the Café d'Acajon with the same vigor with which M. le Baron charged at Rossbach."

As a result of the successful journey to Marseilles every one was in the best of spirits, and the meal passed merrily. Before they finished, Elderkin arrived, and on leaving the dining room Brinton found him. "Cap," cried Brinton, "I'm delighted! Is she ready?"

"Mr. El'ot," exclaimed Elderkin, grasping his hand, "I'm dern glad t' see ye. Ye kin bet she is. Ye'd orter see her. She's gret now! With them guns a-stickin' outen her, me on deck, Heathcote terhind me, an' them Dutch an' Irish workin' like niggers in th' hole, I'm the hull U. S. of Ameriky, dern me ef I ain't!"

"Gad! I don't doubt it," replied Brinton, and turning to Steuben, he said in French, "M. le Baron, I want to present to you Captain Elderkin of the *Flamand*, as good a man as sails the sea. I'm sorry that he doesn't speak French or German."

"He is the captain of the ship on which we go? Yes? I am charmed. I regret that I do not speak the English, but I will try that I shall talk with him." And extending

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his hand, Steuben said cordially, "How you vhas?"

"Gret!" said Elderkin, grasping the proffered hand. "Mr. El'ot writ thet ye wuz goin' ter Ameriky. Thet's gret! Shud guess atween ye an' me th' words wun't slip out s' easy, but we'll git on powerful well, I reckon."

Elderkin was then introduced to the Comte de Sainte-Lucie, who talked with him in English readily enough, and afterward to M. Duponceau, whose ability to speak that language was almost as limited as the baron's.

"Mr. El'ot," said Elderkin, "what time o' th' mornin' —"

"No, Cap," replied Brinton. "We're going aboard at once. We've no time to lose, and that's much better every way."

"Shud guess I'd better git a lanthorn, ef th' burr'n 's goin' daown ter th' ship. It's blacker 'n hell."

"Oh, I dare say we shall get on very well though it is dark," said Brinton. "But suit yourself about the matter." And he went across the hall to settle the bill for supper.

When they left the café, shortly before eleven o'clock, Elderkin, who had provided himself with a lantern, led the way, for in those days there were no lights at night in the narrow streets of Marseilles. Brinton walked with Steuben, a few paces behind Elderkin, while

A Soldier sails over the Sea

Sainte-Lucie followed with Duponceau. The Rue Coutellerie, dark and deserted, stretched before them to the Rue de la Loge, a steep street leading to the harbor. The moving lantern light shifted uneasily over the stones, the tightly-closed shutters kept the secrets of the walls, and Marseilles seemed as silent as a city of the dead.

Turning into the Rue de la Loge they started down the hill, but out of the blackness which led to the water three dark forms, sweeping like bats, rushed upon them. The first was Scheppers, knife in hand, and encountering the raw-boned Elderkin, whom he had never seen, he paused, puzzled for an instant, thinking possibly that he had mistaken his game. In that instant Brinton gave him a blow which sent him sprawling on the cobbles. "*Hundsfoth!*" exclaimed Steuben, drawing his sword, for Provost-Launay was upon him. Sainte-Lucie, springing past Duponceau, crossed swords with Provost-Launay, and the blades of the comte genuine and the comte bastard rang out on the night air. The sharp report of Elderkin's pistol followed, and Scheppers, who had risen, fell backward on the stones. Grantugen fled. It was a pity that there was not more light in which to see Sainte-Lucie, for they were taught to fight, those noblemen of France. With a swift thrust in tierce his blade red-

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dened between the ribs of Provost-Launay, and the false comte, reeling, lay his length at last, choked with his life-blood.

"*Potzausend!*" cried Steuben, wrathfully. "It is then Stormont that we thank for this, eh? *Verdammt hundsfoth!* M. le Comte, it was well done. Oh! bravely done."

"Blow *me!*" exclaimed Elderkin. "I reckon I carry a barker's good 's th' next. Ef t' other dern dog didn't git sich a scoot on 'im, c'd 'a' plunked 'im, mebbe. Guess *he* wun't give no more trouble," he added, holding the lantern down beside the ugly face of Schepers.

"Gad!" said Brinton. "That fellow is the same one who trapped me in Paris. Don't you recognize him, Sainte-Lucie? Cap, keep the lantern there a moment."

Sainte-Lucie in his turn looked at Schepers.

"Yes," said he, "I recognize him."

"And Monsieur Eliot, without the sword," remarked Steuben, "gave him a grand *coup de poing*. *Wohl auf!* It was well done."

"Of course they're bad stuff, and all that," said Brinton, "but it hardly seems the decent thing to leave them like this. I think I'll ask Peyron to have them buried. I'm willing to pay for it."

"*Nom de Dieu!*" exclaimed Sainte-Lucie, "if you begin that, my friend, you will be in-

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volved with the authorities, and while we shall acquit ourselves well, we may be delayed Heaven knows how long. Meanwhile, the orders from Paris will arrive, and then all is over. No! They have brought their fate upon them. Let them lie."

"*En avant!*" said the baron, brusgly.

That settled the matter, and they went down the hill to the harbor, where a light at the stern of the *Flamand* glimmered in the gloom.

In the morning, when the spanker-sheets were set, the foretopgallants filling, and men running up rope ladders to the stud-sail halyards, M. Achille Peyron came on board.

"Monsieur Eliot," said he, "I am glad to see you again. I regret being somewhat behind my appointed time. I was delayed by the crowd in the Rue de la Loge. A couple of knaves killed in a brawl. Unfortunately, with our mixed population, such affairs are too frequent here."

"Indeed?" said Brinton. "Amazing unpleasant. What do you think of the *Flamand* now?"

"Magnificent! A ship of war, in fact."

"She's going out as a privateer. Come into the cabin, and we'll finish our business."

They did so. Brinton opened his books, and M. Peyron arranged his papers.

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"I suppose this is the complete list of what you have received," said Brinton.

"Yes."

"Forty bales of tanjeebs, twenty-six of jollopours, eighteen of chowtahs —"

Brinton went on slowly through the list, and checked it by his books. When everything was found correct, M. Peyron paid him sixty thousand francs, and the transaction was settled.

Peyron was then shown over the vessel which was ready to sail, meeting a certain Monsieur Darsac and a certain Monsieur Frank (for Steuben was booked under that name), and wound up at the gangway in a very affable mood.

"Good-by," said he, shaking Brinton's hand cordially. "Pray give my respects to your father. We have had so many dealings with one another that I feel as though I knew him. I trust you will have a good voyage. The wind is all you could wish."

Brinton saw him again on the dock as the *Flamand* left the harbor, and waved him a farewell.

Some two hours later, as M. Achille Peyron came out of his warehouse in the Rue Coutellerie, there dashed by him, headed toward the Hôtel de Ville, a sorrel horse, bearing a man in the royal red and yellow

A Soldier sails over the Sea

livery, a king's courier, hard-galloping and flecked with foam.

But the good ship *Flamand*, Captain Ichabod Elderkin, had passed the Forts St. Nicolas and St. Jean, and, with all sails set, ploughed the blue waters of the Mediterranean.

CHAPTER XVI

IN WHICH MR. EDWARD SHIPPEN FIGHTS THE EARL OF HARBOROUGH

THE news of the capture of Mr. Edward Shippen and of the Earl of Harborough created consternation at Judge Shippen's residence and vexation at General Howe's headquarters. Sir William began negotiations for the exchange of the earl, while Judge Shippen, very much out of temper that Edward, who was a non-combatant, should have been carried off in such fashion, took steps at once to obtain his release. Major André was out of temper likewise, for the earl had learned his part of lover in the "Constant Couple," and it was extremely annoying to have him whisked off the stage at the time of the final rehearsal. It was not less annoying to Judge Shippen to have Edward whisked off the field of action, for he had received no answer from Miss Allen, and under present circumstances he could not very well demand one until he was in possession of his son. Therefore Judge Shippen and Major André used strong lan-

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guage, referring to Captain McLane in a manner far from flattering. Captain McLane, however, who cared nothing at all for the vexations of Judge Shippen and Major André, was well pleased with himself, and had taken his prisoners to the American camp at White Marsh.

Although from boyhood he had been under the heel of parental authority, there was good blood in Edward, as in all the Shippens, and he was very much in earnest when he lashed the Earl of Harborough with his riding-whip at Germantown. The Englishman's insulting sneers, rendered doubly exasperating by the fact that they were uttered before the one woman with whom Edward wished to stand well, had roused the father-ridden son to assert himself for the first time, and though on sober second thought he was somewhat frightened at the consequences, he still did not regret his action. Harborough had challenged him, he had accepted the challenge, and at the first opportunity he meant to fight.

The American camp on the hills north of the Elmar house extended from Wissahickon Creek to Sandy Run, and consisted of rude log huts, flanked by pentagonal redoubts. Mr. Shippen was shut up in Mather's mill, from the windows of which he could see the Pennsylvania Continentals, some with shabby

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brown coats faced with buff, some with green coats, and others with no coats at all, marching and countermarching. Upon one occasion he heard general orders read, in which the commander-in-chief offered a prize of ten dollars to the soldier who could make the best shoes out of raw hides; serviceability was the prime requisite, and style was left to the fancy of the artisan. Occasionally Mr. Shippen was allowed to walk about with a guard, and learned speedily that beef was a shilling a pound, that a pair of leather breeches cost twenty dollars, and that the luxuries of this world were pork, pease, rice, butter, and rum. The Earl of Harborough, who was confined with others in the big thatched barn near Elmar's spring house, could see the gray and green coats of the Maryland Continentals, and he too learned of the luxury of this world, for one of the Maryland boys was obliging enough to loan him a razor and some soap. Thus several weeks passed, and it was November before Shippen had the opportunity he sought. He might not have had it even then but for the stupidity of Fritz Tilghman. Tilghman of the Second Pennsylvania was blessed with little besides an excellent constitution. "*Was meinen Sie damit?*" ("What do you mean by that?") was ever on his tongue, for his wits worked slowly.

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On a chill November afternoon Shippen walked with Tilghman toward the pentagonal redoubt, and on passing an angle of oak tree-trunks about the temporary works, he perceived the Earl of Harborough. It was the first time the two men had met since their capture by McLane. Harborough was less florid than usual, and his scarlet and gold lace decidedly less fresh, but he carried himself quite in his old manner; it was very doubtful if he had ever thanked the Maryland boy who loaned him the razor and soap. Shippen, who was some three or four inches shorter than the earl, wore riding-boots and brown breeches, a dark brown coat with steel buttons, and a red waistcoat, much embroidered but slightly soiled, and his hair beneath his cocked hat had lost its powder. The descendant of the great first Edward was no longer the neat, well-dressed individual who came lightly of a morning out of the big house in Philadelphia. Of the name or appearance of the guard accompanying Harborough it seems impossible to find any trace; he belonged, probably, to the Maryland Continentals, but that is all that can be said.

Mr. Shippen had noticed that Tilghman carried a brace of pistols; and on seeing Harborough, he turned to the German with the remark, "You keep your pistols remarkably

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clean. Would you mind letting me look at that one for a moment?"

"Deese vun," said Tilghman, taking the designated weapon from his belt, "ees not sooch a goot vun. Deese odder vun I dink ish goot vun."

Shippen took the pistol and examined it, but, instead of handing it back, said somewhat hurriedly, "This seems excellent. You think the other is better? May I compare them?"

Tilghman was proud of his pistols, and passed the second one over to Shippen. It seems incredible that a soldier of the Second Pennsylvania could have been so stupid, but the fact remains none the less, and facts are strange things at times. Then the mutton-headed fellow stood there with a grin on his fat face, expecting to hear his pistols praised. Shippen, however, said nothing about the second pistol, but turned on his heel and walked toward Harborough. "*Was meinen Sie damit?*" said the bewildered Tilghman. It was ever on his tongue.

Shippen was excited, and was evidently working hard to keep up his nerve.

"This is the first chance I've had at you," he cried. "There! take your pick of those. I'll fight you right here and now."

"You young fool!" said Harborough, scornfully. "I'll fight you fast enough, but in a proper place and at a proper time."

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Shippen whipped off his hat, and struck the earl full in the face.

"Damn you!" cried Harborough, seizing a pistol, "I'll kill you!"

"Unless I kill you. Twelve paces!"

The gray-coated Maryland guard ran forward, tripped over a small tree-trunk, and went down, and while the stupid Tilghman bawled his idiotic, "*Was meinen Sie damit?*" Shippen and Harborough walked and whirled. Two sharp reports rang out. With a smoking pistol in his hand the Earl of Harborough stood erect, but Mr. Edward Shippen reeled and sank helpless on the sod.

CHAPTER XVII

IN WHICH THE *FLAMAND* FIGHTS THE *DUCHESS OF CUMBERLAND*

THE morning of the 12th of November dawned cold and gray on the Atlantic. A stiff breeze had been the harbinger of the light, and the *Flamand*, under half canvas, held her course northwest by west. She had had a tempestuous passage. Twice her fore-castle had been on fire, and that with seventeen hundredweight of gunpowder in the hole. But by prompt action day-work had worsted danger, and she came now, ploughing a choppy sea, her black guns peering through her ports. Day broadened, and the lookout descried a sail to starboard. Before seven o'clock three great white topsails had risen above the horizon. "What be she?" cried Elderkin; and from the lofty foremast the lookout shouted, "A frigate, carrying the British flag!"

With that the boatswain's whistle piped fore and aft, the starboard watch came tumbling out of the main hatch, and Brinton Eliot, Baron Steuben, and the Comte de Sainte-

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Lucie, leaving their half-eaten breakfasts, rushed on deck, to find the captain giving orders rapidly. Heathcote's trumpet was sounding, the studding-sails were filling, high up on the yards men were crawling, and from topgallant to main-course wide sheets of white canvas blossomed out on every mast. The *Flamand*, like a great gull, spread her wings.

"*Wohl auf! hop-sossa!*" cried the baron; and he stood there, crushing his cocked hat on his head with one hand and holding his glass to his eye with the other. "Monsieur Eliot!" said he, suddenly. "*Voilà! Le drapeau d'Angleterre!*"

The *Flamand* was a good sailer, and by eight o'clock she was rapidly approaching the enemy. About nine Elderkin luffed a little, and as the matches had been smoking for a good half-hour, he fired a forward battery, but his shots fell short. As the distance lessened, the British ship discharged her guns, but the rough cross sea rendered it difficult for her to rake. Aboard the *Flamand* grape and canister screeched through the rigging, but, seeing his masts safe, Elderkin shouted through his trumpet: "Make sail! Ready th' fore royal!" And in loud tones came the answer, "Ready aft, sir!" Brinton, seizing a rammer, ran to the forward battery, where there was work for all hands. Steuben whipped off his coat, and helped in hoisting

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shot up from the hole like any powder-monkey, and the sight of the adjutant-general of the great Frederick so inspired the half-naked fellows that they found time to give him three cheers.

With the flag of England at her mizzen-mast the frigate bore down upon them, poking her big black bowsprit forward like a thing of life; and then, squaring her yards suddenly, she crossed the *Flamand's* bows, letting drive a broadside which sent the main-topsail yard crashing across the fore-topsail braces, and brought five sailors fluttering, like wounded pigeons, through the rigging — two dead upon the deck and three sinking in the sea. So far so good for Britannic Majesty, and across the white foam that flecked the blue waves swept the smoke of a king's guns and the shouts of his subjects. For to this point has the thing advanced, and to this end have they met on the high seas, that they who toss tea may learn that George the Third rules, and no other. The crux is come, and in it will Elderkin, of stout New England fighting stock, find that his thirty years of sailing have brought him to no better end than the gun thunder of Britannic Majesty and Wigglesworth's "Day of Doom"? He answers: roar and thunder go his port guns, earnest and incessant; for on the high seas and under God's heaven there is that which

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no king can rule. Swift sheets of flame leaped through the ports, and the decks shook at the recoil. "Drive thim frum th' yards!" cried Elderkin. "Give 'em grape!" And again the frigate was raked by the *Flamand's* guns. For a moment the Englishmen fancied their foe was on fire, but that fancy went overboard with their main-topmast and part of their rigging, and confusion came in its place. With her decks bloody and her cockpit filling up with wounded, the frigate drew away and tacked, and for some forty minutes both ships manœuvred for position, their hulls, like huge bulls, snorting furiously from time to time. In a wide waste of waters they blazed and bellowed, they and others elsewhere; for it was no light task to teach wisdom to dull wits at Windsor.

Forty minutes of this sort of thing, however, sufficed for Elderkin. Let the risks of raking be what they might, he would luff up and make end. There he stood by the rail, his raw-boned figure taut, his hands clasped behind him under the skirts of his coat, and twice, at the sound of the British guns, he tossed his coat tails energetically. The *Flamand*, shrouded in the smoke which blew from the frigate, advanced silently, too silently for Heathcote, who grew anxious.

"Cap," he cried, "ain't ye goin' ter fire?"

"Not yit!" said Elderkin. "Git them guns

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double-shot. I'll wait till I kin see th' buttins on their coats."

Thus Elderkin; and truly that was a great moment in a career which had begun with the "Bay Psalm-Book." His late lamented aunt, — she of the Puritan primness and the Cotton Mather prophecy, — what would have been the foreword of her greeting had she fronted him as he rode the high seas, holding hell-fire and damnation in the hollow of his hand?

Therefore the *Flamand* wore, stood for the frigate, and got athwart her bows; and when the ships were at the distance of a pistol-shot, Elderkin said to Heathcote, without turning his head, "Fire naow!" All the ports flamed, and the broadside thundered, and shouts shook the decks, and timbers were shivered. Down in the gray smoke the *Flamand's* gunners were sweating, and aboard her, let none fancy that a veteran of the Seven Years' War stood idle, or that a son of France, one of whose far-distant, mail-clad sires had marched with the great Charles, failed to lend a hand. Once more the black guns blew their hot and deadly breath, and at the sound of it the mizenmast with the flag of England cracked and crashed, and left the frigate lurching. She gave a feeble broadside as the *Flamand* luffed again across her bows, and with that resistance ceased. There was no hauling down of

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colors; the colors were down, and Elderkin, flushed with victory, hailed, "Who be ye?"

"His Majesty's frigate *Duchess of Cumberland*, twenty-six."

"This here's th' *Flamand*, U.S. of Ameriky, twenty-four."

His raw-boned figure became less taut, and, turning round to Heathcote, he added: "They're mine! Blow *me*, ef they ain't!"

This, then, was victory, and it was now time to count the cost of it. The *Flamand* had had fourteen men killed and twenty-three wounded; while on the frigate the dead numbered fifty-two, and the wounded in the cockpit one hundred and ten. The smoke drifted slowly away, and in a small boat Heathcote, with a picked crew, went over to the *Duchess of Cumberland*. Captain Ballingford's naval career had been cut short, and there was nothing left for him but to enter that small boat, cross to the *Flamand*, and give his sword to Elderkin. Since there was no alternative, he entered and seated himself, placed his sword between his knees, leaned on the hilt, and said not a word on the way over. Before him bright blades cut the water keenly, and as they passed the wrecked mizzenmast of the frigate, the blade of an oar caught up a fold of colored bunting which, at the next stroke, sank under the shifting waters. It was the flag of England.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE HEYDAY OF SIR WILLIAM HOWE

IN Philadelphia, meanwhile, the British were preparing for a pleasant winter, and as the formal festivities opened on the 14th of November with a grand ball at the City Tavern, there was much activity among the makers of fly hoops, fan hoops, bell hoops, pocket hoops, and in short among all mantua-makers. Such sewing and basting, powdering and pomading, Philadelphia had never seen, for the women of Philadelphia, heedless of Quakers who raised their hands in horror, had resolved on that occasion to be modish or die. A new Alexander had shot athwart the military horizon, Sir William Howe, and he, and the fame of him, according to the redcoats, surpassed all commanders, past, present, or to come. What could be more fitting, then, than that mantua-makers should fashion his immortal laurels? He drove each day with Mrs. Pemberton's coach and pair — a well-built, well-bred man of mediocre talent, not the only general in history whose laurels were mantua-maker made.

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The ball-room and the card-rooms of the City Tavern were bright with many lights, and the dames and daughters of the Chews, the Winthrops, the Allens, the Cadwaladers, the Franks, the Auchmutys, the Bonds, the Redmans, were on hand — fortresses to which redcoats with mantua-makers' laurels were well fitted to lay siege. There was no lack of the latter, truly, in pumps, silk stockings, and satin small-clothes, ruffles, and gay waistcoats, and for the rest, clad in that cock-sure scarlet of His Britannic Majesty, bull-headed, dandified, and domineering. This was their heyday, and for months to come Philadelphia was to be filled with their brag and their bluster and their foolish fanfaronading, until, by God's grace, we swept them and their cock-sure scarlet from it and from the face of a free land.

Mrs. Chauncey Winthrop regretted that she had come to please her daughter, for the blaze of scarlet vexed her righteous soul.

"Lud!" said she, settling herself beside Mrs. Pemberton, "'tis amazing how they take on. Polly has caught the plague, and here I am, willy-nilly, chained to Sir William's chariot wheels."

"'Tis amazing, indeed," said Mrs. Pemberton. "But if Sir William has taken Philadelphia, Betty Allen has taken Sir William. He has dangled about her ever since he came in."

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"'Twould make some girls giddy-pated," said Mrs. Winthrop, "but Betty has uncommon sense. Lud! The Earl of Harborough and young Edward Shippen fought a duel about her. Most monstrous! And Betty is terribly distressed. She is like to give Sir William some sharp raps for exchanging Captain Crawford for the earl."

"*Entre nous*," said Mrs. Pemberton, "is not Mrs. Allen trying to marry her to the earl?"

"She is indeed. 'Tis most outrageous. I have a mind to tell her so, and I dare say we shall have a scene."

"And where is Edward now?"

"Edward is out at Valley Forge. Mrs. Greene has been very kind to him and writes that he is recovering from his wound. But the Shippens are in a furious temper."

"I never imagined that Edward was in love with Betty."

"I don't know that he is. The Shippens are not here on account of his misfortune. There is no love lost between Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Shippen, I can tell you."

The fiddles played merrily the music of a contra-dance, and there was much rustling of petticoats, and flitting to and fro of scarlet. The gay throng surged from the blue punch bowls across the wide waxed floor. The women with their painted fans went forth to

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ball-room battle, and fans fluttered, modestly, coquettishly, amorously, in short, with all flutters of the fan manual.

To the annoyance of André, Tarleton, De Lancey, and the Hon. Hytesbury-Lemington, Sir William Howe continued to monopolize Miss Allen. A fine figure, Sir William's, in all the pomp and glitter of a British general's uniform, and he stood there, with one hand on the hilt of his sword, laughing and chatting, stood and had stood, causing envious glances, and apparently proposed to stand.

"Egad!" said he, smiling, "it seems that you are not pleased because I gave Mr. Washington Captain Crawford in exchange for the Earl of Harborough."

"It is good form here, Sir William, to say *General* Washington."

"A Whig, by Jove!"

"Ods! Sir William. Have you been talking to me all this time without discovering that? You're most amazing dull."

"And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke," replied Sir William, laughing.

"'Tis the second time in ten minutes that Mars has summoned the Muse to aid him," said Betty, merrily. "Pray now, from what does that line come?"

"The 'Dunciad,' if I remember rightly."

"Oh, the 'Dunciad'! I am not over-fond of poetry, and with you one is like to die of

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it. Therefore / cry for quarter. But believe me, Sir William, you will not defeat General Washington with an epigram."

At that moment, in spite of the fact that Sir William was in attendance, Major André had the hardihood to ask Miss Allen for the contra-dance. Miss Allen accepted promptly, and gave Sir William at parting a magnificent courtesy. The new Alexander was left to continue his progress down the line of flowered and festooned petticoats, and gather his mantua-makers' laurels.

Sir William, however, in passing from Betty to the tittering of Mrs. Auchmuty and the blatant effusiveness of Mrs. Redman, found himself extremely bored; and as he watched Miss Allen dancing with André, the new Alexander, who could muster rhymes more effectively than regiments, muttered Suckling's lines: —

" Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice steal in and out,
As if they fear the light ;
But oh, she dances such a way !
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight."

But Miss Allen, though she danced divinely, was very unhappy. She expected to encounter the Earl of Harborough at any moment. Since he had returned to Philadelphia she knew that she must meet him

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sooner or later, and though she might have stayed away from the ball, and so postponed the inevitable, she preferred to face the music. The fact that Harborough had learned of her father's obligations to Judge Shippen made her nervous. It was not surprising that she did not thank Sir William Howe for bringing him back.

"Od's life!" said André, suddenly, "there's Harborough looking like a June morning. He ought to, with his income."

Betty turned her head and saw the earl, who was receiving congratulations from several officers. He saw her also, and, as soon as the music ceased, he came quickly toward her. There was no escaping him.

"Well," said André, "here you are at last. The 'Constant Couple' went off without you. DeLancey took your part at the eleventh hour and played it to the life."

"Oh, I dare say," replied Harborough, and turning to Betty, he bowed in his usual fashion. "Miss Allen," said he, "are you not glad to see your friends?"

Betty ignored the question altogether.

"Major Bingham," said she, coldly, "I understand that you have fought Mr. Shippen."

"The young fool challenged me, and —"

"Because you had insulted him in my presence. I respect him for it."

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"And you despise me for defending you?"

"What do you mean, sir?"

André had left Miss Allen after Harborough greeted her, and at the moment Betty and the earl were alone near the door of the card-room.

"If you will be gracious enough to grant me a few moments' conversation, I can make myself clear," replied Harborough.

Betty walked into the card-room and sat down. The earl did likewise.

"Now," said she, "you may explain what you mean."

"I will be frank with you," said Harborough, lightly, "and I trust you will esteem me a man of honor. While at Westwood I was an unwilling listener—quite accidental, I assure you, and quite against my will—to a conversation between your father and mother on the subject of your father's obligations to Judge Shippen, for it seems the judge can ruin your father unless you marry young Shippen."

Betty bit her lip and said nothing.

"In camp Shippen boasted of this fact, declaring before a dozen of the rebels that your father would sell you for £10,000, and that he would have you yet. I slapped the miscreant across the mouth. He challenged me, and I wounded him. Could I have done less?"

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Thus this rake posed as a man of honor, and lied with an easy grace.

Betty had risen and stood there, very pale and with wide-open eyes. She saw again the honest face of Edward Shippen as she had last seen it on the road to Germantown, when, in answer to Harborough's remark about Mr. Allen's indebtedness to Judge Shippen, he had looked at her and asked what it all meant. That was the Edward Shippen she had known, and she answered the Earl of Harborough firmly:—

“Major Bingham, I don't believe you!”

The earl shrugged his shoulders slightly.

“Egad!” said he, “that is as much as to say—however, no matter. The facts are as I have told you. I regret that you don't believe me. I give you the word of a man of honor, Miss Allen, that I will keep the secret, and, furthermore, I should be only too glad to be of assistance by loaning your father the sum he—”

“Stop, sir! You have already made me the subject of toasts, you have connected my name with a duel. I beg you to spare me further notoriety. But whatever you may do or not do, the Allens have not sunk so low that they will accept favors from the Harboroughs. You may go, sir!”

CHAPTER XIX

FROM THE SEA TO THE FORGE

ON the 1st of December the *Flamand*, weather-beaten but victorious, arrived at the shores of New Hampshire, and the port of Portsmouth. The *Duchess of Cumberland*, which Elderkin had jury-rigged and turned over to Heathcote and a picked crew, followed in her wake.

M. Duponceau, the baron's secretary, was sent ashore to inform the commander of Steuben's presence. Langdon came in his barge, and, as the baron put it afterwards in a letter to Hechingen, all Portsmouth gathered "to see the elephant." Steuben in full uniform, Eliot, and the Comte de Sainte-Lucie, stepped into the barge, and as they crossed the harbor the guns of the fortress fired a salute. It was a day long remembered among worthy Portsmouth folk when the adjutant-general of the great Frederick, who had cut his ties with the Old World, placed his foot on the shore of the New, which, for the remaining seventeen years of his life, was to be his home. Above the fortress floated

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the Stars and Stripes, and Brinton Eliot, after many wanderings, saw again his country, and, for the first time, his country's flag.

They dined with General Langdon, about whose house more than two hundred people rubbed elbows in their eagerness to catch a glimpse of the baron, and at that dinner they first heard the news, the most glorious, the surrender of Burgoyne.

For the brass-helmeted Brunswick dragoons, the feathered sachems of the Mohawks, and the red-coated British regulars had gone down before the yeomen of New England, and the fame of it was to fill a wondering world. Under full sail it was sweeping the wide waters. It would cause Lord George Germain in Pall Mall to pigeonhole his plan of campaign with an oath; it would paralyze the Lord Chancellor in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury; it would knock Lord North in Downing Street logger-headed; and it would give to His Britannic Majesty at Kew a fit of indigestion. The Commonwealth of Massachusetts had sent Jonathan Austin on a swift ship to carry it to Paris, and while Steuben, Eliot, and Sainte-Lucie dined at Portsmouth, Austin in his turn rolled with a clatter of hoofs and a rumble of wheels into the courtyard of the Hôtel de Valentinois, where three men in dire extremity had need of him. That was the darkest

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hour in the history of the American Embassy. News had reached them of the capture of Philadelphia, to them the Revolution seemed ready to collapse, and they sat together, Franklin, Deane, Beaumarchais. Before one loomed financial ruin, and the others, facing the fall of all their hopes, saw themselves without a country, pensioners on the bounty of a Bourbon. At the sound of Austin's carriage, they came out, pallid in the lamp-light. "Is it true," asked Mr. Franklin, "that the British have taken Philadelphia?" "Yes, sir," replied Austin. The old man sobbed and tottered toward the steps. "But, sir," cried Austin, "I bring glorious news. General Burgoyne and all his army are prisoners of war!" At what speed Beaumarchais's horses galloped back to Paris! At what speed his horses galloped to Versailles!

Baron Steuben set out almost immediately for York, Pennsylvania, where Congress then sat. M. Duponceau and the Comte de Sainte-Lucie went with him, but Eliot remained in Portsmouth to arrange for the sale of the *Duchess of Cumberland*. Eventually the ship and her cargo brought more than two hundred thousand dollars, American money. The arms and ammunition, sent by Roderique Hortalez & Company on the *Flamand*, were unloaded, and the proper arrangements made for transportation. There

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was the transfer, too, of Ballingford and his men. All this took time, but the days were uneventful and had better be passed over.

Elderkin, sighing for new conquests, had applied for letters of marque, and the morning came when the *Flamand* was ready to sail again. Full-rigged, she was a fair sight in the harbor.

"Gud-by, Mr. El'ot!" exclaimed Elderkin, grasping Brinton's hand. "Th' hull thing hes been gret! Ef I don't scoop in prizes fer yer dad, an' th' U.S., blow *me*! I ain't no pirate. I be a privateersman. Th' deef'runce atween 'em's all th' deef'runce atween hell an' heav'n."

"Good-by, Cap," said Brinton. "Good-by and good luck. The *Flamand* has a flag now, Cap."

"Ye kin bet! Gud-by, Mr. El'ot. God bless ye! Tell th' Dutch Burr'n he's gret."

Then the good ship *Flamand*, Captain Ichabod Elderkin, privateer, passing the fortress of Portsmouth, sailed into the wide waters of the Atlantic.

Brinton had intended to go to Philadelphia, but that was now impossible. For the present he could see neither Westwood nor the house in Bowling Green. He set out, therefore, for Valley Forge, and, on reaching York, was not a little surprised to find Steuben still there. Congress had received the

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baron with open arms, but had delayed him none the less, for York was in a sad turmoil. Gates was there the hero of the hour, and the watchword of the discontented, and the Conway Cabal sought to unhorse the Man of Trenton and elevate the so-called Man of Saratoga. This was dirty work, but the very air of York was heavy with conspiracy. Steuben and Eliot were glad to flee the plague, and on the 23d of February they reached Valley Forge.

Near the Schuylkill stood the small stone house of Isaac Potts, the headquarters of the commander-in-chief, beyond which, at no great distance, could be seen the huts of Huntington's and Maxwell's corps, log-built, snow-covered, in which many a man of Bunker Hill or Brandywine sat in a uniform as scanty as that of an Iroquois or an Apache, rubbing his frost-bitten feet and damning Congress. Farther on was Knox and his artillery, and beyond them the Pennsylvanians of "Mad Anthony," the men of Patterson, of Muhlenberg, of others, the Army of the United States, internally the finest troops in the world, externally shoeless, coatless scarecrows, with stout hearts and empty stomachs, held together by the personality of a great man, and warmed only by the fires of patriotism with which, fortunately for us all, they were well supplied.

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Here then was the forge in which an army was to be made. To it came the Prussian blacksmith who was to weld and hammer. His coming began a new era, and on the night of his arrival Washington gave as the watchword — "Steuben."

CHAPTER XX

AT THE FORGE

ON the following morning the commander-in-chief and the baron made a tour of the camp. They passed sentinels whose bare feet were wrapped in dirty rags, who were clad in horse blankets, and who carried muskets covered with rust. They walked between lines of low huts with tattered blankets for doors, from behind which came groans, and more than once feeble cries of "no pay!" "no provisions!" They saw soldiers, harnessed like mules, dragging wagons containing the scanty supplies the neighborhood afforded. The commander-in-chief, tall, stately, with his cocked hat and large cockade, wrapped in his long dark cloak, strode on, his boots crunching the snow. It must have been extremely painful for him to show his army in its misery to the adjutant-general of the great Frederick. The thick-set, red-faced baron paced beside him. The ragged sentinels presented arms. When they had gone from redoubt to redoubt, when they had seen all, Steuben, who had made few remarks, turned to Washington.

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"*Gottstausend!*" said he. "You hav' in deese blace for dree mont' kep' dem to-geder?"

"Certainly."

A great light broke in upon the baron. "*Je vous comprends! Je vous comprends!*" he cried, and, raising his cocked hat, he saluted the commander-in-chief. "I do not dink," said he, "der ees at deese dime a man in Europe who could do so."

Eliot entered the Fourth New York and was given a lieutenancy. He said frankly that he had everything to learn, and expressed himself as willing to serve anywhere. But Walker soon showed him the folly of that under the circumstances. For New York, as for New Jersey, the regulation uniform was blue, faced with buff, with white buttons and linings; but at that time not a man in the regiment had one, although at the moment a thousand or more of them were lying in hogsheads on the roads and in the woods, rotting for lack of transportation; for Congress had kicked Colonel Joseph Trumbull out of the commissariat, and put in two commissary-generals who played battledore and shuttlecock continually. However, though the Fourth New York lacked uniforms, muskets, and many things, they had Michael Gorrigan, corporal, and he did much to keep them going.

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"Sure, lieutenant," said he to Brinton, "ye will be a cridit t' th' rigimint, an' no mistake, bekase ye hev on ye th' unly daycint pair o' breeches in 't."

"I have another pair," said Brinton, laughing and clapping the big Irishman on the shoulder. "I'll give them to you, and in return you must show me something about the tactics."

"Tactics?" replied Gorrigan. "Faith! 'tis little anny wan in th' rigimint knows about thim. Whin we see their bloody rid bellies, we giv' 'em lead, an' thin prisintly we see their bloody rid backs. Thim's our tactics! Sure, I hev been at Hairlem Heights, an' White Plains, an' Trinton, an' th' devil knows where, but 'tis little I know about tactics. Th' rist is th' same. Is it throe thot th' Barron Stewbun will review us this day?"

"Yes," said Brinton, "I believe he will very shortly."

"Well, sor, wait till he sees th' rigimintals on th' Foorth New Yark! He will be parrallyzed. Will ye come wid me down th' line?"

As they walked between the rows of snow-covered huts, Eliot in cocked hat, boots, and brown surtout, and Gorrigan in a shirt of soiled blue frieze, with a powder-horn slung on his shoulder, with leather breeches torn to shreds, bare legs covered with red hair,

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and foot-gear which possibly some years before might have resembled shoes, the latter said: "Ye see, lieutenant, th' bhoys gits cold an' hongry betimes. Thin I hev t' perk 'em up a bit. Sure, I'm sthrong on dis'plin', sor."

At that moment, from a hut which they were passing, a voice said mournfully, "No pay!" Gorrigan stopped, pushed aside the dirty blanket, and stuck his head in. "T' hell wid pay!" said he. "If ye hed it, 'twud be unly th' paper money o' Congriss which ain't wurth its weight in wind. Ye air as well widout it as wid it. Quit grumblin'!" They went on again, but before they had gone twenty feet some one said sadly, "No provisions!" Gorrigan stopped again, and thrust aside the curtain. "Sure," said he, "there's thim that's rich an' can't eat, an' wud giv' good money fur an appetite. Ye hev th' appetite, an' ye air not contint. Quit grumblin'!" They continued down the line, and reached a ragged sentinel who saluted, remarking at the same time, "I ain't had s' much as a pertater th' hull day." "T' hear *ye* talk," said Gorrigan, "anny wan wud sippose thot we were fightin' fur luxuries. We're fightin' fur liberty, ain't we? Quit grumblin'!" The Fourth New York had a valuable man in Michael Gorrigan, corporal.

In two hours the grand parade was held,

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and the Prussian blacksmith saw the work cut out for him. He found in every company muskets, carbines, fowling-pieces, rifles, powder-pouches, tin boxes, cow-horns. He saw coats of every kind and cut from well-worn blue or green uniforms to blankets and bed-covers, and if the costumes were varied so was the formation. There were regiments of three platoons, of five, of eight, of nine, of twenty-one, each with its own mode of the manual exercise according to the fancy of its colonel, some in the English style, some in the Prussian, some in the French. There were captains who had no roll of their companies, and colonels who could not tell the strength of their regiments. "How many in deese vun?" he asked the colonel of the Third New Jersey. "Something between two and three hundred, sir." "Zomezings bedween? *Gott im himmel!* Zomezings bedween!" He found too that the regiments could neither form in column nor deploy; that of the little manœuvres they knew little, and of the grand manœuvres nothing. Such they were. Let no one, looking upon them, smile. For they were soldiers, not of the parade-ground, but of the battle-field, to which they had come at their country's call, where they had been kept in the stress of strife, and on which they had been much too busy killing redcoats to learn the military

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alphabet. Likewise, how much of the grand manœuvres could be known by colonels and captains who had only Bland's "Exercise," and Symmes's "Military Guide"? The baron saw the work cut out for him, and undaunted by its magnitude, or the limited means at his command, he went at it hammer and tongs.

At seven o'clock on the following morning, a hundred and twenty men stood near the flagpole on the snow-covered parade-ground. Twenty non-commissioned officers were also in waiting. To the west were the huts of the New York regiments, and beyond them those of Wayne's brigade. "What's up?" said Sprout of the Fourth New York, looking out through a rent in his blanket. "Faith!" said Gorrigan, "I see th' Barron Stewbun an' th' new lieutenant, thot giv' me th' breeches I hev on me. Th' barron's a gun in 'is hand, wid a bay'net. Sure, th' off'cers in this rigimint will not handle a gun. They say 'tis a sargint's jooty."

The thick-set Steuben, in his cocked hat and white bag-wig, with his blue coat faced with red, his gold epaulets, and high boots, was striding across the parade-ground, his sword by his side, and in his hand a gun with a bright bayonet. For one thing, among many, he desired to teach the American soldier that the bayonet was to be used for something besides the cooking of beef. Eliot came

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with him to repeat his orders, for with the exception of Eliot and Walker, there was no one who could speak French, and the baron's knowledge of English was as limited as his knowledge of military manœuvres, and stock of German and French oaths, was extensive. Dividing the men into squads of eight, he drilled them, going through the manual himself, marching with them, wheeling with them, and damning them up hill and down dale. "*Sacre-bleu!*" he cried in dismay at the end of two hours. "*Gott-vertamn de gaucherie von dese badauts!* I can curse dem no more." But the same thing was repeated in the afternoon, and so on, twice a day, for a fortnight. At the end of that time the awkward fellows had learned perfectly how to bear their arms, had acquired a military air, and manœuvred with excellent precision. They were paraded in the presence of all the officers, to the delight of the army, and were made the guard of the commander-in-chief. Steuben applied his system to battalions and to brigades, and in three weeks more executed manœuvres with an entire division. Then he issued his orders. Every morning, at six o'clock, the divisions were ordered to general parade, soldiers in squads of eight to be drilled in ordinary marching by non-commissioned officers. At nine came the parade with the manual of arms; at noon, particular instruction to non-

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commissioned officers; at three o'clock, drilling in divisions as in the morning; at six o'clock, the meeting of adjutants at the baron's quarters for instruction in theoretic manœuvring.

Nothing could have been better than the enthusiasm with which the work was taken up. Colonels, captains, lieutenants, corporals, all were drilling. It was interesting to hear Gorrigan on the parade-ground with a squad of eight. "Keep marchin'! Keep marchin'! Throw yer chists out an' yer shoulders back! Sure, th' barron's th' bhoy thot will make ye throw yer chists out. Halt! Prisint ar-rms! Raykivver yersilves! Furward! Keep marchin'! Keep marchin', an' befoore ye die ye will all be ginerals!"

Such was the work in which Brinton was engaged, and the daily calls of duty plunged him into a vortex of military manœuvres. But in the midst of it all, on the parade-ground, again and again, Westwood and Bowling Green could not be banished from his mind, and as he thought of those who dwelt there, and of those who clutched them, he forgot all but the end in view, and worked his squads so energetically that Gorrigan exclaimed, "Faith! lieutenant, ye will hev thim kilt!"

If he was depressed at times, he was soon to be more so, and to receive a blow for which he was little prepared. On an April evening,

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as he was going to the baron's to attend the instruction in theoretic manœuvring, a cavalry captain jumped off his horse at the headquarters of the commander-in-chief, and when Brinton came round in front of the stone house he ran into the arms of Benjamin Tallmadge.

Here then, at Valley Forge, by God's providence, was the brotherhood of Yale. Under the elms these sons of the great Mother had said good-by when they began life's journey, little dreaming through what they and their country would pass before they met again. In the white pews of the old brick chapel they had formed part of a body, undergraduate and scholastic, beneath which slumbered a body militant. But that which then slumbered, there and elsewhere, now stood forth, booted and spurred, its sword by its side, clad in its harness of blue and buff. From it many men would learn much, and among others a Britannic Majesty.

Tallmadge was now a captain in the Continental Horse and was engaged also in the secret service in which General Washington had found him efficient. The blow came when Brinton, after giving the reasons which took him abroad, concluded by saying: "You see it was really the only thing for me to do. I'm glad now that I went because a great deal of good has come of it in many ways.

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Ben, your rig fits amazing well. How's Nathan?"

Tallmadge started as though he had been struck.

"Brinton!" he cried, "don't you know?"

"Know what, Ben?" asked Brinton. And there was something in Tallmadge's expression which made him add anxiously, "What's wrong with Nathan?"

"Nothing. Everything's *right* with Nathan now. But don't ask me anything more, I beg of you."

Brinton saw in Ben's face much more than his words conveyed, and shivered.

"How did he die?"

The cavalry captain broke down completely, and throwing his arm round Brinton's neck, wept on his shoulder.

"Ben," said Brinton, "won't you tell me? This is worse than if you told me."

"He was killed, Brinton. He died like a hero."

"That's the way he would die, Ben. Where was he killed?"

"In Ranelagh Garden."

"In Ranelagh Garden? How came he —"

"They hung him as a spy!"

"Nathan? They hung Nathan? My God!"

The next hour had better be passed over. One has no right to pry too deeply into sorrow.

When they walked to Brinton's quarters

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they passed Gorrigan, and a few minutes later the corporal said to Tiffin of the Fourth New York: "Sure, there's some bad luck in this camp. I seen Lieutenant El'ot an' Cap' Tallmudge, an' their faces wuz as full o' wather as th' Schuylkill."

CHAPTER XXI

MR. SHIPPEN SIGNS HIMSELF, BUT CEASES TO BE, A DUTIFUL SON

MRS. WASHINGTON had come to grace the camp with her cheerful presence, and Mrs. Greene, that handsome and accomplished woman at whose house Steuben drank many a cup of coffee before riding to parade, had come also. She had been very kind to Mr. Edward Shippen during his convalescence, and it was at her house that Brinton met him on an April afternoon. They hardly knew one another, for in the old days in Philadelphia they had had merely a bowing acquaintance, and had probably never exchanged more than a dozen words. At their first meeting Brinton asked Shippen, naturally enough, how he came to be there. Shippen, at the moment, was not overcommunicative, and said simply that he had been captured by an American free lance and had been wounded later in a duel with the Earl of Harborough. As Brinton knew no such person, the information meant nothing to him. He asked no more questions, and

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matters drifted along for a week. It was Mrs. Greene who stirred things up. Her house was the rendezvous where they took coffee and sang simple songs, to which she played accompaniments on the harpsichord, for even Valley Forge had its brighter side.

"Really, baron," said she, for she spoke French fluently to Steuben's great delight, "you must take Philadelphia to see the American women, if for no other reason, for I do assure you that the women of Philadelphia are attractive and talented."

"*Ganz gut!* But I doubt if they surpass my hostess," replied the baron, gallantly. And with that he put another lump of sugar in his coffee.

"Baron, you're a most monstrous flatterer," said Mrs. Greene, laughing. "Lieutenant Eliot, of course, will say the New York women are more attractive. Won't you?"

"Well, you see," said Brinton, "I've been away from New York so long that — really I —"

"What! Lieutenant, do you decline to champion the New York women?"

"Oh, no, not at all. But I don't know that I'm a judge."

Mrs. Greene laughed merrily.

"At least," said she, "you will not deny the attractiveness of the women of Philadelphia?"

Shippen ceases to be a Dutiful Son

"Gad!" exclaimed Brinton, "I should think not!"

"There!" said she, triumphantly. "You are in love with some Philadelphia girl. One need not be Minerva to discover that."

"I have an aunt and cousin in Philadelphia," answered Brinton, flushing, "whom I am very fond of."

"Aunts and cousins are all very well, lieutenant, but one does not flush when one talks of them."

"Certainly not, Mrs. Greene. I'm not flushing."

"Lieutenant, you are. Is he not, baron?"

"Oh, without the doubt," answered the baron, laughing.

Brinton laughed too, since there was nothing else to be done.

"I should quiz you," continued Mrs. Greene, "oh, believe me, I should quiz you thoroughly, for I confess my weakness for match-making, but just now I have a love affair of Mr. Shippen's on my hands."

"So so?" said the baron. "Zounds! he is in good hands."

"Ah! baron. You are ever thus. I have been interested in Mr. Shippen on his mother's account, but I have grown to like him on his own. I think it has pleased him to tell his trouble to a woman much older than himself. The young fellow loves

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an amazing fine girl, but there are many complications. I have been enchanted."

"Who is the girl?" asked Brinton.

"There!" exclaimed Mrs. Greene. "That is just like men. They are always so inquisitive. Since Mr. Shippen has taken me into his confidence, I cannot tell you. She is quality to the tips of her fingers, and a great belle."

Brinton asked no more questions, and the conversation turned to other matters. From that time, however, he took more interest in Shippen, wondering if the duel he had fought had anything to do with the love affair.

A change, meanwhile, had come over Mr. Edward Shippen. The sights and sounds about him, the flag that floated above his head on the parade-ground, and the enthusiasm of the ragged regiments which marched and countermarched before his eyes, had had their effect. With the healing of his wound and the return of his strength there came to him new views, new purposes. The descendant of the great first Edward was no longer content to go through life on the strength of the fact that his ancestor had been the "biggest man with the biggest house and the biggest coach" in town. Grand as that was, he felt that there was something above and beyond it. Here were men, physically his superiors, whose ancestors had

Shippen ceases to be a Dutiful Son

possessed neither big houses nor big coaches, but who, in spite of that disheartening fact, had flung their colors to the breeze, and stood in arms to die for them. They were Whigs, and Betty Allen was a Whig, and Edward Shippen resolved to become a Whig himself. A mighty resolve, for it meant the upsetting of traditions in a family which had been from the beginning, it involved a shaking off of the shackles of a parental authority, less awe-inspiring at Valley Forge, no doubt, than at Philadelphia, but none the less formidable. He was filled with his resolution, so much so, in fact, that he felt he must take some one into his confidence and ask advice. He saw Brinton Eliot constantly at Mrs. Greene's, and Brinton seemed to take interest in him. He decided to consult Brinton Eliot.

"Eliot," said he one morning, "I'm going to join one of General Wayne's regiments."

"That's first-rate," said Brinton. "Are you strong enough?"

"Oh, yes. Quite so now. I want to ask your advice. Don't you think a girl who is a Whig would admire me more if I were one too?"

"I should think so certainly."

"There will be trouble, I suppose. My father is set on having me marry. The girl is the one girl I want to marry. But as things are I can't."

Brinton Eliot

"That's odd!"

"Not so odd as distressing. Her father owes my father £10,000. I find my father has offered to carry the debt if she marries me, and hinted that he will make trouble if she does not. She knows it, and she knows I have always been under my father's thumb. Don't you see how she views me?"

"I should think so! If she is worth having, you have no chance at all."

"Oh! but indeed she is worth having. I would do anything to stand well with her. She cannot realize that I have not been party to my father's plans. If I become a Whig, and stand out against my father, don't you think she will realize?"

"I should think it would help her to."

"Come over to my quarters," said Shippen, eagerly. "I'll write to my father, at once. I'd like to have you read the letter, and see if you think it the proper thing to send."

Brinton was doubtful whether he ought to pass judgment or not, but he went, and sat by the window watching the Pennsylvanians marching back from parade to their log huts, while Shippen fussed about with his paper, sand-box, and quill-box.

The descendant of the great first Edward wrote his declaration of independence very slowly, read it, shook sand over it, read it again, and finally handed it to Brinton. This

Shippen ceases to be a Dutiful Son

paper, the most important to which Edward Shippen ever put his name, was as follows:—

"MY RESPECTED FATHER: I have quite Recovered of my Wound & am Fixt on a Resolve which may call out y'r Displeasure. 'Tis Nothing less than to enter Genl Washington's Army & tho' I have not writ of it I have had it in Minde more than One Month. It seems Sir that I must choose between y'r Displeasure & the Contempt of Mistress Allen with whom I have Amazing Desire to stand Well. An I let her see Sir that y'r Arrangements with Mr. Allen are none of mine 'tis my Hope that she may regard me with more Esteem & Favour than she has done hitherto. I am Sir with much Respect y'r Dutiful Son, EDWARD SHIPPEN."

Shippen, who was watching Brinton, saw that he started and changed color as he read. As for Brinton, he made a great effort to control himself, and thought he succeeded.

"What do you think of it?" inquired Shippen.

"There can be no doubt about your meaning," said Brinton, slowly. "It is quite clear."

"Do you think it will do?"

"I dare say it will."

"Father will be furious, I suppose."

"Evidently you are afraid of your father."

Brinton Eliot

"I have been."

"Well, you know him better than I do. I think your letter makes your position plain."

"Do you know Miss Allen?"

"Yes."

"If I go into the army, I hope she will think better of me."

"I don't believe she will think less of you for that. At any rate you have planned the only decent course. Go in and fight for the country, and if I can serve you here in any way, I trust you'll let me know."

Brinton crossed the parade-ground to his own quarters. The fact that Shippen had hinted that the judge could make trouble for the Allens worried him not a little. He fancied rightly enough that the judge, after receiving his son's letter, would desire to square accounts with somebody, and the fact that his making trouble for the Allens could be even suggested showed that Mr. Allen for some reason was unable to meet his obligations. Fifty-two per cent of the money from the sale of the *Duchess of Cumberland* belonged to Brinton. He knew what he could do, and desired to do it, but he was perplexed, nevertheless, feeling naturally enough that to write to Mr. Allen was a delicate matter. However, he was not a person to hesitate long in an affair of this kind, and by the time he reached his quarters his mind was made up.

Shippen ceases to be a Dutiful Son

He found there Ben Tallmadge and the Comte de Sainte-Lucie. They both wanted to talk, but Brinton answered in an absent way that he had a letter to write, and would talk with them later. Then, going into the small room adjoining, he sat down to write to Mr. Keayne Allen. It was a matter of great delicacy, and it must be confessed that it was done at a disadvantage. Tallmadge and Sainte-Lucie talked continually in loud tones, while through the window came the racket of a dozen light-hearted blades, singing merrily and out of tune:—

“With awkward stitches, mending breeches
Is the soldier's trade.
O'er frozen fields loud beats the drum,
And at the dawn the shrill fifes come.
With stiff didactics, learning tactics
Is the soldier's trade.
Hip, hip, again! Long live Steuben!
Behold his boys parade!”

It was the song Walker had written for that supper of beefsteak, potatoes, and hickory nuts, given by Steuben to the young officers who could not boast a whole pair of breeches, and which the worthy baron had called the supper of his “sans-culottes.”

CHAPTER XXII

IN WHICH MR. KEAYNE ALLEN PAYS HIS DEBT

AT Westwood spring was coming and the freshness of it. There was sunshine on the white columns of the big brick house, the river banks were full of fragrance, and the leafless trees, of life. The wheat was green in the brown fields, there were cheery calls of bird to bird from bud-laden boughs, and afar the partridge drummed and the quail whistled. In the garden the tulips were thrusting their bell-shaped heads above the black mould, and Craddock and Teach were planting seeds and pruning vines.

It was an April morning to make the heart glad, if the heart was in the mood. Miss Allen's heart was not, but since Polly Winthrop had arrived, and declared that remaining indoors was out of the question, they had both come to see how Teach and Craddock were progressing. They sauntered down the walk; and as the walk was not wide and their hoops were not small, their striped petticoats brushed the budding bushes. Miss Allen wore a large gray silk calash, with the ribbons tied under her chin, while Miss Win-

Mr. Keayne Allen pays his Debt

throp held the strings of her black bonnet in her hand, and swung it playfully. The soft air of the garden, the songs of the brown thrasher and the chewink, and the delicious sod proved too much for them both, and despite their finery they began to plant seeds themselves. Then, when Craddock picked up his pails and set out for the pasture, Polly proposed that they should go to see the milking. Betty acquiesced in a half-hearted way, and they wandered down to the fresh meadow. Craddock was calling, "Co', boss!" and the six Virginia cows were looking at Whitefoot to see what she would do. For among kine there is always one that impresses her personality, wins supremacy with her horns, and rules; and in her meadow domain Whitefoot was an autocrat in her way. When she started, the others followed.

"How pretty they look!" exclaimed Polly. "The dear old things!"

"Yes, I suppose so," said Betty. "They're all very well, but I much prefer horses."

"Betty Allen, whatever is the matter? It's such a lovely morning. It makes me so enthusiastic, and you don't take an interest in anything."

"Of course I do, dear," said Betty. "How foolish you are! But now that I've come this far to humor you, let's turn back. I really don't care to see the milking."

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When they came up to the house they saw Duncannon, saddled and bridled, with Shaylor at his head, and on the steps Mr. Keayne Allen, booted and spurred. Mr. Allen looked closely at his daughter, and then turned to Miss Winthrop.

"Polly," said he, "will you excuse us for a moment? I want to have a word with Betty before I go to town."

"Of course, Mr. Allen."

Betty followed her father into the library, where he threw his hat on a chair, and closed the door.

"My dear," said he, "it is asking too much of you; it is, indeed. To see you so wretched day after day has made me wretched, too. Now, do as you please about Edward. I had better sacrifice anything I have than sacrifice you. You see, Betty — I'm a Whig."

"Father!"

She ran to him, flung her arms about his neck, and kissed him on both cheeks.

"Yes, dear," he continued, "I've been some time in getting there, but I'm there at last. I'm done with Tories and Toryism. I'm a Whig. And the Whig doctrine, I take it, is sacrifice, — sacrifice of self and worldly goods for those one loves, for country, for better things."

"I'm sure of it, father. But — but what will mother say?"

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"I don't know, Betty, exactly what she will say. I suppose she'll say the Whigs have very little social position here."

"Father, there is something finer than social position. There is the honor of the Allens."

"Yes. You're quite right."

He kissed his daughter and went out into the hall, where Bradford met him and handed him two letters, which had come by the last post. Mr. Allen had his gloves on and was in a hurry, and he ripped open one of the letters so hastily and awkwardly that a slip of paper fell on the floor. Bradford picked it up and presented it, but having eyes in his head, he noticed that it was an order on Van Vleck & Tryon for £10,000. Then, like a well-bred servant, he bowed and went away, while Mr. Allen, puzzled apparently, read the letter slowly, looked at the order, turned on his heel with an exclamation, and started for the library; gave the matter a second thought, glanced at the letter again, whirled about, and walking rapidly out of the house, jumped on his horse, and set out for Philadelphia.

Miss Winthrop found Miss Allen in better spirits; so much so, in fact, that Betty herself proposed a ride in the afternoon, and agreed to take supper with the Winthrops and remain until the following day, if her father gave consent; for Mrs. Keayne Allen, who was one

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of the committee of arrangements for the coming Mischianza, was busy at the Bonds' about that.

Meanwhile, a gray coach, drawn by two bay horses, had set out for Westwood. The coach contained Judge Shippen; a pocket in the judge's waistcoat contained a letter from his son; and the judge himself contained a temper. On reading that letter, Judge Shippen had fumed in the fashion of a Britannic Majesty whose dutiful subjects have tossed his tea into the harbor. This, then, was the end of apotheosis. It was evident that parental authority was in a bad way. More than once he had given Keayne Allen his version of the duties of children to parents, and now, in his own family — a family which had been from the beginning — parental authority had come tumbling about his ears like a house of cards, and apotheosis had sputtered and gone up in smoke. To gain the esteem of Keayne Allen's daughter, Edward Shippen had flung to the winds of heaven family traditions which had stood foursquare since the great first Edward. Judge Shippen was naturally much vexed with Miss Allen.

"This is a good place," said he, glancing about as his carriage approached the house; "but the time for fooling has passed. Keayne Allen must sell it."

The judge was shown into the library, and

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informed that Mr. Allen would probably return shortly. Since he had had a fair drive, Judge Shippen decided to wait for a time, and while waiting found himself looking at mahogany bookcases, portraits, and tapestry, and making a mental inventory. Then Betty came in, clad in a jacobite and carrying a whip and a white silk riding-mask. She was evidently surprised, but giving him the proper courtesy, said simply, "Good afternoon, sir."

Judge Shippen bowed in his usual fashion, and answered, somewhat stiffly, "Good afternoon, Miss Allen."

"Are you waiting for father?"

"I am."

There was an awkward pause. Miss Allen broke it.

"I suppose," said she, "you've come for my answer in regard to your son?"

"He's no son of mine!" said the judge, wrathfully. "I disown him!"

"Pray, what has he done, sir?"

"What has he done? The young fool's turned Whig. That's what he's done! He's joined Washington's army. And you are the cause of it!"

"I wish you would explain what you mean, sir."

Out of the embroidered pocket of his silk waistcoat the judge jerked a letter, and with it his gold snuff-box, which flew across the table.

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"There!" said he. "Read that! 'Pon my life, a most monstrous letter from a Shippen!"

Betty read Edward's letter slowly, and at the words, "'Tis my Hope that she may regard me with more Esteem & Favour than she has done hitherto," she said, softly, "Poor fellow! I'm truly sorry." The judge did not hear her, for he was picking up his snuff-box.

"Judge Shippen," said she, handing him the letter, "your son is a very worthy man, and 'tis amazing you don't esteem him as you ought."

"What! You read me a lecture? 'Pon my life, you're as impudent as Edward!"

"Judge Shippen, you're monstrous impolite. I think this interview had better end."

"Do you? I don't! I have assisted Keayne Allen. This is my reward! You set my son against me. You have the impudence to tell me my duty as a father. When I reprove you, your insubordination flouts my manners. You've been badly brought up. This is the coming generation, independent and disobedient, too stiff-necked to take the wisdom of their betters. The plague is rampant in these colonies, and is the cause of this war."

Miss Allen had never been talked to in such fashion.

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"Indeed, sir," said she, coldly, "all that you say but confirms my opinion of your manners. I bid you good afternoon."

Things were not well with the apotheosis.

"Stop!" said the judge, tartly. "No airs, miss! The time for fooling has passed. I want to say now —"

But Judge Shippen did not finish his sentence, for at that moment Mr. Keayne Allen came in.

"Od's life!" said he, pleasantly. "I missed you in town, and here you are."

"Yes, here I am, Keayne Allen, enduring the impudence of your daughter. The minx sets my son against me, and flouts me to my face."

"Indeed?" said Mr. Allen, briskly. "I trust you will spare Betty any further discussion of an affair which no longer concerns her. You and I have a business matter to settle."

"We have," said the judge with emphasis. "Don't attempt to ride a high horse with me, Keayne Allen."

Mr. Allen was provoked but, keeping his temper in hand, said rather sharply, "If you have those notes, I'll pay you at once."

Judge Shippen was surprised, and so was Miss Allen.

"Here is an order on Willing & Morris, which I have drawn in your favor for the

Brinton Eliot

amount," continued Mr. Allen. "Be good enough to hand me my notes."

The judge fumbled in the left pocket of his silk waistcoat.

"Keayne," said he, "I must say —"

"Pray don't say it. Hand me my notes and give me the privilege of wishing you good afternoon."

It was clear that Judge Shippen had not anticipated this sort of thing when he came to Westwood. Much as he desired to secure the sum due him, it would have gratified him not a little, at the moment, to have humbled Keayne Allen and humiliated Miss Allen; and, though he was by no means an extravagant man, he would have given half of £10,000 to have accomplished that, then and there, and so propped up the apotheosis. It must be confessed that he handed over the notes and pocketed the order with not the best grace in the world.

"My dear Keayne," said he, "I must say —"

But Mr. Allen crossed the room and pulled the bell-cord, and in a moment Bradford, in his blue livery, stood at the door.

"Bradford," said Mr. Allen, "Judge Shippen's carriage." Then turning to the judge, he added civilly, but with emphasis, "Good afternoon, sir."

Bradford was holding the hall door open,

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and the judge went out to his coach. In what temper? If Edward had flung family traditions to the winds, his father flung judicial calm. It was the final sputter of the apotheosis.

"Father," said Betty, slowly, "you did not tell me this morning that you could pay the judge."

"I didn't know, then, that I could, Betty."

"What have you sacrificed?"

"Not very much as yet. I was ready, but Providence has managed it another way."

"What way?"

"I can't very well explain now, my dear. I've sold some property, but not at a sacrifice. Od's life! In fact I consider the sale simply a loan — a loan from a friend."

"Who is the friend?"

"The friend desires to remain unknown, and to gratify that wish is the least I can do. Don't you think so?"

"I suppose so. It is hard not to know. It must be a friend who thinks everything of you."

"Well, I don't know about that," said Mr. Allen, laughing.

"Why, father!" exclaimed Betty, somewhat shocked. "How can you doubt?"

"Of course, my dear. You are quite right. The friend thinks everything of *me*. Were you going to ride?"

Brinton Eliot

"Polly wants me to take supper and stay until to-morrow, if you don't mind."

"Yes, go. Of course."

She put her arms about his neck and kissed him twice.

"Father," said she, "I'm so happy!"

"You don't want me to pick out another husband for you, do you?"

"No, thank you!" replied Betty, laughing. "No indeed!"

"Then I won't. Good-by."

For some minutes Mr. Allen stood quite still, absorbed in thought, and then, drawing a letter from his pocket, he looked at it and, turning it over, looked at it again. At the noise of the horses' hoofs, he walked to the window, and stood, watching Betty, as the girls galloped down the drive.

"She's all I have," said he. "If she were willing to let me pick out another husband for her, I think—egad! He put it nicely: 'I want to buy Duncannon. I know you value him highly, but I think a great deal of that horse, because, you see, I rode him when the Marquis ran away with Betty, and without Duncannon . . . Please give me the horse, and let me name my own price.' And then that order on Van Vleck & Tryon! That's Whig blood! But I wonder," he added, folding Brinton's letter slowly, "whether my friend thinks everything of *me*."

CHAPTER XXIII

IN WHICH PIERT JANS GOES A-FISHING

AT the Forge in the valley the work continued, and April passed, and May came, and the green of May, fresh on the banks of the Schuylkill.

Some three miles from the Forge, with its gable-end to the road and its long side toward the southern sunshine, stood the farmhouse of Piert Jans. Its *kamer* was cleanly sanded, and in the *kametje* behind the milk-room Jans's *frau* worked the spinning-wheel industriously. She was an honest soul, taking an interest in the men at the Forge, and sending them frequently eggs and milk.

On the evening of the 4th of May, Jans and Hybert Weamans were seated near the trap-door of the cellar, smoking, drinking beer, and eating puffards from the puffet-pan. Jans was contented. His contentment, however, was to be of short duration. He saw Daniel McTuyn approaching. McTuyn's farm adjoined, and McTuyn had a way of saying direct things.

"How you vhas?" said Jans, removing his pipe from his mouth.

Brinton Eliot

"Sure, 'tis God's truth, Piert Jans," remarked McTuyn, "thot ye do eat an' drink moore thon anny wan man in Pinnsylvany."

"So?" said Jans.

"'Tis so thruly. Howiver, as th' priest says at confissional, what's outside is not inside. I wud be sayin' th' same iv thim puffards."

"Dere dey vhas," said Jans, with a generous wave of his hand.

McTuyn helped himself and sat down.

"Hev ye been t' th' Foorge, Jans? Ye hev not. Well, 'tis small pathreetism ye hev. Yer ol' woman hes moore. Faith! ye shud hev seen th' gran' p'rade th' day th' Dutch Barron come. 'Foors be foors on th' lef' flank! March!' says th' barron, an' ivvry sojer fell over 'is bay'net. Th' barron give out tumulchuse lanwidge. He talked Frinch. There was need. Howiver, 'tis all right now. Go down now an' see thim marchin' on th' p'rade, cuttin' circles an' th' figger eight, an' niver a sojer iv thim gettin' mixed wid 'is feet. 'Tis good fur pathreetism."

At that moment a horseman passed the farmhouse at full gallop. "Hooray!" he shouted, waving his arm. "Hooray!"

"Hooray yersilf!" cried McTuyn.

"*Potzausend!*" exclaimed Jans.

"He go augenblick, I dink," remarked Weamans, as the rider disappeared in the direction of the Forge.

In which Piert Jans goes a-Fishing

On the following morning Jans and Weamans went a-fishing, and by nine o'clock their small boat was drifting slowly down the river. From where he sat, Jans, whose eyes were fixed on his bobbing line, could have seen, had he looked in the right direction, the top of the flag-pole on the parade-ground, and the Stars and Stripes. Weamans's line was jerked sharply. "You haf somedings," remarked Jans. Suddenly over the green hill and river from a chorus of more than ten thousand voices sounded the doxology :—

"Praise God from Whom all blessings flow !
Praise Him, all creatures here below !
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host !
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !"

Then followed three loud huzzas for General Washington, three for the King of France, and nine for the United States, and, immediately after, a tremendous discharge of firearms.

"*Donnerwetter !*" cried Weamans, with a start that shook the small boat.

"*Gottstausend !*" exclaimed Jans. "Dey vhas glat apout somedings, I dink." He was right. They certainly were.

CHAPTER XXIV

IN WHICH OLD FRIENDS MEET AGAIN

SOME twelve days after Piert Jans and Hybert Weamans, on their memorable fishing excursion, heard the thunders that announced the French Alliance, Walnut Grove in Philadelphia was filled with the marvels of the Mischianza. Knights of the Blended Rose broke lances with knights of the Burning Mountain in honor of Sir William Howe. "His laurels," so sang the triumphal arch, "are immortal." The triumphal arch was soon out of tune. Exit Sir William Howe with a shipload of "immortal laurels"; enter Sir Henry Clinton. But as the formidable French fleet of the Comte d'Estaing was sweeping with all sails set toward the Delaware, exit on the morning of the 18th of June, Sir Henry Clinton; enter in the evening, General Benedict Arnold and the American advance-guard.

It was natural then that good Whigs who had been not a little upset by the Mischianza, from the ball-room of which, hung with pink silk and forty mirrors, they had been unable

In which Old Friends meet Again

to keep their daughters away, should rejoice that the last of the season's dancing assemblies came two days after General Arnold's arrival, nor was it surprising that they turned out in full force to welcome the new commander of the city whose past had been as brilliant as his future was to be base.

The long ball-room and the card-rooms of the City Tavern were as brilliantly illuminated and as crowded as ever they were in the heyday of Howe. The Chews, the Shippens, the Allens, the Winthrops, the Cadwaladers, the Franks, the Auchmutys, the Bonds, the Redmans, the Pembertons, and scores of others, were on hand; for did not the fiddles play the music of a minuet or contra-dance as merrily for a Whig as for a Tory? Mrs. Keayne Allen, in a large pannier, richly flowered, her lofty powdered hair decked with diamonds, opened the ball with General Arnold who looked very well in his blue uniform faced with white, his glittering epaulets, his white waistcoat and white kerseymere breeches, white silk stockings and pumps, and the broad purple ribbon of his rank across his breast. Mrs. Chauncey Winthrop, whose righteous soul rejoiced that she saw redcoats no longer, was magnificent in an enormous rosetted petticoat of green and silver, and wore her powdered hair in the latest French fashion, adorned with waving

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plumes. She was pleased, too, because Miss Margaret Winthrop, who looked unusually well in a polonaise of figured satin, was dancing with John Cadwalader, Jr., and she said as much to Mrs. John Cadwalader. Arnold had recognized her when she entered the ball-room, for Mrs. Chauncey Winthrop was not the sort of woman that one met and forgot, and at the end of the first dance he came through the crowd to where Mrs. Winthrop sat.

"Mrs. Winthrop," said he, making her a very finished bow, "I have had the pleasure of meeting you before."

"Lud! general. I remember it well, but in the meantime, sir, you've become a famous man."

"I'm not as famous as I might be, Mrs. Winthrop," said Arnold, smiling somewhat grimly; and then seating himself, he added, "I have just met Mrs. Keayne Allen's daughter, who was with you in New Haven. She was much younger then. What a beautiful girl she is now!"

"Betty? Lud! Betty's superb."

"Ah, thank you for the word, Mrs. Winthrop. She is quite superb."

"'Tis amazing that she has come through the winter without growing giddy-pated, for Sir William's officers laid siege to Westwood with more vigor I'll warrant me than ever they did to a fortress."

In which Old Friends meet Again

"You're a good Whig, Mrs. Winthrop," said Arnold, laughing.

"And hope to die one, sir. 'Tis monstrous likely you'll find plenty of women in Philadelphia who will swear to you they've been blue Whigs from the beginning, but I know they've had the scarlet-fever."

Arnold laughed. "I am going to settle at Mt. Pleasant, Mrs. Winthrop," he continued, "and I hope soon to give a dinner or two. Will you honor me?"

"Ods! With pleasure, general. 'Twould be amazing fit if you gave something to celebrate the French Alliance."

"Madam, the French Alliance disgusts me."

"Lud!"

"There is the music for the contra-dance, and I am pledged to Miss Allen for 't. I hope she will not find me an awkward partner. I limp still from Saratoga, Mrs. Winthrop, but I am never too lame to dance."

Arnold bowed and departed, and Mrs. Winthrop turned to Mrs. Shippen.

"Peggy's petticoat is most modish, Mrs. Shippen," said she, "and becomes her mightily. Are those ribbons paduasoy?"

"No. They're Dettingen, Mrs. Winthrop. They cost me sixty dollars a yard. 'Tis truly a burden to shop now-a-days if one carries paper."

Brinton Eliot

"It is indeed. I paid \$159 to-day for a yard of silk, and six yards of calico and six of chintz cost me \$1600. Will you believe that Polly's shoes cost me \$950?"

"I quite believe it. 'Tis monstrous how the paper falls! And coin is not to be had."

"Lud! When I go a-shopping my purse is puffed like a pannier."

"Mrs. Winthrop, if it suits you, let us play quadrille."

"If it suits you, Mrs. Shippen, let us play at ombre. 'Tis my favorite game."

They started toward the card-room. "Ah, Mrs. Pemberton," said Mrs. Winthrop, "come now and play ombre."

"Peggy Chew doesn't dance to-night as she did a month ago," said Mrs. Shippen.

"Pining for André, no doubt," said Mrs. Winthrop. "To my mind he was the best of 'em, but scarlet never suited my complexion."

As they approached the card-room, she heard some one say, "Aunt Elizabeth!" and turning, saw at the door of the ball-room, Brinton Eliot, in his blue uniform faced with buff, with buff waistcoat and breeches and black leggings, his sword by his side, and in his hand his cocked hat with its black and white cockade. Behind him stood Benjamin Tallmadge in a uniform blue throughout, faced with white, with white but-

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tons and linings, black boots with spurs, and carrying his helmet with its crest of black and white horsehair. Mrs. Winthrop was naturally much surprised.

"Lud! Brinton," said she, "you're handsomer than ever you were."

"Aunt Elizabeth, you always flatter. Here's Ben Tallmadge. You surely have not forgotten him?"

"Indeed, I have not. Mr. Tallmadge, I am delighted to see you."

"I am very glad to see you, Mrs. Winthrop."

"I suppose Betty is here, isn't she?" said Brinton.

"Yes," said Mrs. Winthrop. "I don't see her at the moment, but she's dancing with General Arnold. Lud! I must beg your pardon for calling you 'Mr.' What should I have said?"

"Oh, I'm a captain," said Tallmadge, laughing.

"Mrs. Shippen, Captain Tallmadge," said Mrs. Winthrop.

"If you'll excuse me a moment, Aunt Elizabeth," said Brinton, "I'll look for Betty."

Brinton started. He had to stop and speak to Miss Auchmuty, and again to Miss Bond. They both seemed to have much to say, and he did not, but he did his best to be polite. The ball-room was crowded, and the contra-dance still in progress, but there was no sign

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of Betty. Brinton tried the card-rooms; one had eight tables and the other six. Passing through the first without seeing a familiar face, he looked into the second. In that there were possibly a dozen people, and among them Mrs. Winthrop, Mrs. Shippen, and Mrs. Pemberton. At his left a white and gold screen kept the draught from the nearest table, and as he stood in the doorway, Brinton heard a voice close to him say, "Believe me, Miss Allen, I adore you." It was Arnold. Brinton walked promptly round the screen. On the white window-seat sat Betty and the general.

"Brinton Eliot!"

She flushed in a charming way as she rose and gave him her hand.

"Betty, I've been looking for you everywhere. Good evening, general."

"Good evening."

"May I have the next dance, Betty?"

"Yes."

General Arnold rose at once.

"Good-by, general," said Betty. "You danced beautifully. I don't think you limped at all."

"It's *au revoir*, Miss Allen. You're coming to Mt. Pleasant, I hope."

"Thank you. 'Twill be amazing nice."

Arnold went into the other card-room, and Betty and Brinton sat down on the window-seat. Her brown hair was heavily powdered

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and dressed high in the *coiffure à la dauphine*, her petticoat was embroidered with flowers in their natural colors, and her small white red-heeled shoes, with their gold embroidery, were works of art, for in those days shoemakers achieved wonders.

"Brinton, we were so glad to hear that you were in America again. Father told us. I don't know how he found out."

"Didn't you get my letter from Portsmouth?"

"Why, Brinton! Did you write from Portsmouth?"

"Of course."

"Letters are amazing uncertain now. How did you find me?"

"I was hunting you everywhere. Aunt Elizabeth said you had been dancing with General Arnold. When I looked in here I heard him say that he adored you."

"Oh!"

"Yes."

"Brinton, he is the twelfth man who has said the same thing in six months."

"Is he? Becky Bond did nothing but talk about the Mischianza. I suppose it was very fine."

"They all say so. I didn't go."

"You didn't! All the girls went."

"Indeed they did. It's well enough to dance with the British, I suppose. When they're

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here one can't exactly help it. But when it comes to going to an entertainment prepared especially to glorify Sir William Howe, I draw the line. You should have heard Major André and Colonel DeLancey talk. They thought it was frightful. And mother—well, mother, you know, is much more Tory than Whig. She went. She said I should go. I said I wouldn't, and I didn't. It's not pleasant to talk about."

"I think it's grand!"

"There's nothing grand about it. I don't think any Whig should have gone. Do you?"

"No. However, I'll wager that most of them did go."

"I think I'm the only Whig girl that didn't. Polly went. Mrs. Winthrop was crazy, but so was Polly. Mrs. Winthrop does want Polly to have a good time, and so she gave in."

"She didn't go herself, did she?"

"Of course not. I think she's the best Whig in Philadelphia."

"She's a Whig all right enough."

"Oh, Brinton, father's a Whig now!"

"I'm glad of that, Betty. It must make things easier for you. Betty, Edward Shippen was over at Valley Forge, and he's turned Whig, too. I suppose that will make trouble in his family."

"It has already, Brinton. I'm sorry for

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Edward. I'm afraid I haven't treated him very well."

"Perhaps that was his father's fault."

"Why, Brinton! What do you know about his father?"

Brinton saw that he had said too much.

"Well, his father is peculiar, and I suppose Edward imagined that you thought he was like his father."

This was not very satisfactory.

"Perhaps I did," said Betty, slowly.

"We're going early in the morning," continued Brinton. "Ben Tallmadge is here. He came with me from the Forge. The army is marching to New Jersey. There will probably be a battle in a few days."

"Brinton!"

Her tone and her expression made Brinton start.

"Why, Betty," said he, "that's what an army is for, isn't it?"

"Of course, Brinton. I don't know why I said that. Brinton, do you remember the last time you came to Westwood?"

"Yes, Betty."

"I was at Cliveden, you know, and I've wondered if —"

Just then Polly Winthrop and Ben Tallmadge came. Polly pounced on Brinton joyfully, and when Ben began to talk, all four were soon living over again those bright days

Brinton Eliot

in New Haven. Such memories brought to them all the strong, sweet face of Nathan Hale; once Brinton checked himself just in time, and fortunately did not pronounce that name, or Polly Winthrop would have begun to cry. But to talk of Yale without mentioning Nathan was very difficult for both Ben and Brinton. They could hardly have kept it up long; and Polly would probably have been in tears, had not Mr. and Mrs. Keayne Allen appeared. Betty thought her father greeted Brinton with remarkable cordiality, and she thought also that her mother was extremely cool.

When Mrs. Allen announced that it was time to go to Westwood, Brinton walked up to Betty and took her hand.

"Good-by, Betty," said he. "God keep you!"

"God keep you, Brinton! Good-by."

It seemed a simple affair in a crowded card-room, but it might be good-by for the last time.

CHAPTER XXV

IN WHICH MRS. KEAYNE ALLEN HAS OTHER IDEAS

DURING the next fortnight General Arnold rode more than once to Westwood. He gave also two splendid dinners at Mt. Pleasant, which were by no means Whig affairs. It was evident that he was infatuated with Miss Allen, and on the evening of the second dinner, while her hair-dresser was arranging her coiffure, Mrs. Keayne Allen gave the matter very serious consideration. To be sure, the general was a widower with three sons, but, on the other hand, he had a splendid military reputation, high rank in the army, was the commander of Philadelphia, and the owner of a beautiful place. He was reputed rich; at any rate he entertained lavishly, and one met at Mt. Pleasant everybody who was anybody. By the time J. Black had arranged the last jewel in her coiffure, Mrs. Keayne Allen had decided that General Arnold would do. That evening she surveyed Mt. Pleasant somewhat critically, and planned mentally one or two alterations which she intended to suggest when Betty was installed there.

Brinton Eliot

Things went on in this fashion for another fortnight, and then Mrs. Keayne Allen awoke to realize the unpleasant fact that, owing to the indifferent way in which her daughter treated the general, the star of Miss Margaret Shippen had appeared upon the horizon, and that there was a possibility of Mrs. Shippen's suggesting alterations at Mt. Pleasant. Mrs. Allen felt that the time had come for decisive action.

The next morning, when she heard Betty in the music-room, she took her needlework, and in her laced and ruffled negligée, hoop, and train, sailed in and sat down. Betty, who was at the harpsichord, looked over her shoulder, and said, "Good morning, mother."

"Good morning, dear."

Betty continued her music, and Mrs. Allen drew the gold threads through her embroidery. Mrs. Allen had been greatly relieved at the ending of the Shippen affair. She did not as a rule ask her husband questions about business, but when Mr. Allen had informed her that the debt to Judge Shippen was paid, she had been anxious to know how he had managed the matter. "Lucy," Mr. Allen had answered, "don't worry now. Everything is arranged, and Edward is out of the question." This was not definite, but certainly satisfactory. On the other hand, her failure with the Earl of Harborough had annoyed

Mrs. Keayne Allen has Other Ideas

Mrs. Allen not a little. Other mothers married their daughters well, and why should not she? And when she reflected that the Harborough affair had failed through no fault of hers, she felt that she was a person very ill-used. Since fortune, however, was kind enough to present a second desirable son-in-law, it was high time for Betty to listen to reason. Neglect to listen at the present moment might mean a triumph for Mrs. Shippen; from which may the gods defend!

"Betty," said Mrs. Allen, "don't you think General Arnold's dinner last night was delightful?"

"Amazing nice."

"He's certainly a charming man."

"Quite so."

"And a very distinguished man."

"Oh, without doubt!"

"I think, dear, the time has come at last when you ought to be married and settled."

"Do you think so, mother?"

"I have given the matter very serious consideration. A false step would be fatal."

"Certainly."

"General Arnold is in love with you."

"He thinks he is."

"He is, Betty."

"Very well, then. He is."

"I think General Arnold is the man for you."

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"I do not."

Mrs. Allen sighed as she recalled the Earl of Harborough and the Mischianza. Betty continued her music, and for a few moments nothing more was said.

"Betty," Mrs. Allen remarked finally, with some emphasis, "if you don't marry General Arnold, Peggy Shippen will."

"I hope Peggy'll be happy."

"But, Betty —"

"General Arnold is nothing to me."

"Well, he's a great deal to me."

"You can't marry him, dear."

"Betty Allen! He's nothing to me except as a son-in-law."

"Oh!"

There was another interval of music and embroidery. Mrs. Allen was much vexed or she would never have continued as she did.

"Betty," said she, somewhat sharply, "Brinton Eliot may be all very well, but his prospects are extremely uncertain, and Mr. William Eliot —"

Miss Allen rose at once and, in a tone which was new to Mrs. Keayne Allen, said quietly, "Mother, if you'll excuse me, I'll put on my josoph and ride Lady Mary into town. Polly and I are going out to Sally Chew's."

CHAPTER XXVI

IN WHICH STONY POINT IS STORMED

BRINTON ELIOT, meanwhile, had been fighting in the ravine at Monmouth and marching to White Plains. There Washington occupied the same ground on which he had encamped two years before, and Sir Henry Clinton took refuge in New York. For some months both armies kept one another at bay, the Americans holding West Point, and Clinton refusing to be drawn into the hilly country; but in the following July the immobility was broken by a brilliant movement, the storming of Stony Point by the American Light Infantry.

There was commotion in Wayne's camp on the west bank of the Hudson on the morning of the 15th. Pennsylvania boys in blue coats faced with red were filling powder-horns, Connecticut yeomen in blue and white polishing muskets, New York lads in blue and buff buckling gaiters, Virginia gentlemen putting starch on their hair, Massachusetts men packing knapsacks, — thirteen hundred and fifty of them in all, making

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ready for a parade at which they had been ordered to appear "fresh shaved and well powdered, fully equipped and rationed." Tiffin of the Fourth New York, in his endeavor to take down his horn, upset a dredging-box and covered himself with starch. "Ye wuz tol' t' be well powthered," remarked Gorrigan. "Faith! ye hev obeyed orthers."

On the parade-ground Major John Steward was marshalling four Maryland companies, while North Carolina and Virginia were wheeling into line. Febiger was talking to Fleury, and Brinton Eliot to Major William Hull, Yale '72, who now commanded the first battalion of Massachusetts Infantry.

"If I'm not mistaken," said Hull, as the Second Connecticut passed, "there's Sainte-Lucie."

It was indeed the French nobleman and sometime dancing-master of New Haven, fine enough, too, in the blue and white of Connecticut. The former courtier of Louis XV had come by strange paths to his present position.

"Oh, yes," said Brinton, "that's Sainte-Lucie right enough. He and I have been together in France and at Valley Forge. He's the same old Sainte-Lucie."

"Ods!" exclaimed Hull. "To think the fellow is lined up in the ranks! I must go and shake hands with him."

In which Stony Point is Stormed

The chevalier gave them both a cordial greeting and extended to them both his gold-lined snuff-box. They helped themselves, and he took a pinch himself in his usual fashion.

"You're as wonderful as ever," remarked Hull. "Brinton, you and I couldn't do it in that way if we worked at it ten years."

"Gad!" said Brinton, "I should think not."

"It is born," said the chevalier, smiling. "It cannot be acquire'."

But there was little opportunity to talk to the comte. North Carolina and Virginia had wheeled into line, and it was time for Massachusetts and New York. On the way to his regiment Brinton encountered Edward Shippen. The descendant of the great first Edward was clad in the blue and red of Pennsylvania. He was no longer a father-ridden son, but a man, standing on his own legs.

"Edward," said Brinton in some surprise, "you look really happy."

"I begin to believe I am happy, Brinton. It's a great thing to be of some use in the world."

The parade was formed. Then, followed by his aides-de-camp, Brigadier-General Anthony Wayne walked down the line and inspected the troops. But when the inspec-

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tion was over, instead of being sent to quarters, the men were ordered to wheel into the road and march south.

After passing the ruins of Fort Montgomery, the head of the column turned to the west and took the route between Torn Mountain and Bear Mountain to the base of Degaffles Rugh, where they turned south again and crossed the western end of Donderberg. The pathway over these hills was rough and steep, and the men marched silently, in single file, entirely ignorant of their destination, and not understanding why no one could quit the ranks on any pretext unless in the company of an officer. By eight in the evening they had traversed thirteen miles and arrived at the farm of David Springsteel, a mile and a half west of Stony Point. However, no one but the brigadier-general commanding and his aides knew what was to be done. At Springsteel's they found Captain Heath, who had been on sentry duty with a small detachment. Heath had in hand the widow Calhoun and the widow Rafferty, whom he had found carrying chickens and greens to the British. One of these worthy women was imploring the divine aid of St. Patrick in the present crisis, while the other was informing Captain Heath, in language more pointed than polite, that he was "nayther sojer ner gintlemon, but a dirty robber,"

In which Stony Point is Stormed

an epigrammatic analysis of his character which the captain received with unruffled urbanity.

In the gathering darkness of the July night, the troops were drawn up in two columns behind the hill—lines of dark blue, whose facings of buff, white, and red showed faintly,—and for the first time they learned the work cut out for them. By the light of a lantern Major McCormick read Wayne's order of battle. Every soldier was commanded to fix a piece of white paper in his hat as a sign to distinguish friends from foes. They were to march with guns unloaded, relying entirely upon the bayonet. Colonel Fleury with a small detachment was to precede the columns to secure sentries and remove the abatis. Major Murfree with two companies with loaded guns was to conduct a feint in the centre. The column on the left was to be led by Colonel Butler; the one on the right, by the brigadier-general commanding. When the works were forced, but not before, the troops were to shout the watchword, "The fort's our own!" If any soldier took his musket from his shoulder and attempted to fire or begin the battle until ordered, he was to be put to death instantly by the officer next to him. Likewise, if any one attempted to retreat a single foot, he was to be put to death. The first man inside

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the works was to receive \$500 and immediate promotion; the second, \$400; the third, \$300; the fourth, \$200; the fifth, \$100. The brigadier-general commanding, sharing the dangers of the night, desired to participate in the glory of the day. It was terse and to the point, and it meant business.

There was excitement, enthusiasm, and rapid preparation, but everything was done very quietly. So far Washington's plan had been carried out perfectly, and the British had not the least suspicion of what was going on. Eliot walked through the ranks of his company, handing to each man a piece of white paper. Then he fastened a piece over his cockade. The Fourth New York were in Wayne's column, and at half-past eleven, when the order was given to advance, they moved promptly in perfect silence toward the marsh at the base of the Point. To their right lay the broad Hudson, silent in the moonlight, while before them the bold promontory, crowned by the flag of England, stood out, black and formidable, against the starry sky.

At midnight, the hour set by Washington, they reached the marsh; and as they entered the water, the enemy's pickets discovered them and opened fire. But there was no response from the column which, preserving its formation, advanced through the water.

In which Stony Point is Stormed

Brinton, wading, waist deep, saw the black promontory flash with fires as though the underbrush gleamed with hundreds of huge fire-flies, and heard the balls splashing about him. Every few moments there was a groan as a man went under the water. It was some two hundred yards across the marsh, and in thirty minutes they had reached the beach and were close to the first abatis. Then the work began in earnest, in the face of a galling musketry and artillery fire.

The vanguard were hacking the abatis with their axes; men were tearing up stakes with their hands and clambering over logs; Murfree's companies were firing in the centre; the cannon-balls from the British batteries were crashing through the brush; boughs, torn by the grape-shot, were cracking and falling; men, ripped by the musketry fire, were falling likewise; and the thunder of the guns of His Britannic Majesty shook the highlands. But in stern silence, with fixed bayonets, the column pressed on up the steep ascent, shoulder to shoulder, the Connecticut farmer and the Virginia gentleman, the college graduate and the rough artisan, men from many walks of life, brothers behind the bayonet, that, by God's grace, the tyranny of George the Third should end.

Climbing over stones and through bushes Brinton saw in the moonlight the rock bas-

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tion, the sally port, and the scarlet coats of the Seventeenth Regulars. "There they are!" he shouted. "Come!" Mêlée and great confusion followed. Men were scaling the parapet and rushing through the sally port, waves of blue and white were dashing against waves of scarlet, bayonets gleamed with a cold glitter in the moonlight, and swords clashed furiously at close quarters; it was too late now for the gun thunder of Britannic Majesty.

Fleury, the first in, was tearing down the British flag, and as Brinton ran by him he encountered a man without a coat, who had sprung from bed and into boots and breeches to face his fall, bewildered. Brinton seized him by the shirt collar. "You are my prisoner, sir." Colonel Johnson hardly heard him. "Good God!" he cried, looking about him wildly. "Good God!" "Lieutenant Eliot," exclaimed Febiger, rushing up, "that is Johnson. Let us take him to General Wayne." And take him they did to "Mad Anthony," the brigadier-general commanding, who had been wounded in the head, but supported by his aides, still directed with his sword.

Posey's men were spiking cannon, while through the sally ports came Butler's battalions like a whirlwind. There in the thick of it was Sainte-Lucie, driving his bayonet

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into a British adjutant, and crying, "It is for Quebec!" On that wild night a son of France struck home to avenge his country for the blot of Pompadour. There too was Gorrigan, of the Fourth New York, finishing a redcoat with his bayonet, and adding, "Ye won't surrinder? Ye kin suit yerself!" And there was Shippen, the descendant of the great first Edward. Battle smoke was in his nostrils, and the light of battle in his eyes. To right and left of him men raged and struggled, and out of a surging sea of scarlet there sprang toward him one form and one face—the Earl of Harborough. Each knew the other, and blood madness was on both. "Damn you!" cried the earl. And they fought there, oblivious to all save fury. Steward and the Marylanders had seized the military stores, and the guns of the *Vulture* were sounding from the river, when Brinton, coming back from General Wayne, encountered these two men. He rushed forward to help Edward Shippen. Indeed, Edward, who was bleeding badly, had great need of it, but aid came too late. Harborough's sword had pierced his throat, and Shippen fell in the hour of his country's triumph. By the best that was in him he had come from the big house in Philadelphia to the rock bastion at Stony Point. Truly the fourth Edward was greater than the first.

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Fortune, for the second time, had favored Harborough. It was her final word. Even at that moment Brinton Eliot's hand was at his throat, and where his sword had pierced Shippen the sword of Eliot pierced him. He fell on his back across the legs of the dead Edward, and he was the last Earl of Harborough, and the worst. Brinton saw in him only Major Bingham, knowing not what lay behind.

The guns of the *Vulture* were sounding from the river. It was one o'clock. Stony Point was taken, and across the Hudson swept the shout, "The fort's our own!"

CHAPTER XXVII

IN WHICH MRS. KEAYNE ALLEN CEASES TO REGRET

IN due time the star of Miss Peggy Shippen eclipsed all others. Mrs. Shippen suggested alterations at Mt. Pleasant, and there were splendid dinners to which Mrs. Allen went regretfully. However, she congratulated Mrs. Shippen with apparent warmth, and entertained General Arnold and his bride at Westwood, but she was not sorry when they departed in the following summer, with a flourish of trumpets, for West Point.

Some two months later Mrs. Allen's chaise stood before the door of Westwood. It was a bright October morning, and the silver-mounted harness of the bay Brigadier and the varnish of the chaise sparkled in the sunlight. Miss Allen, wearing a laced Leghorn bonnet with scarlet flowers, and a long cloth cardinal, came down the steps and entered the chaise. "I'm going to drive, Shayler," she said to the groom, who was at the horse's head. "You may go to the stable." Mrs. Keayne Allen, in a black and white bonnet

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and brocaded mantua, came almost immediately, and in a moment they were whirling down the drive.

"I wish to go to Phineas Grover's," said Mrs. Allen. "I want to order some brown ducape and a Ranelagh mob."

"Please don't get one of those puffy caps," said Betty. "I think they're horrid. Why don't you get a queen's cap? The gauze is much richer and more compact."

"Well, I'll look at them both. I want you to see some brocade that Grover has. It's flowered on a blue ground. I think it would suit you amazingly for the dinner at M. de la Luzerne's."

As they drove down Chestnut Street there were signs of commotion on all sides, — store-keepers were closing their shops and barring their shutters, while men were running toward the State House. "I can't imagine what is the matter," said Betty. "Something has happened." "Betty," said Mrs. Allen, "do be careful. You came frightfully near that wagon. Perhaps we better turn back." "I'll be careful, dear. The Brigadier's excited. We mus'n't turn back. Grover's is just ahead." They drove on, but as they neared Fourth Street there was a terrific racket of fifes, drums, horns, and hootings. "Betty!" cried Mrs. Allen, "this horse will run away! Look at him!" "No, he won't, mother. Sit still!"

Mrs. Keayne Allen ceases to Regret

At that moment the mob, four or five hundred strong, swung round the corner into Chestnut Street, with an infernal din of drums and horns, dragging in their midst a cart on which was enthroned a straw figure with two faces, formed of hideous masks, and decked with a cocked hat, a blue coat, and a large placard on which was written, "Benedict Arnold, Traitor." Behind it, another scarecrow, painted red to represent the devil, held a long pitchfork. The mob was in an ugly mood, and matters came instantly to a climax, for two men seized the bridle of the Brigadier, crying, "Tories! By God!" Mrs. Keayne Allen turned as white as the plumes in her bonnet. "You're monstrous impolite," said Betty, wrathfully. "I'm as good a Whig as any of you. Let go of my horse!" "Don't lie to me!" cried one. "Tories, I say! Tories!" "Mother, hold tight!" said Betty, and with that she gave the Brigadier two terrific cuts with the whip. The big bay horse reared so furiously that both men lost their hold, and the chaise dashed forward rapidly. It was a wild drive to Second Street, and how she turned into Second without colliding or upsetting, Betty never knew. But they reached the Winthrops' at last, and remained there for some hours until Arnold's effigy had been hung and burned before the State House, and the city quieted down. There was no

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shopping for any woman in Philadelphia that day.

At the Winthrops' they learned all that was known of the damnable doings at West Point.

"Lud!" said Mrs. Winthrop, "'tis my belief the fellow was no Whig a year ago. He told me to my face he was disgusted with the French Alliance. Fine language for a Whig!"

"Poor Peggy!" said Betty, sadly. "It's terrible!"

Mrs. Keayne Allen was resting upstairs, for the nervous shock of the affair in Chestnut Street had been too much for her.

"What can Peggy Arnold do now?" said Polly.

"Come home!" replied Mrs. Winthrop, emphatically.

They dined at the Winthrops', and when they drove back to Westwood, late in the afternoon, Mrs. Keayne Allen made few remarks, and those on indifferent matters, but she did a good deal of thinking. Betty never once alluded to a certain morning in the music-room, and Mrs. Allen was grateful to her for it.

There was a very sad home-coming in Judge Shippen's house a few days later, and shortly an equally sad departure, for the Executive Council ordered Mrs. Benedict Arnold to leave Pennsylvania within two

Mrs. Keayne Allen ceases to Regret

weeks. There were also alterations at Mt. Pleasant, this time by the Executive Council, who confiscated the place and sold everything. These things were well calculated to give Mrs. Keayne Allen food for thought.

On the day that Mrs. Arnold left Philadelphia, Betty came back to Westwood with her eyes full of tears. It had been hard to say good-by forever to Peggy, who had been quite innocent of wrong. Mrs. Allen kissed her daughter affectionately.

"I'm so thankful you're back from town, Betty," said she. "It seemed as though you would never come."

"Why, mother! I've been gone only two hours."

"I know, dear. But—oh, Betty, let us thank God! You might have been in Peggy Arnold's place to-day. No credit to me that you are not. Let us thank God that you have been saved from my folly. As for that earl—Betty dear, I have a confession to make to you. I have begun to view life differently, and I hope to be a better woman. I'm a Whig."

"Mother!"

She clasped her mother in her arms, and they were once more as they had been in earlier days.

PART III.—YORKTOWN



CHAPTER I

IN WHICH AN ARMY MARCHES BY

ON a September morning in '81 there was a joyful company at Mrs. Chauncey Winthrop's, in Second Street. Mrs. Winthrop's butler stood in the big window above the white-columned entrance-door, fastening a flag-pole from which fluttered the Stars and Stripes, while Mrs. Winthrop, in her brocaded silk, received the Allens, the Chews, and the Pembertons complacently. It was known to Congress and to the Philadelphia world that the army had left West Point, and would pass that day through the city to "catch Cornwallis in his mouse-trap," and the righteous Whig soul of Mrs. Chauncey Winthrop rejoiced that she lived on the line of march. People who dwelt in the country were driving rapidly into town, house after house was hoisting its flag, while the "Bunch of Grapes," the London Coffee House, the Pewter Platter Tavern, and Pegg Mullen's "Beefsteak House" were filled with men, drinking the health of the commander-in-chief.

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In the wide hall, where the portraits of several generations of Winthrops and Eliots looked down from their gilded frames, Mrs. Chauncey Winthrop received her guests. They were Mr. and Mrs. Keayne Allen, Miss Betty Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pemberton, Mrs. Benjamin Chew, Miss Sally Chew, and Miss Peggy Chew. Miss Polly Winthrop was also present, and Mr. Chauncey Winthrop in evidence. Mr. Winthrop had cut his best flowers, no small sacrifice for him, and these, heaped in large blue china bowls, and filling the hall with fragrance, were ready to be thrown by fair hands to the country's defenders. As soon as the butler informed Mrs. Winthrop that the flag was up, every one went out to see the effect, and thought it excellent. Second Street was a brave sight, for by this time every house had flung a banner to the breeze, and the populace, joyous and expectant, lined it from end to end.

"Polly Winthrop," said Mrs. Winthrop, impressively, "look at that street! It beats the Mischianza. This is a Whig day, eh, Mrs. Pemberton?"

"It is, indeed, Mrs. Winthrop. And a fine one too."

"Your nephew is in the army, Mrs. Winthrop, is he not?" said Mrs. Chew.

"My nephew is," replied Mrs. Winthrop,

In which an Army marches By

with emphasis. "Ods! I'm prouder of him than ever I was of an Eliot, good though they be. He's a captain now, and has done amazing well."

"I hardly ever saw such a crowd," said Sally Chew. "We had a dreadful time getting in from Germantown. Didn't you have a time?"

"I should think we did!" said Betty. "It's splendid, though, isn't it?"

"Grand!"

"Betty," said Peggy, "how do you get your hoop to set so well? I wish mine would."

"Oh, I don't know, Peggy. Did Gamble make yours?"

"No. Ashmead."

"Well, go to Gamble. He's the most perfect hoop-maker. If he makes 'em, they'll be right."

"Betty," said Sally Chew, "have you met the Marquis de Chastellux?"

"Yes. I met him last month at the ball M. de la Luzerne gave on the French King's birthday. He asked me for a minuet. But it was too warm to dance, so we sat in the garden. Isn't it a pity the French King's birthday comes in August? That's no month for a ball."

"It's the most provoking thing!"

Then, since the sun was warm and there were no signs of troops, they went again into

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Mrs. Winthrop's spacious hall, where the butler, in his murrey and blue livery, served lemon punch, and every one chatted for a little more than an hour and a half. Suddenly there was a faint sound of drums and fifes. Betty sprang up, crying, "Girls, they're coming!" And every one hurried out.

In the crowded street, men craned their necks on every side. No soldiers were to be seen, but the drums sounded louder and louder. "Lud!" exclaimed Mrs. Winthrop, "we've forgotten the flowers." She went into the house again, and the girls ran after her. When they reappeared with their arms full of flowers, the crowd was shouting, the drums rolling, the shrill fifes sounding, and in their well-worn blue coats faced with red, their buckskin breeches, and black leggings, the Pennsylvania Volunteer Battalion Riflemen, Major William Parr commanding, were in sight. They passed amid loud cheering, and were followed by the Fourth Continental Light Dragoons, Colonel Stephen Moylan commanding; in this troop rode Major Benjamin Tallmadge, whom the girls cheered, and who responded in gallant fashion.

"Doesn't Ben Tallmadge ride splendidly?" remarked Polly.

"Amazing well," said Sally Chew.

There was a break, for the army, marching in loose order, was strung out more than two

In which an Army marches By

miles in length, and Betty, who was looking for the New York Infantry, grew impatient. Suddenly, in gray coats faced with green, gray waistcoats and gray breeches, came the Maryland Continental Infantry, Brigadier-General Mordecai Gist commanding; they were closely followed by the Baltimore Light Dragoons, Colonel Nicholas Moore commanding. Drums, fifes, and hearty cheers announced the Pennsylvania Continentals, and the hero of Stony Point, Brigadier-General Anthony Wayne. Some companies had the regulation blue coats with red facings, others had brown coats faced with buff, and again others, blue coats faced with white, and there were hats with black bindings, and hats bound with white tape. They marched — shabby, war-worn, glorious — and the handsome "Mad Anthony," in his blue and buff, with the pink ribbon of his rank across his breast, handled his prancing black steed in the best fashion, doffing his cocked hat continually in response to the ovation he received. The Canadian Continental Infantry, in brown coats faced with red, followed, Colonel Moses Hazen commanding, and after an interval of three or four minutes, the New Hampshire and New Jersey Continentals in blue and white and blue and buff. Every one cheered them, and then the company at Mrs. Chauncey Win-

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throp's heard shouts,—“Hurrah for New York!”

“Polly,” said Betty, in some excitement, “New York's coming!”

“Goodness!” said Polly, “I've thrown all my flowers. I've not a single one.”

Miss Allen, who had thrown none as yet, said sweetly, “Polly, ask Peggy Chew to give you some of hers.”

With their drums, their flags, and their bright bayonets the New York Continentals in blue and buff, Colonel Cornelius Van Dyck commanding, marched down Second Street. “There's Brinton!” cried Polly. “There's Brinton!” Mrs. Chauncey Winthrop was waving her lace handkerchief. Miss Allen, to the surprise of her mother, went down the steps, and at sight of her, Captain Eliot halted his company. Whatever was coming behind would have to halt too. The captain's blue and buff was dusty, and his black leggings mud-stained.

“Brinton!” exclaimed Betty, giving him her hand. “I'm amazing glad to see you.”

“I'm ever so glad to see you, Betty. Don't they look well?”

“Splendidly! I want them to have these flowers. I suppose it's terrible to stop the procession.”

“They shall have the flowers. Sergeant Gorrigan!”

In which an Army marches By

"Here, sor!"

"Betty, this is Sergeant Gorrigan. He risked his life to pull me out of a hole at Monmouth."

"Sure, ma'am, 'twas nuthin' at all. Th' Cap giv' me th' breeches I hev on me."

"You're monstrous brave, I'm sure," said Betty. "Please give them these as far as they'll go. That one's for you, Brinton. I suppose we have to say good-by."

"I suppose so. There's Massachusetts! Good-by, Betty."

"Good-by, Brinton."

There were two short words of command, and the New York company was off, making way for the Massachusetts Continentals in their blue and white, Colonel Joseph Vose commanding. A Rhode Island regiment followed, Lieutenant-Colonel Jeremiah Olney commanding; but there were no Virginia troops, for they were with M. le Marquis de Lafayette, who was holding Cornwallis. During the space of four or five minutes there was another break. Then the martial music of a brass band sounded, a white flag, dotted with gold *fleurs-de-lis*, appeared, and resplendent in white broadcloth faced with orange, white leggings, white cross-belts, and silver-laced hats with white and orange plumes, came the Royal Regiment Bourbonnais, the Marquis de Laval-Mont-

Brinton Eliot

morenci commanding. They were followed almost immediately by the Regiment Soissonnais, in white broadcloth with rose-colored facings, the Comte de Saint Maime commanding, forerunning in turn the Regiment Royal Deux-Ponts, in blue coats faced with gold, white belts, and leggings, the Marquis Christian des Deux-Ponts commanding. Loud cheering greeted the appearance of the French allies. The Regiment Saintonge, in blue coats faced with silver, followed, the Comte de Custine commanding, and then came Lauzun's Legion, the Regiment Dillon, the Regiment Touraine, the Vicomte de Pondeux commanding, the Regiment Agenois, the Regiment Gatinois, and the Royal Engineers. Lieutenant-General the Comte de Rochambeau, riding a handsome brown mare, and followed by his Maréchaux-de-Camp, the Baron de Viomenil, the Chevalier de Chastellux, and the Marquis de Saint-Simon, was given a warm welcome; but the next moment the cheering became tremendous, for every man was shouting himself hoarse. There was the big bay thoroughbred, and in the saddle, in the well-known blue and buff, cocked hat, and black boots, the strong, stately figure of him who from the beginning had borne the Revolution on his shoulders, and was, of all who had marched by, the one great man, his Excellency, General George

In which an Army marches By

Washington, Commander-in-Chief of the Armies Allied of America and France. He raised his cocked hat with great dignity in response to the acclamations which swept about him, and his horsemanship was more perfect than that of any man who rode through Philadelphia that day. Major-General Benjamin Lincoln and the staff followed. Then came Washington's Guard, in blue coats faced with buff, red waistcoats, buckskin breeches, black hats bound with white tape, white bayonet and body belts. The Continental Artillery, in blue coats faced with scarlet, yellow buttons, and hats bound with yellow, closed the line, Brigadier-General Henry Knox commanding. And thus with fife and drum they marched to Yorktown.

CHAPTER II

A VOICE IN THE NIGHT

IN the fourth week of the following October, Mrs. Chauncey Winthrop brought to a triumphant conclusion a matter which she had long had at heart, and announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Margaret Winthrop, to Mr. John Cadwalader, Jr. Mr. Cadwalader came of an excellent family, and was an estimable young man. It was not likely that he would ever do anything reprehensible; it was equally unlikely that he would ever do anything of moment. However, he suited Mrs. Chauncey Winthrop, for reasons best known to herself, and upon the occasion in question she gave a supper. There were present Mr. and Mrs. John Cadwalader, Mr. John Cadwalader, Jr., Miss Betty Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pemberton, and the Chevalier de Lameth of the French Embassy.

Mrs. Winthrop's dining room was wainscotted in red cedar, and had in the four corners beautiful china closets of the same wood, with tops carved like shells, in which were displayed, behind nettings of fine brass, ad-

A Voice in the Night

mirable collections of tableware. In the soft light of the silver candlesticks the rich brocades and powdered heads of the women and the lace ruffles and brilliant coats of the men appeared to advantage. At the round table Mrs. Winthrop had Mr. John Cadwalader at her right and the Chevalier de Lameth at her left. Next to the chevalier sat Miss Betty Allen, and then came Mr. Edward Pemberton, Mrs. John Cadwalader, Mr. Chauncey Winthrop, Mrs. Edward Pemberton, Mr. John Cadwalader, Jr., and Miss Polly Winthrop, on the right of Mr. John Cadwalader.

"Ods! chevalier," said Mrs. Winthrop, "if the Queen of France can act and wishes to have private performances, I don't see why there should be a fuss."

"Ah! madame, it is because the Queen of France desire' to sing. If she *could* sing, it would be diff'rant."

"Mrs. Winthrop," said Betty, "did you know that Brinton met the King of France? He wrote me about it. He had the funniest time!"

The chevalier, not knowing who "Brinton" was, and not fully understanding the word, "funniest," bowed politely, remarking, "Ah! is it so?"

"Lud!" said Mrs. Winthrop. "With the King of France?"

Betty was not quite sure how the chevalier

Brinton Eliot

would take Brinton's experience, so she said simply: "I'll tell you about it some time. Chevalier, I don't think I've seen you since the *fête du Dauphin*. It was perfectly lovely."

"It was a pleasant fête."

"Most monstrous pleasant," said Mrs. Winthrop; "and M. de la Luzerne certainly achieved wonders with the Carpenter House."

"Ah! It is the habit of M. de la Luzerne to achieve wondairs."

"Mr. Winthrop," said Mrs. Cadwalader, "your dahlias are the most beautiful I have ever seen."

"They ought to be," said Mr. Winthrop, laughing. "I've spent enough time and money on them. Bartram hasn't any as good."

"Polly," said John Cadwalader, Jr., "don't you like asparagus?"

"Oh, I don't care much for it, John."

"This we have to-night is very good."

"John, you always talk at table about the things you're eating. Now when you're married to me, dear, I must teach you to converse about lots of things. Mother taught father."

"All right, Polly. I'll be glad to learn."

"Pemberton," said Mr. John Cadwalader, "I hear Gryce has his barber-shop papered with continentals."

Thus with one thing and another the sup-

A Voice in the Night

per passed. Afterward there was music in the drawing-room. Miss Winthrop played the harpsichord. The Chevalier de Lameth, who had an excellent voice, sang several French songs. Then card tables were brought in, and they played ombre. At eleven the guests departed. Miss Allen, however, was to remain until the following morning, since it was quite out of the question for her to be driven alone to Westwood at that hour. Mrs. Winthrop had been in the best of spirits throughout the evening.

"Well, Betty," said she, "Polly is fixed at last."

"I'm so glad for her and for you, Mrs. Winthrop. I'm sure she'll be happy."

"Past question. Betty, if you and Brinton —"

Miss Allen flushed and said, laughing, "Ods! Mrs. Winthrop. Don't you think the chevalier sung delightfully?"

"Betty Allen! that's always the way you do."

Then Polly came in, and then Mr. Winthrop, and in the course of half an hour Mrs. Winthrop remarked that she thought it was time to retire. The girls went upstairs, but Polly wanted to show Betty a new gown of corded armozine. She had also some white egrets, which she was anxious that Betty should try on her head; and she desired to

Brinton Eliot

have Betty look at a black velvet riding-mask and at a green silk one, and tell her which was the more becoming; and she had a brunswick, which had just been sent home, the lapels and collar of which she thought were too small, and she wanted Betty's opinion about that; and there were other things. Polly's room faced Second Street, through which, in course of time, tramped the stout watch, Hans Schampf, with cocked hat and lantern, calling the hour, "Basht vun o'glock!" "Goodness!" said Polly. "We certainly must go to bed. I had no idea it was so late." However, they did not for another half-hour.

"Betty," said Polly, "I think I'll be really happy. John is not brilliant, but he's amazing nice, and he wants to do whatever I want."

"Yes, dear. I'm sure you'll be happy."

"And I shall try to make John happy, Betty."

"I know you will, dear."

"As happy — as I can."

"Why, Polly dear, you're crying!"

"I know, Betty. I didn't mean to. I was thinking of — of Ranelagh Garden, Betty."

Betty put her arm about her, and they both cried.

"You see," said Polly, sobbing, "there was only one Nathan Hale, and no one can ever be quite — quite like him, can they?"

A Voice in the Night

"No, dear."

"You know how you'd feel if anything should happen to —"

"Polly," said Betty, "you must stop crying, dear, and go to bed. In a minute I shall be so nervous that —"

"There, Betty; it's over now. I really couldn't help it. John and I will be happy."

Through Second Street tramped the stout watch, Hans Schampf, with cocked hat and lantern, calling the hour, "Basht dwo o'glock!"

A few moments later the candles in Miss Winthrop's room were extinguished, and in time Miss Winthrop was sleeping calmly, but Miss Allen was not. A big bronze clock ticked steadily in the darkness, and there were faint sounds of sobbing. "It's always meeting and parting," murmured Betty, "meeting and parting. Will it never end?"

Through Second Street tramped the stout watch, Hans Schampf, with cocked hat and lantern, calling the hour, "Basht dree o'glock, und Gornvallis ish daken!" And in the dark mansion of Mrs. Chauncey Winthrop a single voice answered, "Thank God!"

In such fashion the news, the most glorious, came to Philadelphia in the silent hours; and what an awakening was that upon the morrow, when men looked their fellows in the face and knew the Cause was won!

CHAPTER III

A SOLDIER COMES AT CHRISTMAS-TIME

IN the fourth week of December, when a light wind whirled the falling flakes about a snow-clad city, the house in Second Street was gay with greens and holly, and the big logs burned brightly on the brass fire-dogs, for the righteous Whig soul of Mrs. Chauncey Winthrop rejoiced, and she planned to keep her Christmas merrily.

In the drawing-room the butler, under Mrs. Winthrop's direction, was decking the lustre with mistletoe. "That looks very well, Peter," said Mrs. Winthrop. "It sutney do, ma'am." Then sleigh-bells sounded, and a moment after Miss Polly Winthrop in her hood and scarlet fur-lined cardinal came in.

"Lud!" said Mrs. Winthrop, laughing, "what a lot of bundles! You look like a *vrouw*, come market-day."

"I thought we'd never get through shopping," said Polly, laughing. "Betty couldn't stop. She's gone on to Westwood. Mrs. Allen gives a dance to-night, you know. I'm nearly frozen. It's awfully cold."

A Soldier comes at Christmas-time

"Yes. Let Peter take those things upstairs, and you go in by the library fire."

"Yes. Peter, you may take these up. Mother, isn't it fine that Brinton's coming for Christmas?"

"It is, indeed. He hasn't spent a Christmas with us since — lud! I can hardly recall. He was a Freshman at Yale, I think."

"Mother, the minute he comes Betty wants me to find out what he wishes for Christmas and let her know. Betty didn't know just what to get. It's so hard to buy things for men. They say everything you give 'em's lovely. But then they don't think so. Betty wants to know what he really wants."

"Well, I call that very sensible. I hope you've found out what John wants."

"Oh! I have."

"Brinton I suppose will come in the morning."

"It's a shame he can't be here for Mrs. Allen's dance. Nobody knew he was coming till yesterday. And Mrs. Allen can't put off the dance now. And Betty is so disappointed. And everything's all twisted up."

However, everything was not "all twisted up," for Brinton came late that afternoon, some hours earlier than he was expected. In his cocked hat with its black and white cockade, his black boots, and his blue cloak

Brinton Eliot

which concealed his uniform, he ran up the snowy steps and rattled the bright knocker. When Mrs. Winthrop and Polly came down, he was in the library in his blue and buff, standing before the fire, and looking as cheerful as possible.

"Brinton Eliot!" cried Polly, embracing him. "I was never more glad!"

"Brinton," said Mrs. Winthrop, kissing him, "we're amazing glad to see you."

"I know that, Aunt Elizabeth, and I'm amazing glad to see you and Polly. I didn't think I'd be here so soon, but I got a fast coach. You've heard from father, haven't you?"

"No. Not for two months."

"Well, I fancy you will to-morrow, then. He's coming for Christmas."

"Lud!" said Mrs. Winthrop, "'tis magnificent!"

"I thought you'd be pleased. Just think of it! I haven't seen father since '75. He's all right, though, and his affairs are all right too."

"What has he done, Brinton?"

"Well, there wasn't very much that he could do. He's kept his health."

"But I don't understand."

"They didn't get the *Flamand*, you know, and I sold a cargo in France to fair advantage, and on the way over we took the *Duchess of Cumberland*. She and her cargo

A Soldier comes at Christmas-time

brought a good round sum. It would have been enough to have put things right."

"Why wasn't it?"

"Oh, it was. But since then lots of things have happened. You see the captain of the *Flamand* has been with father for years and years, and is devoted to him. His name is Elderkin. He's a good all round fellow. When I left the ship, he took her and went privateering. I'd be afraid to say how many prizes that fellow has scooped in, in the last three years, and how many thousands of dollars he has sold them for. There's plenty of money in Boston and other places in New England for father, as soon as he wants it. Elderkin swears that father's got to have it all. Father won't do that, though."

"Does Brother William know about all this?" inquired Mrs. Winthrop.

"He knows about the cargo I sold in France, and the prize we took on the way over. The rest is a surprise for Christmas."

"Goodness!" said Polly. "I wish I could see Elderkin."

"Oh! you'll see him all right," said Brinton. "He's coming for Christmas."

"Brinton Eliot!"

"Yes. I wrote and asked him. I didn't think Aunt Elizabeth would mind, under the circumstances. He eats with his knife, but you'll like him all the same."

Brinton Eliot

"Lud!" exclaimed Mrs. Winthrop, in surprise. "However, Brinton, you've done perfectly right. Mr. Elderpin shall have a warm welcome."

"It's Elderkin, Aunt Elizabeth. I'm sure you'll like him. He's a grand Whig."

"Brinton," said Polly, "Betty wants to know what you wish for Christmas."

"Does she?"

"Yes. We've been shopping all morning. She wished to get you just what you wanted, but she didn't know what."

"Oh!"

"What do you want, Brinton?"

"Well, I can't tell right off-hand. I'll have to think."

"You must hurry and think."

"Is it so pressing?"

"Yes. It's very pressing. Oh! I forgot — Mrs. Allen gives a dance to-night, and you're going with us."

"Oh! Well, I can tell Betty to-night. She can get it to-morrow. Christmas is not till day after. There's another thing I'm glad about. You know the Comte de Sainte-Lucie —"

"The dancing-master?"

"Yes. He was for a while. He had to do something. He comes from a fine family. I know you thought he was a coward because he ran away from Madame de Pompadour,

A Soldier comes at Christmas-time

but you don't quite understand. They have bastilles in France, and *lettres de cachet*, and all sorts of things. He wouldn't knuckle to Madame de Pompadour, for he said she ruined the country and lost them Canada and India, and I fancy she was a pretty cheap sort of person to bow down to anyhow. She detested Sainte-Lucie, and she threw him out of his court job and got out a *lettre de cachet* for him, and he had to get into a wine cask and out of the country. If you had seen Sainte-Lucie at Stony Point, I think you'd change your mind about his being a coward. So many Frenchmen have helped us that I thought I ought to try to help one of them. I wrote to Beaumarchais all about Sainte-Lucie, and he went to see King Louis XVI, and showed him my letter and got everything fixed up. The Comte de Vergennes wrote Sainte-Lucie in the king's name, telling him he was not banished any more, and inviting him to come back, and offering him a fine court job, *écuyer du roi*, or something of that sort. He's a great noble again, and can go back whenever he likes, and be well received over there. Vergennes gave the letter to Beaumarchais, and Beaumarchais sent it to me, and I've got it in my pocket."

"Goodness!" exclaimed Polly, "I should like to see Sainte-Lucie."

Brinton Eliot

"Oh! You'll see him all right. He's coming for Christmas."

"Brinton Eliot!"

"Yes. I wrote him. He's been stationed at West Point. He doesn't eat with his knife. You never saw such finished manners. When you see him make the grand bow *à la Louis Quatorze*—well, you'll see something, that's all."

"Lud!" said Mrs. Winthrop. "We *will* have a Christmas."

"I hope so."

"Now," she continued, "we must all dress for supper, and at supper you must tell us everything about Yorktown."

"I will. It was the finest thing that ever happened. They were a glum-looking lot when they marched out, and their band played 'The World turned Upside Down.'"

CHAPTER IV

IN WHICH CERTAIN PERSONS DECIDE A CERTAIN MATTER

WESTWOOD was brightly lighted that evening, and in the ball-room gilt mirrors decked with greens and holly reflected lofty head-dresses which the French Queen had made the fashion, and yards of hoops, puffed and festooned. They were dancing "Leather the Strap," a new contra-dance, then very popular, and more attractive than its name. Owing to the distance she had had to drive, Mrs. Chauncey Winthrop, resplendent in rose-colored brocade, sailed in somewhat late, followed by Polly in a purple gown and Brinton in uniform.

"I'm delighted to see you, Mrs. Winthrop," said Mrs. Allen. "Good evening, Polly. Why, Brinton Eliot! This *is* a surprise."

"I trust not altogether disagreeable."

"Why, Brinton! Most delightful!" said Mrs. Allen, cordially.

"Thank you," replied Brinton, somewhat coolly.

He turned then to speak to Mr. Allen, but

Brinton Eliot

in a moment a voice that he had been longing to hear pronounced his name.

"You didn't look for me so soon, did you?" said he, turning round.

"Brinton! I'm so glad you came in time for the dance. Polly said you were coming to-morrow."

"Polly is not infallible," said Brinton, laughing. "May I have the next dance?"

"It's the most provoking thing! I've promised it to M. de Lameth. What had I better do?"

"Dance with him, of course. I'll take the next one."

"Very well, if you say so. Good-by."

In her white velvet pannier flowered in blue and gold, she walked toward M. de Lameth, and it was a fine thing to see her walk because she walked so well. Brinton would have preferred to watch Betty dance, but Becky Bond came up with the Comte de Plessis-Mauduit, he saw Sally Chew with the Marquis de Laval-Montmorenci, and he felt that he must stir about. Miss Franks was there, Miss Auchmuty, Miss Vining, Miss Carrington, Miss Bingham, Miss Van Cortlandt of Albany, Miss Wetherill of Virginia, M. de la Luzerne, the French Minister, the Duc de Lauzun, the Marquis de Chastellux, the Chevalier de Mirabeau, and many other people.

When the contra-dance was over, Brinton

Certain Persons decide a Certain Matter

went up to Betty and was presented to M. de Lameth. Then Betty promptly gave the chevalier his *cong  *, but in such a charming fashion that he could not take offence.

"There!" said she. "Now he's gone."

"I don't think I care to dance," said Brinton. "I want to tell you about Yorktown and — lots of things."

"I want to hear all about everything," said Betty. "Suppose we walk in the hall."

Leaving the ball-room as the music sounded for a minuet, they walked slowly down the hall, passing the tall mahogany clock which in that house had marked with never-failing care the hours of Betty's life from babyhood. How sternly it had once struck six, the hour at which it had been necessary to take one's doll, kiss father, and go regretfully to bed. However, that is past history. The clock was a friend, but Betty was not thinking of the clock.

"Brinton," said she, "what do you want for Christmas?"

"I want *you*, Betty. For this Christmas and every Christmas."

She flushed, looked down, and said slowly, "For every Christmas, Brinton? Every Christmas is a long time."

"Yes, Betty, for every Christmas. Since I was a little fellow on my first visit to Aunt Elizabeth, and saw you when you came to

Brinton Eliot

play with Polly, and hid your doll, and you slapped me, and we made it up, and I kissed you when I said good-by, I have thought of you and loved you always. I have never thought of any other girl. At sunset on the Atlantic the waves murmured your name. I saw you in the white mosque in India. I saw you in the fields of France. I saw you on the terrace at Passy when the sun sank behind the hills of Meudon. I saw you in the cold white camp at Valley Forge. And in the moonlight on the Hudson I saw you the night we climbed the hill at Stony Point. I've tried hard to be worthy of you. I know I'm not worthy, but then —"

"Brinton, don't say that, dear, because — because I've loved you — always."

She looked up into his eyes, and he clasped her in his arms and kissed her. Yorktown might go its way, Yorktown and its glory; they would hear none of it that night.

After a time, as they came toward the ball-room again, Brinton said, "Betty, I kissed you when we were children. Then when we grew up I couldn't, and now we're children once more."

"Yes, dear."

"Betty, if you'll ask your mother to come out here, I'll talk to her while you go and dance."

Certain Persons decide a Certain Matter

"Brinton, can't I come too?"

"I think, dear, it might be better if you did not."

In a few moments Mrs. Allen appeared, with her plumes and flowered petticoat.

"Betty said you wished to see me, Brinton."

If Mrs. Allen was bracing herself for the expected and unwelcome, she succeeded very well.

"Yes," said Brinton. "You know I told you once, before I went to India, that I wanted to marry Betty. You were rather severe, and —"

"Brinton, I have suffered as often as I have thought of that day. I was terrible, and —"

"I didn't say you were terrible. I said you were rather severe with me. I was in hard luck then."

"Betty would have married you anyway."

"Since you felt as you did, I didn't think I ought to ask her then until I got things fixed. I never told Betty about that conversation. I think it would distress her very much. The whole thing has been hard for both of us. Of course, I'm not a general or a prominent man. I've done what I could for my father, and I've done what I could for my country. That's about the size of it. No doubt you think Betty ought to fly much

Brinton Eliot

higher. However, she seems to be perfectly satisfied, and this time I've asked *her*. We're going to be married, and that's all there is to that."

The tears had been gathering fast in Mrs. Allen's eyes, and sinking down in a tapes-tried chair, she cried heartily.

"I thought you'd be cut up," continued Brinton, "but if you don't wish to give Betty a wedding, why, that's all right. We'll be married at Aunt Elizabeth Winthrop's."

"Brinton," said Mrs. Allen, sobbing, "don't punish me any more, dear."

"Why, Mrs. Allen! Do you *really* want me?"

"Yes, Brinton, I do!"

She held out her arms to him, saying, with a tearful smile, "I haven't any son, Brinton."

Brinton kissed her, and said softly, "I haven't any mother."

CHAPTER V

IN WHICH TOASTS ARE DRUNK

MRS. KEAYNE ALLEN meant what she said on the evening of the 23d of December, whatever ideas she may have had previously, and in the following June she made amends by giving them as fine a wedding as Philadelphia had ever seen.

Christ Church, on that June day, was a fair sight, and could hardly contain the crowd. The Josselyns came from Providence, the Vinings from Wilmington, the Wetherills from Virginia, the Oswalds from New York, while the serried ranks of the Philadelphia contingent packed the pews on every side, beginning the alphabet with the Auchmutys and running through to the Willings. There was a glittering array of uniforms: Major Benjamin Tallmadge of the Continental Light Dragoons, Major-General Baron Steuben, Inspector General U.S.A., Colonel Cornelius Van Dyck of the New York Continentals, Colonel Philip Van Cortlandt of New York, Brigadier-General Robert Lawson of Virginia, Lieutenant the Comte de Sainte-Lucie

Brinton Eliot

of the Connecticut Continentals, Major William Hull of the Massachusetts Continentals, Major-General the Marquis de Lafayette, the Chevalier de Chastellux, the Duc de Lauzun, the Comte de Chabannes, the Marquis de Laval-Montmorenci, and others who, for obvious reasons, must pass without mention. His Excellency, the Commander-in-Chief, honored the ceremony at Christ Church by his presence, but, through press of affairs, was unable to go afterward to Westwood. Mrs. Chauncey Winthrop, who sat between Mrs. Keayne Allen and Mr. William Eliot, was radiant, and Mrs. Allen looked very happy likewise. There was present also Captain Ichabod Elderkin, who had his hair powdered and wore a fine coat with lace ruffles. The Rev. Mr. Duché performed the ceremony, and when they came together down the aisle — Betty in her flowered white satin and Brinton in his uniform of blue and buff — they looked so happy and so handsome that it was not surprising people craned necks over one another's shoulders.

The big green coach with its huge springs, fine bay horses, and powdered coachman, was in waiting. One entered it by a kind of folding ladder of three steps, covered with red velvet, and when the bride had mounted the steps, Brinton waited a moment at the coach door, for they both wished to say

In which Toasts are Drunk

good-by to General Washington. "Mrs. Eliot," said he, smiling, "you've joined the army."—"I enlisted in '76, your Excellency," said Betty, merrily. When the coach started, Brinton said, "Betty, General Washington was the first person to call you Mrs. Eliot. That's good luck."

The drive from Christ Church to Westwood was a very happy one, but it must be passed over, for it belongs only to Captain and Mrs. Eliot, and no one else has a right to it. The crowd in coaches, chaises, gigs, and on horseback, followed the bride and bridegroom. At Westwood that afternoon the noble brick manor-house, with its six lofty white columns, rising above the second story to support the roof, was filled with a brilliant throng, and many persons walked also in the garden which stretched to the Schuylkill. In the blue drawing-room the bride and bridegroom received congratulations, and, following the fashion of the time, dozens of people kissed the bride.

"Betty," said Sally Chew, "it's monstrous fine that you and Brinton are married. I'll never forget the day he rode with me when the Marquis ran away. He looked at you the whole time, and I don't think he said two words to me."

"Not even two, Sally?" said Brinton. "Was it as bad as that?"

Brinton Eliot

"Brinton, you know it was. However, you're forgiven long ago. I don't wonder you wanted to look at Betty."

"Sally," said Betty, "that silver porringer you sent us is beautiful. Isn't it, Brinton?"

"Yes, Sally, it is amazing fine, and we are ever so much obliged."

"Here's Aunt Elizabeth!" exclaimed Betty, joyfully. "Aunt Elizabeth, those gold candlesticks are the finest things I ever saw. They're much too grand for us."

"They're *not* too grand!" said Mrs. Winthrop. "I'm coming to Bowling Green in October and see 'em lit."

"Well, I rather think you *are* coming to Bowling Green," said Brinton, "and you and Polly must stay until Christmas, unless Polly's married before then."

"Madame Eliot," said the Chevalier de Chastellux, "permit that I offer my felicitation'—I have hear' so much to the honnair of your husban' in the armee."

"Thank you, chevalier. You're very good."

"Madame Eliot," exclaimed the Baron Steuben, "I am zo glat apout dis dat I dink I could zing zomzing. I am jarmt!"

"Baron," said Brinton, "remember you're to breakfast at our table."

"Betty," said Miss Auchmuty, "I don't

In which Toasts are Drunk

know how we can ever let you go to New York. Philadelphia won't be the same place."

"Oh! yes, it will," said Betty, laughing, "and, besides, I'm coming to see you all in the winter, and Brinton's coming too."

"Cap'n El'ot," said Captain Elderkin, "th' hull thing is gret! I ain't hed sich a gran' day sence I wuz a boy."

"I'm glad of it, Cap," said Brinton. "Remember that you breakfast with us."

"Betty," said Polly, "I was never more glad about anything in my life."

"I know that, dear, and you don't know how happy Brinton and I'll be to come here when you marry John."

"Brinton," said Major Hull, "you're a lucky dog, and I certainly do congratulate you."

"Madame Eliot," said the Duc de Lauzun, "it is the priv'lege for me to offer the good wishes. In France the yo'ng women are beautiful. But in America — *parbleu!* the women are all yo'ng an' beautiful."

Thus it continued for two hours. Then they went to the wedding breakfast, for which tables were set in the spacious dining room and in the music-room across the hall. There were many tables, but one only is to the present purpose. The bride had the bridegroom at her right and Major-General Baron

Brinton Eliot

Steuben at her left. Beside the thick-set baron sat the raw-boned Captain Ichabod Elderkin of the *Flamand*, and next to him Lieutenant the Comte de Sainte-Lucie of the Connecticut Continentals. Then came Major Benjamin Tallmadge of the Light Dragoons, and then a vacant chair. It was a gilt chair, draped with the Stars and Stripes, and across it a broad band of white silk, embroidered in gold — the work of Miss Polly Winthrop — bore the words, "Nathan Hale, Yale 1773." Brinton Eliot was on one side of it, and Ben Tallmadge on the other, and thus it stood, voiceless yet eloquent, in memory of him who, having but one life to lose for his country, gave it gladly, regretting that he had but one.

"I'm so glad to have you at this table," said Betty, smiling, "because you've all been good friends of Brinton, and Brinton's friends are mine."

"I have the hope that I be a good frien' to Captain Eliot," said the Comte de Sainte-Lucie, "for withou' the doubt he has been the ver' good frien' to me."

"You must not forget us when you're in France, Sainte-Lucie," said Brinton. "Perhaps some day we'll pay you a visit at Versailles."

"What pleasure for me the visit in the whatever place! But it will not be at

In which Toasts are Drunk

Versailles, my frien'. No. The king has permit' that I return. An' Monsieur de Vergennes has wrote me the lettair that he is glad I have won honnair. He say I am again nobleman of France. So good. For it I thank you, my frien', ver' much. But I have sent me a lettair to Monsieur de Vergennes, an' I say: 'Monsieur, America is a lan' of liberty. An' when I was a wan'erer it took me in. 'Tis now my home. I will not leave it. My compliments to the king.'

"*Ganz gut!*" exclaimed the Baron Steuben.

"Sainte-Lucie," said Brinton, "that's fine!"

"Und now," continued the baron, "I brobose ze healt' ov ze pride, Madame Eliot!" They raised their glasses and drank it joyfully.

"The bridegroom comes next," said Ben, smiling.

"I don't want to drink to myself, Ben," said Brinton, and rising, he lifted his wine-glass. "Let's drink to the one for whom we have all tried to do our best, the one for whom we'll keep on trying as long as we're above ground. I give you—The United States!"

They rose in response. Perhaps from the vacant chair an unseen form rose with them. Who knows?

Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall

By CHARLES MAJOR

Author of "When Knighthood was in Flower," etc., with eight full-page illustrations by HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

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The plot is centered round Haddon Hall, famous in history as one of the places which sheltered Mary Queen of Scots during her captivity. The story itself is of the romantic attachment and elopement of Dorothy Vernon and young John Manners, in spite of the opposition of parents and guardians. The time is around 1560. The story of the hero and heroine has long filled a romantic place in the more personal annals of Elizabethan history. Both Elizabeth and Mary Stuart come into the story, which is set in perhaps the most beautiful of English scenery — the hill country of Derbyshire, in the neighborhood of Chatsworth, beautiful hills through which flow the Wye and the Derwent. This neighborhood is one of the most interesting in England. Not far from it is Chatsworth, where Walter Scott was often seen, and where Byron met fair Mary Chaworth, the heiress of Annesley. Not far to the south of it is Leehurst, where Florence Nightingale used to live, while to the north of it is the grave of Little John, famous in the Robin Hood legend. Some of the rooms in Haddon Hall stand exactly as Dorothy herself saw them three hundred years ago. In the state chamber still stands the canopied bed of green velvet and white satin, in which tradition says Queen Elizabeth slept when she visited Haddon to open the first ball in the new ball-room of that day.

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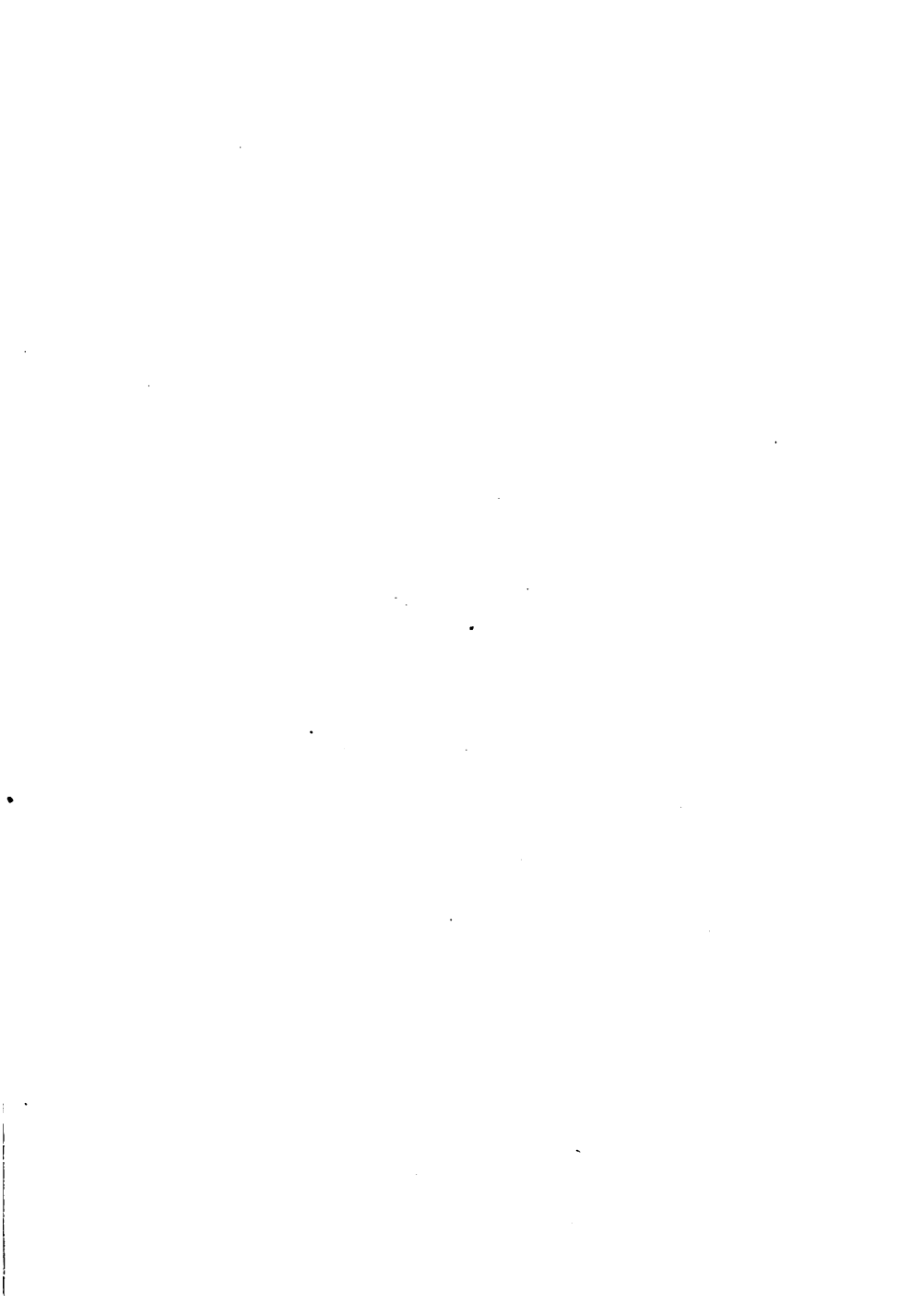
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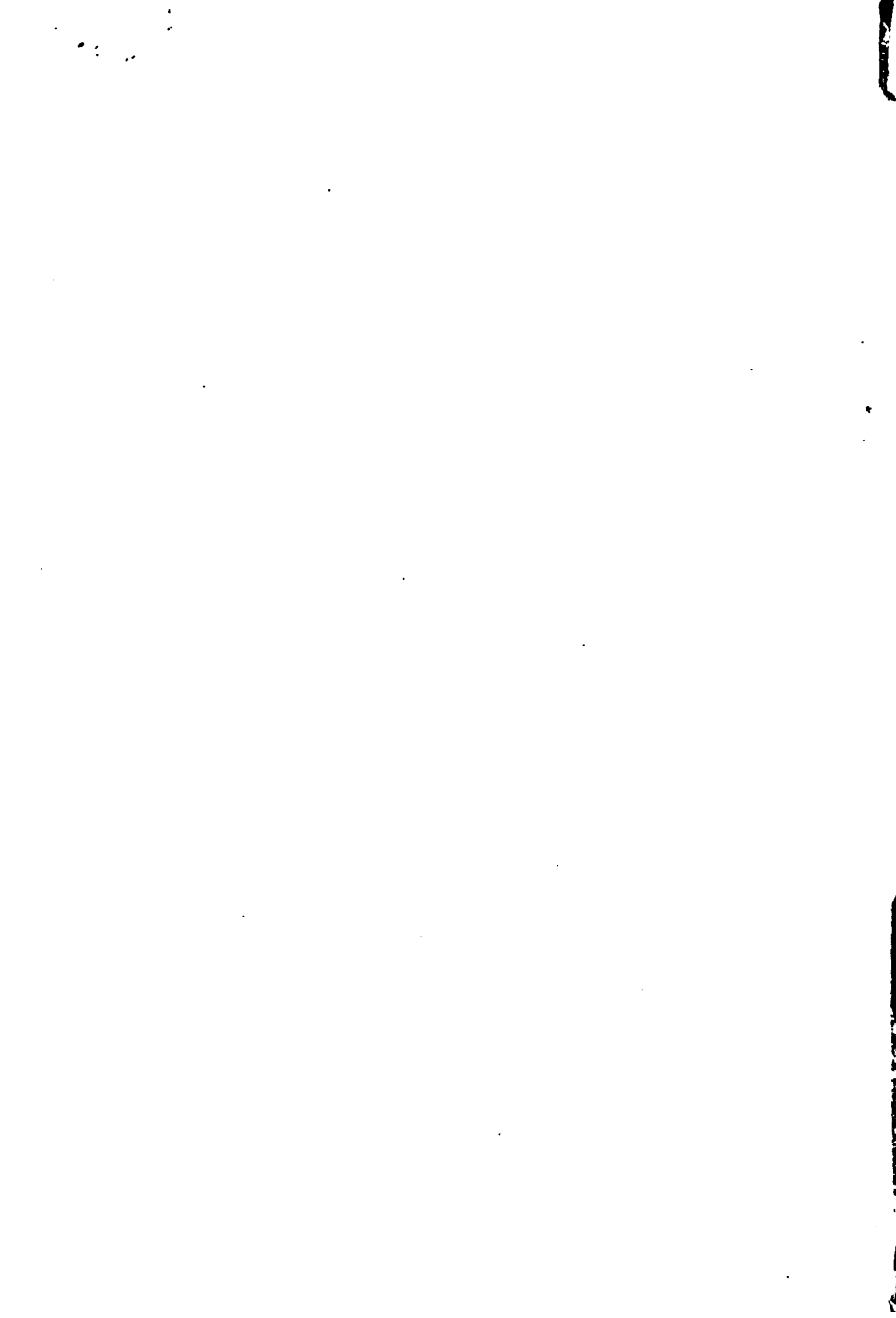
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